McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI NOVEMBER, 1905 No. 1

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND BY REGINALD BIRCH

In order to bring Mr. Schurz's narrative within the compass of magazine publication, occasional incidents and descriptive passages have been omitted. These omissions are indicated by asterisks and, of course, will appear in the "Reminiscences" when published in book form.—Editor.

MANY years ago I began to write down these reminiscences at the desire of my children. In the domestic circle, partly from myself and partly from relatives and old friends, they had heard much about the surroundings and conditions in which I had grown up, as well as about the strange and stirring adventures of my youth, and they asked me to put that which they had heard, and as much more of the same kind as I could give them, into the shape of a connected narrative which they might keep as a family memorial. This I did, without originally contemplating a general publication.

The circumstance that this narrative was first intended only for a small number of persons who might be assumed to take special interest in everything concerning the subject, may explain the breadth and copiousness of detail in the description of situations and events, which, perhaps, will occasionally try the reader's patience. To soften his judgment he should imagine an old man telling the story of his life to a circle of intimates who constantly interrupt him with questions about this and that of which they wish to know more, thus forcing him to expand his tale.

However, I have to confess also that while I was writing, the charm of story-telling, the joy of literary production, came over me, and no doubt seduced me into diffusenesses which I must ask the kind reader to pardon.

Until recently, it was my intention not to publish these reminiscences during my lifetime, but to leave it to my children to decide after my death, how much of them should be given to the general reading public. It appeared to me that such a publication during the lifetime of the author might easily acquire the character of self-advertisement, especially in the case of a man who had been active in public life, and might, perhaps, continue to be so. But after mature consultation with judicious friends I have come to the conclusion that in consideration of my advanced age and of my retirement, which manifestly exclude all political ambition, I could not be suspected of such designs.

It is hardly necessary to say that in telling the story of my youth I had to depend largely upon memory. I am well aware that memory not seldom plays treacherous pranks with us in making us believe that we have actually witnessed things which we have only heard spoken of, or which have only vividly occupied our imagination. Of this I have myself had some strange experiences.

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I have therefore been careful not to trust my own recollections too much, but, whenever possible, to compare them with the recollections of relatives or friends, and to consult old letters and contemporary publications concerning the occurrences to be described. It may indeed be that in spite of such precautions some errors have slipped into my narrative, but I venture to hope that they are only few and not important.

When I began to write these reminiscences of my youth, I attempted to do so in English, but as I proceeded, I became conscious of not being myself satisfied with the work; and it occurred to me that I might describe things that happened in Germany among Germans, and under German conditions, with greater ease, freedom, and fullness of expression, if I used the German language as a medium. I did so, and thus this story of my youth was originally written in German. It was translated by my friend Mrs. Eleonora Kinnicutt, and I cannot too strongly express my obligation to her who not only did for me the more or less dry work of turning German phrases into English, but was in a large sense my co-worker, aiding me throughout with most valuable counsel as to the tone of the narrative, and as to passages to be shortened or struck out, and others to be more amply elaborated.

PART ONE: CHILDHOOD

I was born in a castle. This, however, does not mean that I am of aristocratic ancestry. My father was, at the time of my birth, a schoolmaster in Liblar, a village of about eight hundred inhabitants, on the left bank of the Rhine, three hours' walk from Cologne. His native place was Duisdorf, near Bonn. Losing his parents in early childhood, he was adopted into the home of his grandfather, a man belonging to the peasant class, who possessed a small holding of land upon which he raised some grain, potatoes and a little wine. Thus my father grew up a true peasant boy.

At the period of his birth, in 1797, the left bank of the Rhine was in the possession of the French Republic. The years of my father's youth thus fell in what the Rhine folk called "the French time," and later in life he had much to tell me of those stirring days; how he had seen the great Napoleon, before the Russian campaign, passing in review a body of troops in the neighborhood of Bonn; how, in the autumn of 1813, the French army, after the battle of Leipzig, defeated and shattered had come back to the Rhine; how, while standing in the marketplace of Bonn, he had seen General Sébastiani dash out of his headquarters in the "Hotel Zum Stern," leap upon his horse and gallop around with his staff, the trumpeters sounding the alarm and the drums beating the long roll, because the news had come that a body of Cossacks had crossed the Rhine between Bonn and Coblenz; how the French troops, stationed in Bonn, had hurriedly formed and marched off in the direction of France, many disabled soldiers dropping out of the columns; how one morning several bands of Cossacks, dirty, long-bearded fellows on small shaggy ponies, had swarmed over the country, and chased the French stragglers, killing many of them; how they had also forced themselves into the houses, stealing everything that took their fancy; and how then, when the Cossacks had disappeared, the peasants hid their few remaining possessions in the woods, to save them from the oncoming Russians.

Soon after, the troops belonging to the allied powers marched through the country on their way into France to fight the campaign of 1814, which ended in the occupation of Paris and Napoleon's exile to the island of Elba. A short period of apparent peace followed; but when Napoleon, in 1815, suddenly returned from Elba and again seized the government of France, the Prussians levied fresh troops on the Rhine; all able-bodied young men were obliged to enlist; and so my father, who was then eighteen years of age, joined an infantry regiment and marched off to the seat of war in Belgium. The troops were drilled on the way thither in the manual of arms and in the most necessary evolutions to fit them for immediate service. My father's regiment passed over the field of Waterloo a few days after the battle, on its way to a small French fortress which they were to besiege, but which soon capitulated without bloodshed. Later he was transferred to the artillery and raised to the dignity of a corporal, an honor which gratified not a little his youthful ambition. He regretted never to have been in actual combat, and later in life, when his contemporaries

told the stories of their deeds and dangers, he was always obliged to admit, with reluctance, the harmless character of his own war experiences.

Upon his discharge from military service my father entered as a pupil a teachers' seminary at Brühl, and was soon appointed schoolmaster at Liblar. He had received a little instruction in music at the seminary, and had learned to play the flute. This enabled him to teach simple songs to the school children and to form a glee club composed of the youths and maidens of the village. In this glee club he made the acquaintance of my mother, Marianne Juessen, whom he married in 1827. My mother was the daughter of a tenant-farmer, Heribert Juessen, who occupied part of a seignorial castle called "Die Gracht," near Liblar. My father and mother lived, for several years after their marriage, with my grandparents; and so it happened that I, their first born son, came into the world on March 2, 1829, in a castle.

This castle, the ancestral seat of Count Wolf Metternich, was not very old — if I remember rightly, it was built between 1650 and 1700. It consisted partly of a large compound of buildings under one roof; surrounding on three sides a spacious courtyard; at the corners, tall towers with pointed roofs and large iron weather-vanes that screeched when moved by the wind; a broad moat, always filled with water, encircling the whole; spanned by a drawbridge, which led through a narrow arched gateway into the court. In the wall above the massive gate, which was studded with big-headed nails, there was a shield bearing the Count's coat-of-arms, and an inscription which I puzzled out as soon as I could read and which has remained in my memory through all the vicissitudes of my life. It read:

In the old days in Hesserland,
I was called the Wolf of Gutenberg;
Now, by the Grace of God,
I am Count Wolf Metternich of the Gracht.

This large group of buildings contained the dwelling of the tenant and his retainers, the steward's offices necessary for the management of the estate, the granaries and the stables. On the fourth side of the court a second bridge spanned a branch of the moat and led to a small but more pretentious building also surrounded on all sides by water. This was the residence occupied by Count Metternich and his family during the summer and the shooting seasons. It also had its tall towers and spreading wings containing a chapel and household service rooms. It was situated on somewhat higher ground, and seemed to dominate the other buildings. This residence standing apart was called the "House." A third drawbridge united the House with a park of about sixty acres, of which one-half resembled the Versailles gardens with its straight pebble walks, labyrinths and trimmed hedges, and here and there statues of Greek gods and nymphs, fountains and ponds. Large orange trees, in green tubs, stood like sentinels in rows along the walks. The grounds were enlivened by flocks of guinea-hens and stately-moving peacocks. Another part of the grounds was laid out like an English park, with lawns, ponds and groups of tall trees and shrubbery, and here and there a small summer-house or a pavilion. The estate as a whole was called by the people, "die Burg," and my grandfather was known in the village and surrounding country, as "der Burghalfen." "Halfen" was the name given originally to the farmer-tenants who went halves with the lord of the estate in the proceeds of the crops. This has in some parts of the Rhineland given way to the payment of a fixed rent to the landlord, but the old name 'Halfen' remains.

My grandfather, the Burghalfen, had at the time of my first recollection attained his sixtieth year. He was a man of huge proportions; over six feet in height with powerful chest and shoulders, and massive features to correspond; square chin, a firm mouth and full lips; large straight nose; fiery dark eyes with bushy eyebrows; a broad forehead, shadowed with curly brown hair. His strength of muscle was astounding. Once, at a Kirmess festival, when several other Halfen were his guests, my grandfather accepted a challenge to lift in his arms the great anvil, which stood in the blacksmith's forge on the other side of the moat, and to carry it over the drawbridge, through the gate, into the house, up two stories to the loft, and back again to the forge. I can see him now, striding along, up and down the creaking stairs, with the heavy block of iron in his arms, as though he were carrying a little child.

Wonderful were the tales told about him; that once a mad bull which had broken loose from the barn into the courtyard and driven all the stablemen under cover was confronted by him single-handed and felled to the ground with one blow of a hammer; and that when heavily-laden wagons were stuck in the ruts of bad country roads, he would lift them up and out with his shoulders; and various other similar feats. It is not unlikely that such stories as they passed from mouth to mouth, may have gone a little beyond the boundary line of fact, and swelled into legendary grandeur; but they were recounted with every assurance of authenticity; and certain it is that the Burghalfen was the strongest man of his day in the neighborhood of Liblar.

His education had been only elementary. He could read and write; but these arts did not belong to his favorite occupations. With books he had little concern. But he was a man of great authority with the people. From the village and the surrounding country men and women came to seek the Burghalfen's advice, and to lay their troubles before him; and whenever report reached him of a quarrel among neighbors, or between husband and wife, he would start forth with a stout stick in his hand for the seat of war. He would hear the case both for plaintiff and defendant, and after making up his mind which side was in the wrong, he would pronounce judgment and deal out the punishment on the spot, which not seldom consisted in a sound thrashing. Against his verdict and its immediate execution — a somewhat patriarchal form of judgment — no one ever ventured to protest.

When the harvest-time came and the Burghalfen needed laborers for his fields, he had only to walk through the village streets, and old and young flocked to his service and worked for him with zeal, until the harvest was safely garnered. But the spirit of helpfulness was mutual; whoever was in distress would say, "I will go to the Burghalfen," and he would do so, confident that no sacrifice would be too great, no service too burdensome to him, when the welfare of others was concerned. "Live and let live," was his principle and his habit. Every parish in the Rhineland had its yearly Kirmess, with feasting, drinking, games, and dances. These festivals lasted always three days, and were not infrequently carried over into a fourth. At such times, relatives and friends visited one another, bringing along their families; so that for those who had many brothers, sisters, cousins and intimate friends, opportunities for enjoyment were not wanting throughout the summer. At every kirmess gathering that he visited, the Burghalfen was the central figure. He was pleasure loving — perhaps a little too much so for his own good. There were few whom he could not "drink under the table"; and he was a terrible fighter, too, when it came to blows; but fortunately this did not happen often, for he was a man of peace by nature. I have been told that when under strong provocation, he would in his wrath seize a chair, dash it to pieces with a mighty foot thrust, grasp one of the legs for a weapon, and, like Sampson with the ass's jawbone, charge upon and drive the Philistines irresistibly before him.

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But the Burghalfen was also a thorough husbandman; intelligent, energetic, and indefatigable. Bright and early in the morning he was up and joined his laborers in the field, not only giving directions, but when occasion required, setting a good example by doing himself the most arduous tasks. I still see him before me, as, according to custom, he drove the first harvest load into the barn, whip in hand, sitting on one of the four gayly decorated horses which were harnessed tandem fashion to the wagon; and I have often heard that his counsel about questions of husbandry was frequently sought and highly esteemed by his fellow farmers. In his own home, of course, he was king, but a king who was loved as well as obeyed, and whose very faults were accepted by others as a kind of necessity of nature which had to be submitted to, and would suffer no change.

At his side, in remarkable contrast, stood my grandmother, a small slender woman, with a thin, once pretty face; delicate, devout and domestic; always active and full of cares. The household which she conducted, was, indeed, sufficiently large and onerous to allow her but little rest. At dawn of day in summer, by lamplight in winter, she was busy superintending the preparation of breakfast for the working people, and starting them at their various occupations. They numbered, men and girls, over twenty, without counting the day-laborers.

The "Folk," as they were called, assembled for meals in a hall on the ground floor, which had a vaulted ceiling resting on thick stone columns. On one side was a huge hearth, with an open-mouthed chimney; large pots hung over the fire on iron hooks and chains. This was the "commons" of the house. On the other side of the hall stood a long table with wooden benches, at which the Folk took their meals. Before sitting down — standing with their backs to the table — they all said a prayer; then the "meisterknecht," or foreman, struck a loud rap with the handle of his knife on the table, which was the signal for all to sit down. They ate their soup or porridge with wooden spoons out of big wooden bowls which were arranged along the center of the table within easy reach. There were no individual plates or platters; meat and vegetables were served upon long narrow strips of board, scoured white. The house provided three-pronged iron forks; for cutting the Folk used their own pocket-knives. The foreman dealt out the black bread in large chunks; white bread was given only on festive occasions. During the meal not a word was spoken, and when the foreman laid down his knife, it was the signal that the repast was over. It goes without saying, that he always allowed the people a sufficiency of food. They arose, again turned their backs to the table, repeated a prayer and separated, each to his or her task.

During the time that the servants were taking their morning meal, my grandmother busied herself with the help of a scullery maid at the big fireplace preparing breakfast for the family. On one side of the hall a few steps led up into a smaller, though spacious room, also with a vaulted ceiling. A long table stood in the middle, surrounded by chairs, of which several were upholstered in leather and adorned with bright copper nails. A wide window, with a strong outward-curving iron grating, opened into the courtyard and allowed a full view of whatever took place there. This apartment was the living room of the family and served also as a dining-room, except upon great occasions, when the feast was spread in the "Saal," on the opposite side of the servants' hall. This living room was my grandmother's headquarters. It had a small window, cut through the wall into the Folks-hall, which enabled her to oversee whatever happened there; and through it her voice was at times to be heard instructing or reproving. When the autumn and winter evenings came, she gathered around her the maid-servants, of whom these were a dozen or more, with their spinning-wheels. Then was the flax spun which supplied the house with linen; and while the wheels whirred, the girls sang, my grandmother encouraging them by setting the tunes. The men, meanwhile, came in from the stables and workshops and seated themselves on benches around the great hearth in the hall, to tell stories and to indulge in what passed with them for wit. In the summer evenings they sat around in the courtyard, or leaned upon the bridge-railing, chatting or singing. Two or three times during the year, in accordance with ancient custom, all assembled in the Folks-hall for a romp; blind-man's-buff and other games were played, and there was no end to the tumbling and pulling, shrieking and laughing, until, at a fixed hour, the foreman stalked in like stern fate, and sent them all off to bed.

Such were the surroundings in which I first became aware of existence, and in which the earliest years of my childhood were passed.

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My mother told me later that when I was between three and four years old I had a very exciting love affair. The Count had a daughter who was then about eighteen or nineteen and very beautiful. The young Countess Marie, when she met me on her walks, sometimes stroked my red cheeks with her hands, as young ladies now and then will do with very little boys. The consequence was that I fell ardently in love with her, and declared frankly that I would marry her. My intentions were quite determined, but the young Countess Marie did not seem to look at the matter as seriously as I did, and that led to a catastrophe. One day I saw her standing with a young man at one of the windows of the House, busy catching carp with a hook in the moat of the castle. A furious fit of jealousy seized me; I demanded, screaming, that the young man should leave the adored Countess Marie at once, in default of which I insisted that some one should throw him into the water. I grew still more furious when the young gentleman not only did not leave, but even seemed to be laughing at me. I made such a noise that the castle Folk came running from all parts,

to see what was the matter. I told them, with hot tears; and then they also laughed, making me still more furious. At last, the Count's good old cook hit upon a successful idea; she took me into the kitchen where she gave me a small jar of quince jelly to eat. Quince jelly was then to me an entirely new form of human happiness, and it had a remarkably quieting effect upon my distressed feelings. So far the tale my mother told me; and I will confess that quince jelly has ever since remained my favorite sweet.

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I must have been a little over four years old when my parents left the castle to establish a home of their own in the village of Liblar. The village consisted of one street on which midway, on an elevation, stood the parish church with its pointed steeple and cross. The houses, mostly one-storied and very small, were of whitewashed plaster with frames and beams exposed, and tiled roofs. There were perhaps half a dozen brick buildings in the village, belonging to the Count. The inhabitants of Liblar, small farmers, laborers, mechanics and a few inn or shopkeepers took an especial pride in their village for the reason that its street was paved with cobblestones. The house in which we lived had two stories, but likewise was very small, with ceilings so low in the upper story that my grandfather when standing upright almost touched them with his head.

Although we no longer lived at the castle, I continued to be, as I had been, my grandfather's favorite, and he wished that I should come to him as often as possible. My mother had to take me almost every day to the Burg, and I accompanied my grandfather sometimes even at his work. At harvest time when he took the loaded wagons into the barn, I had sometimes to sit with him in the saddle. In the late autumn, when the slaughtering of the fat swine—a work which he insisted upon performing himself—took place, the honor fell to me of carrying the big leathern knife-case, the bright buckled straps of which were wound around my neck so that they should not drag on the ground. And the more important I believed myself to be on such occasions, the greater was my grandfather's delight. On rainy days he lent me an old gun with a flint lock, and taught me how to cock and snap it so that it gave out sparks. Then I was allowed to go hunting in the sitting-room and the adjoining chambers, and to shoot as many deer and wild birds as my imagination could scare up. This would amuse me for hours; and my grandfather then took me up on his knees and listened to the wonderful tales about the game I had bagged and adventures in forest and field I had encountered.

Suddenly a terrible misfortune befell the family. My grandfather had a stroke of paralysis. The upper part of his body remained sound, but he could no longer walk or stand. And thus, alas! the Burghalfen's bustling activity came to a sudden end; no more feats of strength; no more merry rides to the bird-shooting and to the Kirmess. The robust man, yesterday still proud of his vigor, was now obliged to sit still from morning until night, his legs swathed in flannel. During the daytime his great arm-chair stood at the sitting-room window with the outward curved grating, so that he might overlook the courtyard. For a while he attempted to conduct farm affairs in this way, but it did not continue long, and he delegated his authority to a younger brother. And now the suddenly aged man did not know what to do with himself nor with his time. The *Cologne Gazette* was daily brought to him, but reading had never been much to his liking. It being summer, and fly-time, a movable table attached to his arm-chair, was sprinkled with sugar to attract the flies that swarmed into the room. He would sit for hours with a short leathern-flapped stick in his hand killing flies, now and then giving the table a terrible whack.

"This is all that I am still fit for," sighed the once so useful man. Often I was taken to him to entertain him with my boyish prattle, and to make him laugh. Then he began to tell me about bygone days, especially about "the French times," and the experiences of landed proprietors and peasants during those terrible years of war and pillage. As he talked I could see the merry "sansculottes" swarming over the land, indulging in their wild pranks. I saw, as they approached, Count Wolf Metternich one night flying from the castle in a hurry, after having buried and walled in his treasures, including the family archives, deep down under one of the towers, and confided all the belongings he left behind him to my grandfather's safekeeping. I could see one of the great Napoleonic generals ride through the gate, filling the court with brilliantly uniformed horsemen, and take up his quarters in the great

House. When my grandfather's narrative reached the period of the departure of the French and the arrival of the Cossacks, he became specially animated. Then it was that the castle people had to hide in the depths of the forest all their horses and wagons, cows and sheep and pigs, so that they should not fall a prey first to the retreating French and then to the advancing Russians. His description of the Cossacks he had to repeat to me once and again. They ate tallow candles and ransacked the house and stables for spirits. When none were found they threatened to use force with my grandmother; whereupon my grandfather knocked a few of them down, and was much surprised that none of their comrades came to their help. When the search for "schnapps" continued, my grandmother hit upon the happy idea of filling a barrel with vinegar to which she added a large quantity of mustard and pepper seeds and a little alcohol. This brew which would have burned like fire the throats of ordinary mortals, the Cossacks praised highly, and moreover it seemed to agree with them. With all their deviltries, they possessed a God-fearing sense, for whenever they were planning an especial mischief they would carefully cover the eyes of the crucifix on the wall so that the good Lord might not see the sin that they were about to commit.

Stories such as these were told to me over and over and were elaborated to suit the questions I asked; and questions were never wanting. The eager craving to know more was insatiable, so that before I had learned to read and write, a very fair impression of the Napoleonic wars, so closely connected with future complications in the history of Germany, had been etched into my mind by my grandfather's stirring personal recollections, and a foundation laid for my future political opinions and sympathies.

In the winter evenings the Burghalfen's great arm-chair was rolled up to the center-table for a game of cards; but in spite of all efforts made for his entertainment the sad contrast between the past and the present soon undermined his cheerfulness. He tried to appear content, and not to become a burden to his loved ones, but the old life of bustle and gaiety at the Burg, of which he had been the soul and center, was now forever gone; and soon other clouds loomed upon the horizon.

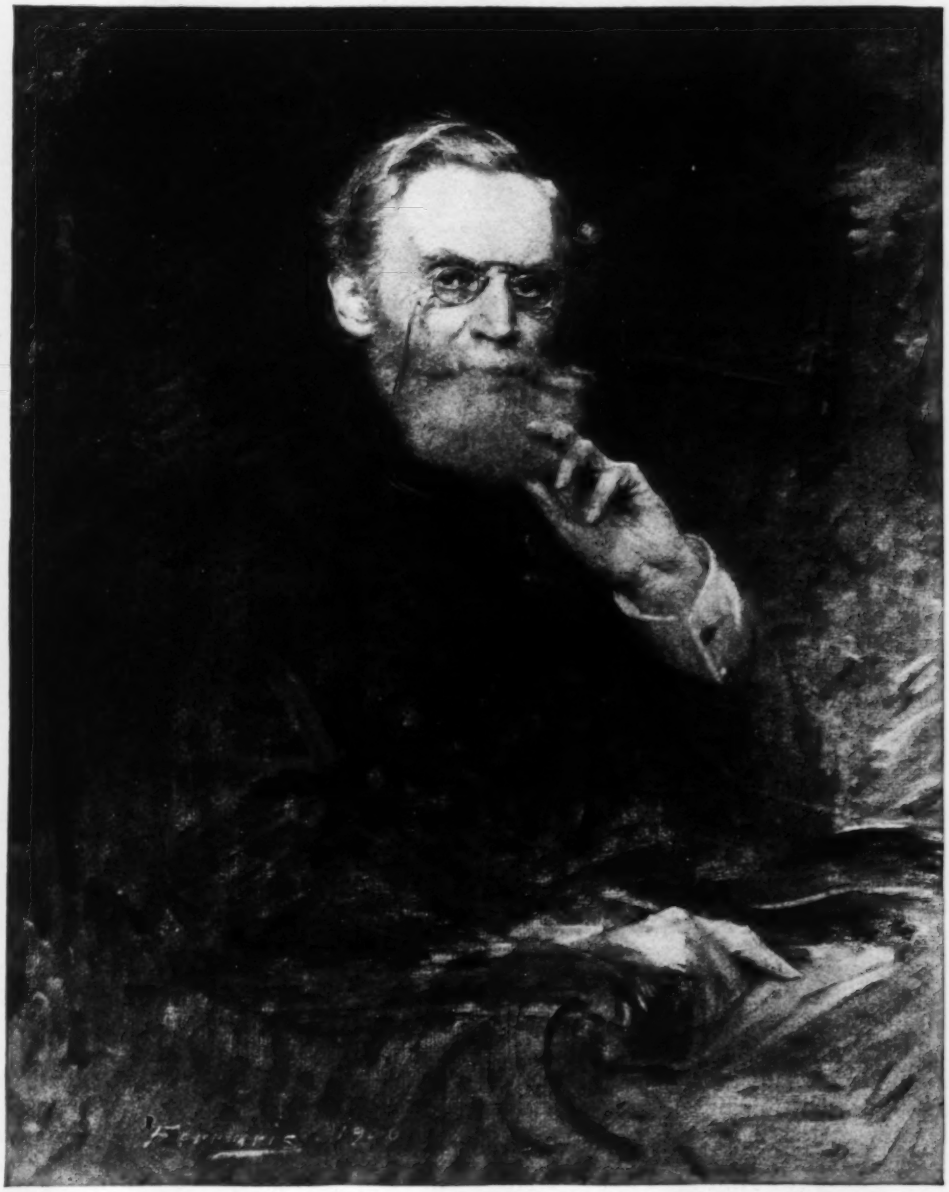
Before I was six years old my father took me into the village school of which he was the teacher. I remember that I could read and write very early, but not how I had acquired those arts. Much I owed to the instruction which my father gave me at home. I had frequented the village school hardly a year, when my father resigned his position as schoolmaster. The salary, about $90 a year, was pitiably small and did not suffice to support the family to which in the meantime a boy and two little girls had been added.

My father, like all who feel within themselves a yearning for knowledge and education, with few opportunities for satisfying it, had the earnest ambition to give to his children the education which fate had denied to him. With this object in view, he made a start in a new direction and opened a hardware shop for which he appropriated a part of the house which had once been a cow-stable, hoping that the business would gradually yield an income sufficient for the family needs. In me he believed to have discovered an aptitude for study. He therefore decided that at the proper age I should go to the "gymnasium," and later to the university to be fitted for one of the learned professions. For the time being I continued to attend the village school, but the instruction I received there was early supplemented in various directions. It was my father's especial wish that all his children should study music; to this end, when I was about six years old, a queer little piano was procured which had neither pedals nor damper and possessed several peculiarities incident to old age. But it served well for my first finger exercises, and to me the instrument was very beautiful. Now we had to find a music-teacher. The organist who played in our village church possessed an ear for harmony, but he was quite devoid of training and could hardly decipher the simplest composition on paper. The village folk had accustomed themselves to his performances, and when there occurred in his interludes some strange entanglements, nobody was much disturbed. After the organist had frankly admitted to my father, with entire preservation of his dignity, that his musical talents did not include an ability to impart knowledge to others, it was decided that I should go twice a week to Brühl, a town four miles distant, to receive lessons from the well-equipped organist living there. The broad turnpike leading to Brühl passed through a great forest. It was

a mail-coach road; and whenever the postilion happened to see me trudging along he would invite me to a seat with him on the box, which was a great favor and cheerfully accepted. After a while my younger brother Heribert joined me in taking music lessons, and this enabled me to enlarge the scope of my own studies; for while Heribert was taking his lessons with the organist, I had time to lay the foundation of a knowledge of Latin with the parish priest. Thus we wandered twice a week to Brühl and back, singing duets on the way; and as we were both blessed with a good ear and were not wanting in voice, it may have sounded well enough. At least we attracted the attention of many passers-by. It even happened once that a pleasure party stopped their traveling carriage, dismounted and invited us to sit with them under the trees where they made us go through our entire repertoire, and rewarded us with good things from their provision hamper.

My brother Heribert, fifteen months younger than I, was a charming boy; blue-eyed, blond, of a most cheerful temperament and an exceedingly amiable disposition. He liked more to occupy himself with animals and flowers than to sit still and pore over books; so it was decided that he should become a florist-gardener. We two clung fondly to one another, and my mother has often told me later in life, that she had no greater joy than to see us together when clothed alike and in many ways recognizable as brothers. We were the most cordial comrades in work and play. Nor were wild pranks wanting, but there were none of a vicious nature. The worst adventure that happened to us made at the time a profound impression upon me, and has remained vivid in my memory. The old Halfen of an estate near Liblar, died, and as he belonged to our extensive kinship, we two brothers had to carry lighted tapers in his funeral procession. After the burial, according to Rhenish custom, the relatives and friends attending sat down to a funeral feast. Such repasts may have been very solemn at the start, but they were apt to degenerate toward the end into merry carousals. And so it happened this time. The feasting lasted long, and the excellent wines pleased the mourners mightily. One of them — a thoughtless uncle — had the unfortunate idea that this would be a good opportunity for giving my brother Heribert and me a practical lesson in wine-drinking. He filled and refilled our glasses, constantly urging us to empty them. The result was that first we became very jolly, and that finally we slipped down from our chairs under the table in an unconscious state; whereupon, profoundly sleeping, we were put into a haycart and taken home. When we woke up the following morning and heard what had happened, we were heartily ashamed. I do not know whether or not at that time I resolved never to allow the like to happen again, but certain it is that the impression made upon me by this occurrence never vanished. It gave me a profound loathing of drunkenness which I have carried with me throughout life; and although I have always taken wine or beer whenever it pleased me, that excess at the funeral feast has remained to the present hour my only one.

Of intellectual stimulus our village did not offer much, except that which I found within our home walls and in the larger family circle. My mother's opportunities for cultivation had never extended beyond the parish school and intercourse with relatives and friends. But she was a woman of excellent mental qualities, in a high degree sensible, of easy and clear perception and discernment, apt to take a lively interest in everything deserving it. But the chief strength of her character lay in her moral nature. I know no virtue that my mother did not possess. Nothing, however, could have been further from her than assumption of superiority, for she was almost too modest and self-effacing. Rectitude which is as it is because it cannot be otherwise, was in her joined to the gentlest judgment of others. Her disinterestedness proved itself in every trial capable of truly heroic self-sacrifice. The sorrows of those around her she felt more deeply than her own, and her constant care was for the happiness of those she loved. No misfortune could break her courage, and the calm cheerfulness of her pure soul survived the cruellest blows of fortune. When, nearly eighty years old she died, she had even in the last moments of consciousness a bright smile for the children and grandchildren standing at her bedside. Her figure was slender and well-formed, and her features somewhat resembled those of our grandfather. We children always admired her curly, golden-brown hair. Whether in the blossom-time of her life she would have been called beautiful or not we never knew; but her



From the portrait painted in 1900, by Ferraris

C. Schurz.

The Grandfather of Carl Schurz

countenance was to us all love and goodness and sunshine. The customs and forms of the great world were of course unknown to her, but she possessed the rare grace of noble naturalness which goes far to supply a deficiency in social training. Her handwriting was awkward, and her spelling by no means faultless. Of literature she knew little, and with grammar and style she had never been troubled. But many of her letters written to me at different times and in different situations of life, were not only filled with noble thought and sentiment, but possessed rare poetic beauty of expression. The unconscious greatness of her soul found its own language. Her very being exercised a constantly elevating and stimulating influence, although she could aid her children but little in the acquisition of what is commonly called knowledge.

All the more zealous was my father in this direction. The low whitewashed walls of the small modestly-furnished living room of our house, in which we also took our meals, were hung with the portraits of Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Körner, Tasso and Shakspere; for poets, historians and scientists were my father's heroes and he early told me of their creations and achievements. He read every book he could lay his hands upon and had collected a few of his own, among them Becker's "Universal History," some German classics and some translations from Voltaire and Rousseau. But these books were still beyond my childish comprehension; and so others were obtained for me from a circulating library at Brühl. There we found a series of folklore-tales — pretty well-told old legends, of Emperor Octavianus, and the four Haimons children, and the horned Siegfried, and strong Roland, etc., and some of the popular knight-stories, the contents of some of which I still could tell.

The Grandmother of Carl Schurz

Then a new world opened itself to me. The old head-gardener of the Count, who had observed my love of reading, gave me one day that most magnificent of juvenile books, "Robinson Crusoe." It may be said without exaggeration that to "Robinson Crusoe" the youth of all civilized peoples have owed more happy hours than to any other one book. I can still see the volume before me as I grasped it eagerly the moment school hours were over; I see the worn edges of the binding, the woodcuts, even the inkspot which to my extreme annoyance disfigured one of them; and I can still hear myself telling the schoolmaster about the wonderful contents of this book and begging him to read it aloud to the class, which he did on two afternoons in the week, his own interest increasing so much with every reading that the hours gradually lengthened to the detriment of other studies. Next to "Robinson Crusoe" came the "Landwehrmann," a popular history of the war of liberation in 1813, for which my interest had been excited by my grandfather's and my father's reminiscences and from the reading of which I emerged a fiery German patriot. And finally I was led up to higher literature by my father reading aloud to me while I was ill with measles, some of Schiller's poems and even "The Robbers."

There were still other stimulating family influences. My mother had four brothers. The oldest, "Ohm Peter," as we children called him, had served in a French regiment of grenadiers during the last years of Napoleon's reign, and was rich in recollections of that eventful period. The wars over, he married the daughter of a Halfen, and became himself the Halfen of a large estate in Lind near Cologne. In body and mind he resembled my grandfather, and we children loved him heartily. The second was "Ohm

DIE GRACHT, COUNT METTERNICH'S CASTLE NEAR LIBLAR

In part of this castle, separated by a moat from the Count's seat (the "House" shown in this picture), Carl Schurz was born

Ferdinand." He was the superintendent of extensive peat-works belonging to Count Metternich, and lived in Liblar in comfortable circumstances. He had risen in the Prussian military service to the dignity of a "Landwehrlieutenant," and we children looked at him with awe and admiration when he turned out at the periodical musters in his fine uniform, a sword at his side and a "tschako" with a high bunch of feathers, on his head. This uncle had read much and was a free-thinker, the Voltairian of the family. He also belonged to a freemasons' lodge in Cologne, of which it was whispered among the village-folk that the members had sold themselves body and soul to the devil, and that at the frequent night-meetings of the freemasons the devil appeared in the guise of a black goat and demanded homage of them. The fact that "Ohm Ferdinand" never went to church on Sunday seemed to confirm the worst rumors with regard to him. The third brother, "Ohm Jacob," lived at Jülich, a fortified town not far distant, where he married the daughter of a merchant and established himself in mercantile business. He was an extraordinarily handsome man in face and figure, of fine amiable qualities, and of distinguished personality. His admirable character won for him the respect and liking of the community to such a degree that he was elected burgomaster, an office which he held for many years with great dignity and with popular approval. Once a year he visited the great fair at Frankfort from which he returned by way of Liblar, bringing to us pretty little gifts, and also interesting tales about the remarkable men and things he had seen and heard of there. The fourth and youngest brother was "Ohm Georg," who had served in a regiment of cuirassiers in Berlin, and then had come home to aid my grandfather in his husbandry. He had lived three years in the capital of the kingdom, and therefore had looked far beyond the shadow of the church-steeple of his home. He too was a handsome man and had the chivalrous trait of the family.

Each one of the four brothers was over six feet in height, and together they formed a stately group. Not alone in personal appearance, but also in intelligence and breadth of view they towered far above the ordinary people of their surroundings. In addition to them there were two brothers-in-law, my father and "Ohm Rey," the husband of a sister of my mother's, a wide-awake and jovial man, who owned a good farm about an hour's walk from Liblar. This circle met often in cheerful social intercourse. The conversation at such times was by no means restricted to local topics nor to the transaction of everyday business. These men read newspapers, took an interest in all that happened in the outer world and discussed, if not with thorough knowledge at least with interest and sympathy, the events that moved humanity at large. Not seldom was I present at these talks, leaning against the arm of my father's chair or crouching unnoticed in the corner of the room, a silent and receptive listener. Here it was that I first heard of the struggles of Abd-el-Kader in Algiers and of the hero Schamyl in the Caucasus; of the repeated attempts upon the life of Louis Philippe in France and of the Carlist wars in Spain, with the generals of high-sounding musical names; and, what especially excited me, of the imprisonment of the Archbishop of Cologne for Jesuitic conspiracies against the Prussian government. And so on. Much of what I heard was at first to me little more than mere sound. Still I asked many questions which were answered by my father and by my uncles as well as they could. And although perhaps the mind of the boy thereby acquired but little clear understanding of things, the feeling early took root in me that we in our little village were a part of a great world the affairs of which concerned us too, and demanded our attention and sympathy.

In this family circle I also heard for the first time about America. A peasant family of our village by the name of Trimborn emigrated to the United States. I still have the picture before my eyes of their departure: one afternoon a wagon loaded with trunks and boxes and household utensils started from a neighboring cottage, and the village folk wished good luck to the emigrants; and a large crowd followed them a way out until the wagon disappeared in the forest on the road to Cologne. Another family by the name of Kribben, who were particular friends of ours, soon followed the Trimborns to settle in Missouri, where many years later I saw them again. Meanwhile things American were eagerly discussed by my father and my uncles. Then I heard for the first time of that immeasurable country on the other side of the ocean, its great forests, its magnificent rivers and lakes — of that young republic where the people were free, without kings,

without counts, without military service, and, as was believed in Liblar, without taxes. Everything printed about America that could be got hold of was eagerly read; and then I also saw for the first time, in a penny magazine, the picture of George Washington, whom my father called the noblest of men in all history because he had commanded large armies in the war for the liberation of his people and had then, instead of making himself a king, voluntarily divested himself of his power and returned to the plow as a simple farmer. By this example my father explained to me what it was to be a true patriot.

The men in our family circle fairly reveled in that log-cabin romance which is so full of charm to the European unacquainted with the true conditions of American life; and it wanted but little to induce them to try their fortune in the new world at once. Although the resolution was not taken in a hurry, yet America always remained a favorite topic of conversation with them; and indeed, in the course of time every member of my family did emigrate, some to remain in America, others to return to Germany.

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An unhappy party quarrel which arose in the village about this time affected the relations between my grandfather and the Count which till then had been most friendly. Count Wolf Metternich was older than my grandfather — a stately and stalwart figure over six feet high and unbent by the burden of his years, his hair and whiskers silver-white and his countenance most benignant. He was a nobleman of the old school, proud to have old servants and old well-to-do and contented tenants. The farm-rents were low, and when the crops failed the Count always was willing to make reductions. On the other hand, when the crops were plentiful, he did not at once seiz the opportunity to advance rents, but rejoiced in the prosperity of his people. His old business manager, the rent-master, as he was called, looked grim and exacting, but he conducted the affairs in the spirit of his lord. Thus the relation between the Count and my grandfather had been one of easy-going contentment on both sides, cemented by the common remembrance of the dark days of the "French time," during which the Count was often obliged, under the most trying circumstances, to entrust to my grandfather the care of his ancestral home. Of course, the difference in the worldly position between the Count and the Halfen was never overlooked. My grandfather, according to the ideas of those days, was a well-to-do man and could allow himself some comforts and luxuries. But I remember hearing it spoken of in the family circle that this or that could not be had or done, because the castle people might consider it presumptuous and take offense. For instance, my grandfather could go to town or pay visits in a two-wheeled chaise but not in a four-wheeled carriage; and his wife and daughters might wear as pretty caps or hoods as they pleased, trimmed with lace ever so costly and even adorned with precious stones, but they could not wear bonnets such as were worn in Cologne. The Count when he gave his great annual hunt, always invited the men of our family. I vividly remember the stately old nobleman as he went on foot with his company into the forest — he himself in a gray hunting coat armed with an out-of-date flint-lock gun — for such new-fangled things as percussion-caps he would not trust. Upon such occasions he treated his guests, whether noble or not, as friends. But when my grandfather leased for himself a hunting preserve in the neighborhood, to shoot his own hares and partridges, it was considered doubtful at the castle whether the Burghalfen had not gone a little too far. However the matter was fortunately allowed to remain in doubt. The old countess was generally regarded as a very proud lady, but in her intercourse with my grandfather's family she always showed the friendliest spirit. We children were invariably invited on Christmas eve to the Christmas tree at the castle and presented with gifts; and whenever there was illness in our family, practical helpfulness as well as warm concern was shown by the Count and his family, proving their interest to be genuine. The Count's sons were on a friendly footing with the sons of the Burghalfen, and on festive occasions they danced right merrily with the daughters. Into this long-established happy relation the quarrel in which, I do not know why, the Count's family took a lively part, sounded like a discordant note. As so often happens, when irritated feelings are once at play, one cause succeeded another to breed mutual misunderstanding and discontentment. Then the old Count died, and soon after also the old

rent-master. The estate passed into the possession of the eldest son and with him began a new régime. The young Count was a man of a good and kindly character, but the time-honored principles in regard to old servants and old tenants were not a part of his being, as they had been with his father. The high-bred patriarchal simplicity, so characteristic heretofore of the house, seemed to him antiquated and not a little dull. He found more pleasure in his English racehorses and his smart jockeys, than in the fat, heavy bays that had formerly drawn the family coach, with a sleepy gray-headed coachman on the box. He was not bound to the Burghalfen by any memories of the hard French times, and thus their relations gradually became merely those of business interest. He appointed a new rent-master, a young man with entirely unsentimental views of life and brusque manners, and when he explained to the Count that the income from the estate could be considerably increased, the information was by no means unwelcome in view of growing expenditures. Under these circumstances, the breach between the young Count and the Burghalfen rapidly widened and finally — the precise particulars I no longer remember — the rupture came, the lease of the estate was cancelled and my grandfather, a year or two later, left the Burg. There was a public auction of the house and farm-belongings lasting several days, which I once attended for a few hours. The jokes of the auctioneer sounded harshly offensive to my ears, and there was a deep resentment in my young heart as though a great wrong was being done. My grandparents then took a house in the village, but they did not long survive the change from the castle. My grandmother died first and my grandfather twelve days later. Many tears of heartfelt sorrow were shed for them both.

Meanwhile a great change had taken place with me, too.

When I was in my ninth year, my father thought I had outgrown the village school in Liblar. He therefore sent me to a school of a somewhat higher order in Brühl, which was connected with the teachers' seminary there, and was regarded as a model institution. The school-rooms were in an old Franciscan monastery, and I remember with a shudder the tortures that my sensitive musical ear suffered, when my father, in order to present me to the principal, led me through a long corridor in that building, in each window recess of which stood a young man practising finger-exercises on the violin, so that at least a dozen instruments giving out discordant sounds were to be heard at the same moment. The instruction I received from the well-equipped master was excellent, and at the same time I continued my lessons in Latin and my musical studies. I also began to live among strangers, boarding during the winter in the modest home of a butcher's widow. In the summer I walked to school from Liblar to Brühl and back every day of the week — a walk of about eight miles.

And now came a heavy blow. One gloomy winter's day, returning from school to my lodging, I found my father awaiting me with tears in his eyes. Several times his voice failed in attempting to tell me that my brother Heribert, after an illness of only a few days, had died. Only the Monday before, I had left him a picture of health. This was a dreadful shock. My father and I wandered home through the forest holding one another by the hand and weeping silently as we walked. For a long time I could not console myself over this loss. Whenever I was alone in the woods, I would call my brother loudly by name and pray God to give him back, or at least to allow his spirit to appear to me.

Then I felt a want of mental occupation on my lonely way between Brühl and Liblar, and so I accustomed myself to reading while I walked. My father, whose literary judgment was somewhat determined by current tradition, counted Klopstock among the great German poets, whom one "must have read," and so he gave me "The Messiah" as appropriate reading. To read the whole of Klopstock's "Messiah" is considered to-day an almost impossible test of human perseverance and there are probably few Germans now living who can boast of having accomplished the feat. I am one of the few. On the long walks between Brühl and Liblar I studied the whole twenty cantos, not only with steadfastness but in great part with profound interest. It is true that among the pompous hexameters I hit upon many that sounded very mysterious to me. I consoled myself with the thought that probably I was too young fully to understand this grand creation. Other parts really impressed me as transcendentally beautiful. I must confess that in the literary studies of my later life I have never been able to rise again to

this appreciation of Klopstock's greatness. After having finished "The Messiah," I was told by my father to learn by heart Tiedge's "Urania," and a series of poems by Gellert, Herder, Bürger, Langbein, Körner and others. Thus I became acquainted with a good many products of German literature, and was in point of reading well prepared to enter the lowest class of the gymnasium.

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"You failed to do your duty and you tried to conceal the truth from me; don't you think that you deserve a whipping?"

"Yes, but do please let us go into the cow-stable, so that nobody can see or hear it." The request was granted. In the solitude of the cow-stable I received my punishment, and nobody knew anything about it; but for many a day I carried with me a bitter consciousness of well-deserved humiliation, and for a long time I would not put foot into the cow-stable, the theater of my disgrace.

But with all this my childhood was on the whole sunny and happy, and if my memory fondly dwells upon it and I am a little diffuse in describing it, I must be pardoned. I consider myself fortunate to have spent my early childhood in the country, where one feels himself not only nearer to nature but nearer to his kind than in the confinements and jostling crowds of the city. I also consider myself fortunate in having grown up in simple and modest circumstances which knew neither want nor excessive affluence, and which did not permit any sort of luxury to become a necessity; which made it natural to me to be frugal and to appreciate the smallest pleasures; which preserved my capacity of enjoyment from the misfortune of being blunted and blasé; which kept alive and warm the sympathy, the feeling of belonging together with the poor and lowly among the people, without discouraging the striving for higher aims.

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the night, of course the main frolic of the day began, which was continued with boisterous hilarity until one boy after the other sank down utterly overcome by fatigue.

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Although the summer was thus rich in joy, our winter was no less so. It not only brought skating on the ice and battles with snowballs, but to me also the first enjoyment of the stage; and of all the joyous excitements of my childhood none surpassed the one into which we were thrown by the arrival of the puppet theater in Liblar. With eagerness we boys regularly accompanied the crier through the village, who by means of a drum brought the people to the doors and announced to the honored public the coming of the drama. Oh, the fear that I might not be allowed to visit the theater, and the impatience until the final moment came! The stage was erected in a small dance-hall. The price for front seats ranged from one cent for children to five cents for adults. The lighting of the hall consisted of a few tallow candles. But the center of the dark curtain was decorated with a rosette of transparent paper in different bright colors and was lighted from behind by a lamp giving a suggestion of marvel and mystery. A shiver of expectation crept over me when at last a bell rung three times, sudden silence fell upon the hall, and the curtain lifted. The stage scenery was arranged in perspective and the puppets were moved from above by wires.

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The puppet show had other plays, one the great warrior "Prince Eugene" — a heroic drama in which great battles were fought and whole rows of paper Turks were shot down. And then a fairy play with every kind of marvelous transformation and other surprises. All these things were very pretty, but to my mind they could not be compared to the fair Genovefa. The impression that this play made upon me was simply overpowering. I wept hot tears at the leave-taking of Count Siegfried from his wife and even more over their reunion, and could hardly restrain a cry of delight when husband and wife returned to the castle and the wicked Golo met his well-deserved fate. I do not believe that ever in my life at a play was my imagination so active and the effect on my mind and emotions so direct and overwhelming. This doll with a plume on its hat was to me the real Count Siegfried; that one there with the red face and black beard the real treacherous Golo; this one with the white gown and the yellow hair the beautiful Genovefa, and the little red thing with the wriggling legs a real live doe. The impression was the same when I saw the play a second time. I knew the whole story then and how it was to end; and when the Count took leave of his wife and departed for the Holy Land, I could hardly refrain from calling out to him not to go, for if he did something terrible was sure to happen. How happy that naïve condition of childhood in which the imagination surrenders itself so unresistingly, without being in the least disturbed by the critical impulse!

But just this faculty of naïve enjoyment received with me an early and a vicious shock. When I was about nine years old I saw for the first time live human beings on the stage in a play called "Hedwig the Bandit Bride," by Körner. It was played in Brühl by a traveling company. The chief character, that of the villain Rudolph, was acted with all the teeth-gnashing grimaces customary on little provincial stages, but as I then still took this to be the genuine thing, it did not fail to make a strong impression, although not nearly so strong a one as at the puppet-show when the fair Genovefa was played. I began to criticise, and this inclination received a tremendous impulse when in the company of my father I saw this "Bandit Bride" for the second time. In the last act, according to the text, Hedwig the heroine has to kill the villain by hitting him a vigorous blow on the head with the butt of a gun while he is crouching over a trap-door. On the Brühl stage this, however, was changed: Hedwig was to shoot the villain instead of striking him. When the actress who played this part, pointed her weapon and tried to fire, it refused to go off and gave only a faint click. The villain remained in his bent posture over the trap-door, hoping every moment to be killed. Hedwig again pulled the trigger, but in vain. The poor woman looked around utterly helpless. In the audience there was the deepest silence of expectation. Then from behind the side-scene came the order in that loud stage-whisper which can fill an entire house: "Bang him on the head with the butt; bang him quick!" Whereupon

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The puppet show had other plays, one the great warrior "Prince Eugene"—a heroic drama in which great battles were fought and whole rows of paper Turks were shot down. And then a fairy play with every kind of marvelous transformation and other surprises. All these things were very pretty, but to my mind they could not be compared to the fair Genovefa. The impression that this play made upon me was simply overpowering. I wept hot tears at the leave-taking of Count Siegfried from his wife and even more over their reunion, and could hardly restrain a cry of delight when husband and wife returned to the castle and the wicked Golo met his well-deserved fate. I do not believe that ever in my life at a play was my imagination so active and the effect on my mind and emotions so direct and overwhelming. This doll with a plume on its hat was to me the real Count Siegfried; that one there with the red face and black beard the real treacherous Golo; this one with the white gown and the yellow hair the beautiful Genovefa, and the little red thing with the wriggling legs a real live doe. The impression was the same when I saw the play a second time. I knew the whole story then and how it was to end; and when the Count took leave of his wife and departed for the Holy Land, I could hardly refrain from calling out to him not to go, for if he did something terrible was sure to happen. How happy that naïve condition of childhood in which the imagination surrenders itself so unresistingly, without being in the least disturbed by the critical impulse!

But just this faculty of naïve enjoyment received with me an early and a vicious shock. When I was about nine years old I saw for the first time live human beings on the stage in a play called "Hedwig the Bandit Bride," by Körner. It was played in Brühl by a traveling company. The chief character, that of the villain Rudolph, was acted with all the teeth-gnashing grimaces customary on little provincial stages, but as I then still took this to be the genuine thing, it did not fail to make a strong impression, although not nearly so strong a one as at the puppet-show when the fair Genovefa was played. I began to criticise, and this inclination received a tremendous impulse when in the company of my father I saw this "Bandit Bride" for the second time. In the last act, according to the text, Hedwig the heroine has to kill the villain by hitting him a vigorous blow on the head with the butt of a gun while he is crouching over a trap-door. On the Brühl stage this, however, was changed: Hedwig was to shoot the villain instead of striking him. When the actress who played this part, pointed her weapon and tried to fire, it refused to go off and gave only a faint click. The villain remained in his bent posture over the trap-door, hoping every moment to be killed. Hedwig again pulled the trigger, but in vain. The poor woman looked around utterly helpless. In the audience there was the deepest silence of expectation. Then from behind the side-scene came the order in that loud stage-whisper which can fill an entire house: "Bang him on the head with the butt; bang him quick!" Whereupon

Hedwig with slow deliberation reversed the gun and struck the man who had been so patiently awaiting death, a slow blow upon the head. He rolled over, the audience burst into uncontrollable shrieks of laughter in which the dead villain, lying upon the stage, could not refrain from joining. In the audience the laughter would not cease. But as for me I would far rather have cried; the occurrence fairly stunned me. With it ended that complete surrender to illusion, which had given me so much joy. It failed me, at least until I was fortunate enough to behold artistic performances of a higher order; and this happily came soon during my school time at the gymnasium in Cologne.

(To be continued)

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

BY

F. H. LANCASTER

AUTHOR OF "THE SNUBBING OF ADNAST"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN

LO, it was the sheep did it! Your 'Cajan farmer is good-natured, slow to anger. Yes! but when he *gets* mad he *stays* mad. And it would make any man mad to have his sheep stolen? Very true! And it would make any man mad to be unjustly accused of stealing sheep? Again, very true. That was why it was eye for eye between M. Gasconne and M. LeReille.

"Oeil pour Oeil." All the neighbors took sides. The children fought at school; the young people cut each other at church; the old people were savage. "Oeil pour Oeil." And it was the sheep did it. Routed harmony from the banks of Bayou Canada. The poor, silly sheep.

But in her heart the teacher, burned by the crossfire, called other things silly besides the sheep. She was a practical young woman, that teacher. She could not teach a school with a feud in it. Lo, the feud must cease! She would ignore it. She would down

"'His papa call my papa "T'ief." I won't seet by heem, me'"

it. Boldly did she send Silvan and Dazier to the spring for water, and boldly did she lick the pair of them when they returned bloody after the inevitable scrimmage.

"He say I eat dead ox, me," declared Silvan in extenuation of Dazier's bleeding nose.

"Well, you do, and so does every one that eats beef," returned the teacher, and laid on judgment.

But the patrons rose in arms. They "visited la maitresse d'ecole." They harangued. But she would listen to neither side.

"I have been appointed to teach this school, and I am going to teach it. If the boys fight, I will whip them. If the girls quarrel, I will punish them." She was not a woman of many words, that teacher, but her eyes blazed. And they knew, the dullest of them, that shrillest tone or most emphatic gesture were alike of no avail here.

"You do what teacher say," they counseled their rebelling youngsters. "She 's ilected for dis year, *dis year*, yas," with slow significance of utterance. With bad grace the boys and the girls obeyed. Came and went, sat and spoke as the school-teacher directed. But even the meekest of them plucked up spirit — anticipating a glorious row — when the teacher, determined upon a clean sweep of feud antagonism, ordered Étienne Gasconne to take his books to the next seat to Madeline LeReille. Étienne scowled his blackest but went. Madeline's eyes blazed scorn at him. She started up :

"I want go home, me."

"No," said the teacher.

"His papa call my papa 'T'ief.' I won't seet by heem, me."

"That will do, Madeline."

"Je me paindre a papa." And the rebellious little beauty burst into tears. The teacher gave her attention to the class at the board, deaf to the heartrending sobs from that far corner, blind to the blazing indignation of half the black eyes in her school : dead to the open enjoyment of the other half.

Good ! But Étienne was not so "hard-heart" as "das teacher." In vain he planted an elbow on either side of his fourth reader, and stared at the lesson ; those pitiful little sobs bothered him. He turned with an impatient whisper :

"Why don' you shot op?"

"Because I won' shot op, me."

"I 'm goin' ask tetcher mek you."

A stinging slap in the face was her reply. All the school saw it. All the school looked at the teacher. Teacher was blind. Bébé, the telltale, stood in his seat: "Mees Bella, Madeline, she slap Étienne."

"She didn'. Nothin' the sort," thundered Étienne.

"You may come and stand at my desk, Bébé, said the teacher. Bébé stood. All the school wondered.

On the road home from school that afternoon Étienne instructed his little brothers and sisters: "Don' you say nothin' a la maison. The elder brother is a power in the 'Cajan family. Is obeyed more implicitly than the parent. Nothing was said. There was corruption in the ranks? No, Étienne's little brother still went daily out of his way to the store to stop at the LeReille gate and call Madeline's little brother a polecat. And Madeline's little sister called Étienne's little sister. "Un' pauvre vieux fille" — a poor old maid — before the whole school at recess — and got herself punished by the relentless teacher for doing it. But Madeline sat next to Étienne without further protest. Would not look at him or speak to him. Ha, no! Held her head high and drew her skirts close when he took his seat. But — she carried her sunbonnet in her hand all the way to school for fear of mussing her hair.

"'I don' know, me, what for you want seet by one t'ief,' shouted irate papa"

Poor Étienne, his lot was a hard one. To have to sit by a girl that he knew despised him, and not be able to despise her back because she was too pretty! Verily, it was no bed of roses. And yet, when the end of the month came, and with it the privilege for boys to change seats, Étienne buried his fists in his curly hair and studied hard. Not even when the teacher called his name did he raise his eyes. Madeline touched him with her pencil: "Don' you hear?"

"No," he whispered briefly.

The roll went on. The changes were made. The primary grade rose at the tap of the bell, but even the little primaries were round-eyed and stumbled as they walked — staring at Étienne.

"Attention!" said the teacher. She alone had not looked upon Étienne's blood-red shame. But after school she gave him a letter to mail for her, and spoke very nicely to him about the mare he was going to run at next Sunday's races. Told him cordially how she hoped MaBelle would win. Étienne reddened again — with delight — that she should have known his pet's name, and went away with the letter, walking on air, thinking "tetcher" a very nice person indeed. Feeling the touch of Madeline's pencil ever against his sleeve. Hearing nothing but her whisper in his ear, though many words and much hearty abuse were poured into those same ears when it leaked out at home that he had not changed his seat.

"I don' know, me, what for you want seet by one t'ief," shouted irate papa.

"Cher, cher," interposed mild little Madame "Das ain' Madeline steal ship?" Étienne got up quickly and went out. Next morning Madame found enough split kindling in her kitchen to last her a week, and Étienne trudging to school repeated eagerly her justifying words: "Das ain' Madeline steal ship." Ah, what a wonderfully wise little mother was his. Life seemed very sunny as he slid into his seat, but the gods still had grief in store. Madeline dropped her pencil. It fell close to his foot. With his eyes on his book Étienne stooped sideways, picked

"When they turned a leaf their sleeves brushed or their hands touched"

up the pencil, and slipped it into her lap. Nobody saw. With her eyes on her book Madeline whispered softly: "T'ank you." "Reckless courage came to Étienne. He looked at her. "My mama say tain't you steal ship."

Reckless anger seized Madeline. She blazed at him. "Tain't my papa, neither!"

"Étienne! Madeline!" The teacher's pencil dashed down two vicious demerits. The culprits bent over their fourth readers. Madeline's lips began to move silently, conning her definitions with a fine air of indifference. Étienne did not even see the book before him. He had made her mad and got her into trouble. Life was all gloom. With his fist at his temples he stared wretchedly, blindly. At last the fourth reader — the highest class in school — was called. And he stood up in cold consternation. Madeline was head, he was next. He gave one despairing look at the first word that would come to him, and closed his book. The word came. He spelled and defined nervously. It was a long class. If nobody missed a second word might not come to him. "But, of course, that *sot* at the bottom would miss." And the booby did. Madeline caught the word in the air, rose, spelled, defined, sat down. Étienne stood up. "Wilderness." It was an easy word to spell. He spelled slowly. What *did* it mean. He knew that the next boy knew by the way he was watching him. "Wilderness," he pronounced and paused. The teacher looked up. Madeline looked down. Étienne looked down also, looking desperately at that bent head. Then he found himself repeating quietly: "A place where no one lives." "Good," said the teacher. The other boy sank back disappointed. Madeline rose to read. The teacher spoke: "You may give me your book, Étienne, if you please. There is a leaf missing in this one. You will look on with Madeline."

What it was all about Étienne never knew. When Madeline stopped reading he began where her shyly pointing forefinger directed.

When they turned a leaf their sleeves brushed or their hands touched. That was all he comprehended of the most wonderful lesson that had ever come his way. But in getting out their slates for the arithmetic hour their eyes met. Madeline's swept down swiftly. Étienne fell to work furiously upon his fractions. His ears burned. He longed to, but could not look at her again. How very still the schoolroom was. The only thing under heaven to be heard or thought of was the clicking of that busy pencil scratching away on the slate next his own. When, presently, the delicious sound stopped suddenly, he was startled into looking at her. There was a wet spot in the middle of Madeline's slate, widening slowly, and another wet spot hanging from Madeline's lashes. Without a thought of consequences, or a glance toward that martinet of a teacher, Étienne drew the wet slate to him and wrote down rapidly the common-denominator she had been trying so hard to find.

"flung it under foot with every mark of disdain"

"You should not work Madeline's examples for her," said a quiet voice at his elbow.

The boy looked up with pleading eyes: "I can' help it, me," he whispered.

"I do not object to your helping her with an explanation," and the quiet voice broke with a strange, sweet note of sympathy. "But she must do the work herself."

Madeline was late the next morning. How could *she* know who it was that laid the big, red rose on her desk. Truly, such a gift may not be expected from an enemy. Surely, there was no reason, then, why she should not wear it in her hair all day. The more so that when Bébé told her after school that it was Étienne who brought the rose she promptly snatched it from her hair, and flung it under foot with every mark of disdain. But, perhaps she felt a little — just a little badly about doing that when she heard them telling Étienne next morning and laughing at him. And it was the morning, too, for the girls to change seats if they wished to. Maybe it was because she was so busy watching the way Étienne's fingers trembled as they fumbled his fourth reader that Madeline did not hear when the teacher called her name. The teacher did seem to be in a hurry, and ran over Madeline's name "too quick," as everybody admitted. Étienne drew an audible breath, the color came back to his face. His hand steadied. He looked at Madeline, and caught her looking at him. He was very handsome, was Étienne, the handsomest boy in school. Madeline smiled and dropped her lashes but he, the bold boy, laid surreptitious fingers upon the pink bud in her belt, and transferred it to his pocket.

"T'ief," she whispered.

"Yes," he agreed. "Goin' steal all you got." And quite as a matter of course that afternoon, he carried Madeline's books home for her. "Eye for eye?" The teacher smiled. It *looked* more like "heart for heart."

But it was a long time after that when M. Gasconne drew rein beside M. LeReille, with a cheery hail:

"Jack, you know 'bout das moutons I *los'* las' winter? I find out, me, where dey was *los'*. In das branch back of old man Réné's place. Yas. Find all five dey's head. You comin' to das choppin to-morrow? C'est bon."

Ah, but that was long time after Étienne's little brother had stopped calling Madeline's little brother "one pole-cat." Long time, yes. Étienne had been smoking cigarettes on Madeline's front gallery every Sunday for nearly six months.

WITH THE NIGHT MAIL*

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

ILLUSTRATED BY H. REUTERDAHL

(McCLURE'S MAGAZINE ADVG. DEPT., JUNE, 2025 A.D.)

AT 21 o'clock of a gusty winter night I stood on the lower stages of the G. P. O. outward mail tower. My purpose was a run to Quebec in "postal packet 162 or such other as may be appointed": and the Postmaster General himself countersigned the order. This talisman opened all doors, even those in the despatching-caisson at the foot of the tower, where they were delivering the sorted Continental mail. The bags lay packed close as herrings in the long gray underbodies which our G. P. O. still calls "coaches." Five such coaches were filled as I watched and were shot up the guides to be locked on to their waiting packets three hundred feet nearer the stars.

From the despatching-caisson I was conducted by a courteous and wonderfully learned official — Mr. L. L. Geary, Second Despatcher of the Western Route — to the Captains' Room (this wakes an echo of old romance), where the mail captains come on for their turn of duty. He introduces me to the Captain of "162" — Captain Purnall, and his relief, Captain Hodgson. The one is small and dark: the other large and red; but each has the brooding sheathed glance characteristic of eagles and aeronauts. You can see it in the pictures of our racing professionals, from L. V. Rautsch to little Ada Warrleigh — that fathomless abstraction of eyes habitually turned through naked space.

On the notice-board in the Captains' Room, the pulsing arrows of some twenty indicators register, degree by geographical degree, the progress of as many homeward-bound packets. The word "Cape" rises across the face of a dial; a gong strikes: the South African mid-weekly mail is in at the Highgate Receiving Towers. That is all. It reminds one comically of the traitorous little bell which in pigeon-fanciers' lofts notifies the return of a homer.

"Time for us to be on the move," says Captain Purnall, and we are shot up by the passenger-lift to the top of the despatch-towers. "Our coach will lock on when it is filled and the clerks are aboard." . . .

"No. 162" waits for us in Slip E of the top-most stage. The great curve of her back shines frostily under the lights, and some minute alteration of trim makes her rock a little in her holding-down clips.

Captain Purnall frowns and dives inside. Hissing softly, "162" comes to rest level as a rule. From her North Atlantic Winter nose-cap (worn bright as a diamond with boring through uncounted leagues of hail, snow and ice) to the inset of her three built-out propeller-shafts is some two hundred and forty feet. Her extreme diameter, carried well forward, is thirty-seven. Contrast this with the nine hundred by ninety-four of any crack liner and you will realize the power that must drive a hull through all weathers at more than twice the emergency-speed of the "Cyclonic"!

The eye detects no joint in her skin plating save the sweeping hair-crack of the bow-rudder — Magniac's rudder that assured us the dominion of the unstable air and left its inventor penniless and half-blind. It is calculated to Castelli's "gull-wing" curve. Raise a few feet of that all but invisible plate three-eighths of an inch and she will yaw five miles to port or starboard ere she is under control again. Give her full helm and she returns on her track like a whip-lash. Cant the whole forward — a touch on the

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wheel will suffice — and she sweeps at your good direction up or down. Open the full circle and she presents to the air a mush-room head that will bring her up all stand-ing within a half mile.

"Yes," says Captain Hodgson, answering my thought, "Castelli thought he'd discov-ered the secret of controlling aeroplanes when he'd only found out how to steer dirigible balloons. Magniac invented his rudder to help war-boats ram each other; and war went out of fashion and Magniac he went out of his mind because he said he could n't serve his country any more. I wonder if any of us ever know what we're really doing."

"If you want to see the coach locked you'd better go aboard. It's due now," says Mr. Geary. I enter through the door amidships. There is nothing here for dis-play. The inner skin of the gas-tanks comes down to within a foot or two of my head and turns over just short of the turn of the bilges. Liners and yachts disguise their tanks with decoration, but the G. P. O. serves them raw under a lick of gray of-ficial paint. The inner skin shuts off fifty feet of the bow and as much of the stern, but the bow-bulkhead is recessed for the lift-shunting apparatus as the stern is pierced for the shaft-tunnels. The engine-room lies almost amidships. Forward of it extending to the turn of the bow tanks is an aperture — a bottomless hatch at present — into which the coach will be locked. One looks down over the coamings three hundred feet to the despatching-caisson whence voices boom upward. The light below is obscured to a sound of thunder, as the coach rises on its guides. It enlarges rapidly from a postage-stamp to a playing-card . to a punt and last a pontoon. The two clerks, its crew, do not even look up as it comes into place. The Quebec letters fly under their fingers and leap into the docketed racks, while both captains and Mr. Geary satisfy themselves that the coach is locked home. A clerk passes the way-bill over the hatch-coaming. Captain Purnall thumb-marks and passes it to Mr. Geary. Receipt has been given and taken. "Pleasant run," says Mr. Geary and disappears through the door which a foot-high pneumatic compressor locks after him.

"A-ah!" sighs the compressor released. Our holding-down clips part with a tang. We are clear.

Captain Hodgson opens the great colloid underbody-porthole through which I watch million-lighted London slide eastward as the gale gets hold of us. The first of the low winter clouds cuts off the well-known view and darkens Middlesex. On the south edge of it I can see a packet's postal light plowing through the white fleece. For an instant she gleams like a star ere she drops toward the Highgate Receiving Towers. "The Bombay Mail," says Captain Hodg-son, and looks at his watch. "She's forty minutes late."

"What's our level?" I ask.

"Four thousand. Are n't you coming up on the bridge?"

The bridge (let us ever bless the G. P. O. as a repository of ancientest tradition!) is represented by a view of Captain Hodgson's legs where he stands on the control plat-form that runs thwartships overhead. The bow colloid is unshuttered and Captain Purnall, one hand on the wheel, is feeling for a fair slant. The dial shows 4,300 feet.

"It's steep to-night," he mutters as tier on tier of cloud drops under. "We gener-ally pick up an easterly draught below three thousand at this time o' the year. I hate slathering through fluff."

"So does Van Cutsem. Look at him huntin' for a slant," says Captain Hodgson. A fog-light breaks cloud a hundred fathoms below. The Antwerp Night Mail makes her signal and rises between two racing clouds far to port, her flanks blood-red in the glare of Sheerness Double Light. The gale will have us over the German ocean in half an hour, but Captain Purnall lets her go com-posedly — nosing to every point of the com-pass as she rises.

"Five thousand — six, six thousand eight hundred" — the dip-dial reads ere we find the easterly drift, heralded by a flurry of snow at the thousand fathom level. Cap-tain Purnall rings up the engines and keys down the governor on the switch before him. There is no sense in urging machinery when Æolus himself gives you good knots for nothing. We are away in earnest now — our nose notched home on our chosen star. At this level the lower clouds are laid out all neatly combed by the dry fingers of the East. Below that there is the strong westerly blow through which we rose. Overhead, a film of southerly drifting mist draws a theatri-cal gauze across the firmament. The moon-light turns the lower strata to silver without

a stain except where our shadow underruns us. Bristol and Cardiff Double Lights (those statelily inclined beams over Severnmouth) are dead ahead of us; for we keep the Southern Winter Route. Coventry Central, the pivot of the English system, stabs upward once in ten seconds its spear of diamond light to the north; and a point or two off our starboard bow The Leek, the great cloud-breaker of Saint David's Head, swings its unmistakable green beam twenty-five degrees each way. There must be half a mile of fluff over it in this weather, but it does not affect The Leek.

"Our planet's overlighted if anything," says Captain Purnall at the wheel, as Cardiff-Bristol slides under. "I remember the old days of common white verticals that 'ud show two or three thousand feet up in a mist, if you knew where to look for 'em. In really fluffy weather they might as well have been under your hat. One could get lost coming home then, an' have some fun. Now, it 's like driving down Piccadilly."

He points to the pillars of light where the cloud-breakers bore through the cloud-floor. We see nothing of England's outlines: only a white pavement pierced in all directions by these manholes of variously colored fire — Holy Island's white and red — St. Bee's interrupted white, and so on as far as the eye can reach. Blessed be Sargent, Ahrens, and the Dubois brothers, who invented the cloud-breakers of the world whereby we travel in security!

"Are you going to lift for The Shamrock?" asks Captain Hodgson. Cork Light (green, fixed) enlarges as we rush to it, Captain Purnall nods. There is heavy traffic hereabouts — the bank beneath us is streaked with running fissures of flame where the Atlantic boats are hurrying Londonwards just clear of the fluff. Mail-packets are supposed, under the Conference rules, to have the five-thousand-foot lanes to themselves, but the foreigner in a hurry is apt to take liberties with English air. "No. 162" lifts to a long-drawn wail of the breeze in the fore-flange of the rudder and we make Valencia (white, green, white) at a safe 7,000 feet, dipping our beam to an incoming Washington packet.

There is no cloud on the Atlantic, and faint streaks of cream round Dingle Bay show where the driven seas hammer the coast. A big S. A. T. A. liner (*Société Anonyme des Transports Aeriens*) is diving and lifting half a mile below us in search of some break in the solid west wind. Lower still lies a disabled Dane: she is telling the liner all about it in International. Our General Communication dial has caught her talk and begins to eavesdrop. Captain Hodgson makes a motion to shut it off but checks himself. "Perhaps you 'd like to listen," he says.

"'Argol' of St. Thomas," the G. C. whispers. "Report owners three starboard shaft collar-bearings fused. Can make Flores as we are, but impossible further. Shall we buy spares at Fayal?"

The liner acknowledges and recommends inverting the bearings. The "Argol" answers that she has already done so without effect, and begins to relieve her mind about cheap German enamels for collar-bearings. The Frenchman assents cordially, cries "*Courage, mon ami,*" and switches off.

Their lights sink under the curve of the ocean.

"That 's one of Lundt & Bleamer's boats," says Captain Hodgson. "Serves 'em right for putting German compos in their thrust-blocks. *She* won't be in Fayal to-night! By the way, would n't you like to look round the engine-room?"

I have been waiting eagerly for this invitation and I follow Captain Hodgson from the control-platform, stooping low to avoid the bulge of the tanks. We know that Fleury's gas can lift anything, as the world-famous trials of '17 showed, but its almost indefinite powers of expansion necessitate vast tank room. Even in this thin air the lift-shunts are busy taking out one-third of its normal lift, and still "162" must be checked by an occasional downdraw of the rudder or our flight would become a climb to the stars. Captain Purnall prefers an overlifted to an underlifted ship, but no two captains trim ship alike. "When *I* take the bridge," says Captain Hodgson, "you 'll see me shunt forty per cent of the lift out of the gas and run her on the upper rudder. With a swoop upwards instead of a swoop downwards, *as* you say. Either way will do. It 's only habit. Watch our dip-dial! Tim fetches her down once every thirty knots as regularly as breathing."

So is it shown on the dip-dial. For five or six minutes the arrow creeps from 6,700 to 7,300. There is the faint "szgee" of the rudder, and back slides the arrow to 6,500 on a falling slant of ten or fifteen knots.

"In heavy weather you jockey her with the screws as well," says Captain Hodgson and, unclipping the jointed bar which divides the engine-room from the bare deck, he leads me onto the floor.

Here we find Fleury's Paradox of the Bulkheaded Vacuum — which we accept now without thought — literally in full blast. The three engines are H. T. & T. assisted-vacuo Fleury turbines running from 3,000 to the Limit — that is to say, up to the point when the blades make the air "bell" — cut out a vacuum for themselves precisely as do over-driven marine propellers. "162's" Limit is low on account of the small size of her nine screws, which, though handier than the old colloid Thelussons, bell sooner. The midships engine, generally used as a reinforce, is not running; so the port and starboard turbine vacuum-chambers draw direct into the return-mains.

The turbines whistle reflectively. From the low-arched expansion-tanks on either side the valves descend pillarwise to the turbine-chests, and thence the obedient gas whirls through the spirals of blades with a force that would draw the teeth out of a power-saw. Behind, is its own pressure held in leash or spurred on by the lift-shunts; before it, the vacuum where Fleury's Ray dances in violet-green bands and whirled tourbillions of flame. The jointed U-tubes of the vacuum chamber are pressure-tempered colloid (no glass would endure the strain for an instant) and a junior engineer with tinted spectacles watches the Ray intently. It is the very heart of the machine — a mystery to this day. Even Fleury who begat it and, unlike Magniac, died a multi-millionaire, could not explain how the restless little imp shuddering in the U-tube can in the fractional fraction of a second strike down the furious blast of gas into a chill grayish-green liquid that drains (you can hear it trickle) from the far end of the vacuum through the eduction-pipes and the mains back to the bilges. Here it returns to its gaseous, one had almost written sagacious, state and climbs to work afresh. Bilge-tank, upper tank, dorsal-tank, expansion-chamber, vacuum, main-return (as a liquid), and bilge-tank once more is the ordained cycle. Fleury's Ray sees to that; and the engineer with the tinted spectacles sees to Fleury's Ray. If a speck of oil; if even the natural grease of the human finger touch the hooded terminals, Fleury's Ray will wink and disappear and must be laboriously built up again. This means half a day's work for all hands and an expense of one hundred and seventy-odd pounds to the G. P. O. for radium-salts and such trifles.

"Now look at our thrust-collars. You won't find much German compo there. Full-jeweled, you see," says Captain Hodgson as the engineer shunts open the top of a cap. Our shaft-bearings are C. D. C. (Commercial Diamond Company) stones, ground with as much care as the lens of a telescope. They cost £37 apiece. So far we have not arrived at their term of life. These bearings came from "No. 97" which took them over from the old "Dominion of Light," which had them out of the wreck of the "Perseus" aeroplane in the years when men still flew kites over thorium engines.

They are a shining reproof to all low-grade German "ruby" enamels, so-called "boort" facings, and the dangerous and unsatisfactory alumina compounds which please dividend-hunting owners and turn skippers crazy.

The rudder-gear and the gas lift-shunt, seated side by side under the engine-room dials, are the only machines in visible motion. The former sighs from time to time as the oil plunger rises and falls half an inch. The latter, cased and guarded like the U-tube aft, exhibits another Fleury Ray but inverted and more green than violet. Its function is to shunt the lift out of the gas, and this it will do without watching. That is all! A tiny pump-rod wheezing and whining to itself beside a sputtering green lamp. A hundred and fifty feet aft down the flat-topped tunnel of the tanks a violet light, restless and irresolute. Between the two, three white-painted turbine-trunks, like eel-baskets laid on their side, accentuate the empty perspectives. You can hear the trickle of the liquefied gas flowing from the vacuum into the bilge-tanks and the soft *gluck-glock* of gas-locks closing as Captain Purnall brings "162" down by the head. The hum of the turbines and the boom of the air on our skin is no more than a cotton-wool wrapping to the universal stillness. And we are running an eighteen-second mile.

I peer from the fore end of the engine-room over the hatch-coamings into the coach. The mail-clerks are sorting the Winnipeg, Calgary, and Medicine Hat bags: but there is a pack of cards ready on the table.

Suddenly a bell thrills, the engineers run to the turbine-valves and stand by; but the spectacled slave of the Ray in the U-tube never lifts his head. He must watch where he is. We are hard-braked and going astern; and there is language from the control-platform.

"Tim's sparking badly about something," says the unruffled Captain Hodgson. "Let's look."

Captain Purnall is not the man we left half an hour ago, but the embodied authority of the G. P. O. Ahead of us floats an ancient, aluminum-patched, twin-screw tramp of the dingiest with no more right to the 5,000 foot lanes than has a horse-cart to a town. She carries an obsolete "barbette" conning-tower — a six-foot affair with railed platform forward — and our warning beam plays on the top of it as a policeman's lantern flashes on the area sneak. Like a sneak-thief, too, emerges a shock-headed navigator in his shirt-sleeves. Captain Purnall wrenches open the colloid to talk with him man to man. There are times when Science does not satisfy.

"What under the stars are you doing here, you sky-scraping chimney-sweep?" he shouts as we two drift side by side. "Do you know this is a Mail-lane? You call yourself a skipper, sir? You ain't fit to peddle toy balloons to an Esquimaux. Your name and number! Report and get down!"

"I've been blown up once," the shock-headed man cries hoarsely as a dog barking. "I don't care two flips of a contact for anything *you* can do, Postey."

"Don't you, sir? But I'll make you care. I'll have you towed stern first to Disko and broke up. You can't recover insurance if you're broke for obstruction. Do you understand *that?*"

Then the stranger bellows: "Look at my propellers! There's been a wullie-wa down under that has knocked me into umbrella-frames! We've been blown up about forty thousand feet! We're all one conjuror's watch inside! My mate's arm's broke; my engineer's head's cut open; my Ray went out when the engines smashed; and . . . and . . . for pity's sake give me my height, Captain! We doubt we're dropping."

"Six thousand eight hundred. Can you hold it?" Captain Purnall overlooks all insults, and leans half out of the colloid, staring and snuffing. The stranger leaks pungently.

"We ought to blow back to St. John's with luck. We're trying to plug the fore-tank now, but she's simply whistling it away," her captain wails.

"She's sinkin' like a log," says Captain Purnall in an undertone. "Call up the Mark Boat, George." Our dip-dial shows that we abreast the tramp have dropped five hundred feet the last few minutes.

Captain Purnall presses a switch and our beam begins to swing through the night, twizzling spokes of light across infinity.

"That'll fetch something," he says, while Captain Hodgson watches the General Communicator. He has called up the Banks Mark Boat, a couple of hundred miles west, and is reporting the case.

"I'll stand by you," Captain Purnall roars to the lone figure on the conning-tower.

"Is it as bad as that?" comes the answer. "She isn't insured."

"Might have guessed as much," mutters Hodgson. "Owner's risk is the worst risk of all!"

"Can't I fetch St. John's — not even with this breeze?" the voice quavers.

"Stand by to abandon ship. Haven't you *any* lift in you, fore or aft?"

"Nothing but the midship tanks and they're none too tight. You see, my Ray gave out and —" he coughs in the reek of the escaping gas.

"You poor devil!" This does not reach our friend. "What does the Mark Boat say, George?"

"Wants to know if there's any danger to traffic. Says she's in a bit of weather herself and can't quit station. I've turned in a General Call, so even if they don't see our beam some one's bound to — or else we must. Shall I clear our slings? Hold on! Here we are! A Planet liner, too! She'll be up in a tick!"

"Tell her to get her slings ready," cries his brother captain. "There won't be much time to spare . . . Tie up your mate," he roars to the tramp.

"My mate's all right. It's my engineer. He's gone crazy."

"Shunt the lift out of him with a spanner. Hurry!"

"But I can make land, if I've half a chance."

"You'll make the Atlantic in twenty minutes. You're less than fifty-eight hundred now. Get your log and papers."

A Planet liner — east bound, heaves up in a superb spiral and takes the air of us humming. Her underbody colloid is open and her transporter-slings hang down like tentacles. We shut off our beam as she adjusts herself — steering to a hair — over the tramp's conning-tower. The mate comes up, his arm strapped to his side, and stumbles into the cradle. A man with a ghastly scarlet head follows, shouting that he must go back and build up his Ray. The mate assures him that he will find a nice new Ray all ready in the liner's engine-room. The bandaged head goes up wagging excitedly. A youth and a woman follow. The liner cheers hollowly above us, and we see the passengers' faces at the saloon colloid.

"That's a good girl. What's the fool waiting for now?" says Captain Purnall.

The skipper comes up, still appealing to us to stand by and see him fetch St. John's. He dives below and returns — at which we little human beings in the void cheer louder than ever — with the ship's kitten. Up fly the liner's hissing slings; her underbody crashes home and she hurtles away again. The dial shows less than 3,000 feet.

The Mark Boat signals that we must attend to the derelict, now whistling her death song, as she falls beneath us in long sick zigzags.

"Keep our beam on her and send out a general warning," says Captain Purnall, following her down.

There is no need. Not a liner in air but knows the meaning of that vertical beam and gives us and our quarry a wide berth.

"But she'll drown in the water, won't she?" I ask.

"I've known a derelict up-end and sift her engines out of herself and flicker round the Lower Lanes for three weeks on her forward tanks only. We'll run no risks. Pith her, George, and look sharp. There's weather ahead."

Captain Hodgson opens the underbody colloid, swings the heavy pithing-iron out of its rack, which in liners is generally cased as a settee, and at two hundred feet releases the catch. We hear the whir of the crescent-shaped arms opening as they descend. The derelict's forehead is punched in, starred across, and rent diagonally. She falls stern first; our beam upon her; slides like a lost soul down that pitiless ladder of light, and the Atlantic takes her.

"A filthy business," says Hodgson. "I wonder what it must have been like in the old days."

The thought had crossed my mind too. What if that wavering carcass had been filled with International-speaking men of all the Internationalities, each one of them taught (*that* is the horror of it!) that after death he would very possibly go forever to unspeakable torment?

And not half a century since, we (one knows now that we are only our fathers reenlarged upon the earth), *we*, I say, ripped and rammed and pithed to admiration.

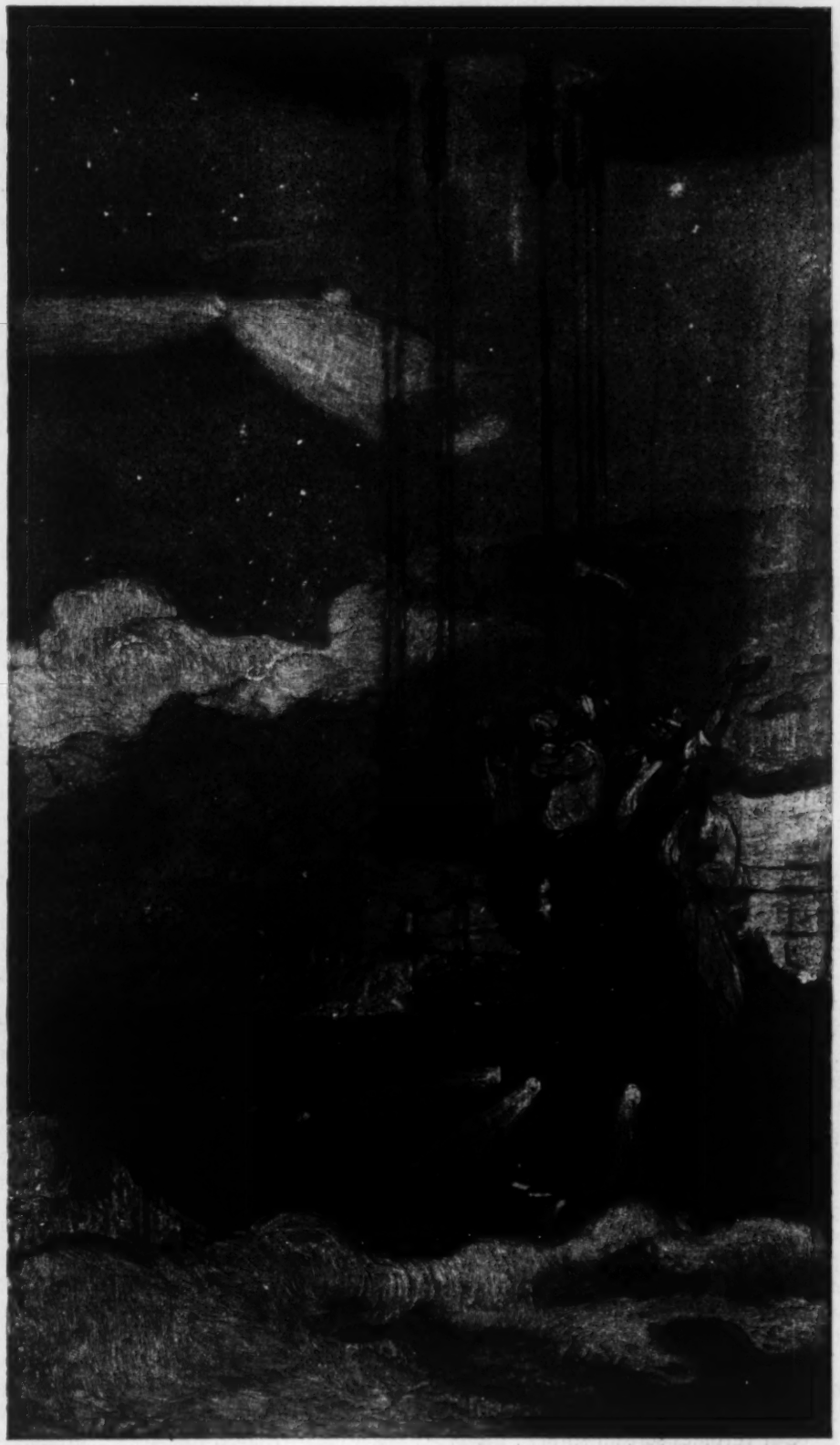
Here Tim, from the control-platform, shouts that we are to get into our inflaters and to bring him his at once.

We hurry into the heavy rubber suits — the engineers are already dressed — and inflate at the air-pump taps. G. P. O. inflaters are thrice as thick as a racing man's "heavies," and chafe abominably under the armpits. George takes the wheel until Tim has blown himself up to the extreme of rotundity. If you kicked him off the c. p. to the deck he would bounce back. But it is "162" that will do the kicking.

"The Mark Boat's mad — stark ravin' crazy," he snorts, returning to command. "She says there's a bad blow-out ahead and wants me to pull over to Greenland. I'll see her pithed first! We wasted an hour and a quarter over that dead duck down under and now I'm expected to go rubbin' my back all over the Pole. What does she think a postal packet's made of? Gummed silk? Tell her we're coming on straight."

George buckles him into the Frame and switches on the Direct Control. Now under Tim's left toe lies the port engine Accelerator; under his left heel the Reverse, and so with the other foot. The lift-shunt stops stand out on the rim of the steering-wheel where the fingers of his left hand can play on them. At his right hand is the midships engine lever ready to be thrown into gear at a moment's notice. He leans forward in his belt, eyes glued to the colloid, and one ear cocked toward the General Communicator. Henceforth he is the strength and direction of "162," through whatever may befall.

The Banks Mark Boat is reeling out pages of Aerial Route Directions to the traffic at large. We are to secure all "loose objects;" hood up our Fleury Rays; and "on no account to attempt to clear snow from our conning-towers till the weather abates."



"A MAN WITH A GHASTLY SCARLET HEAD FOLLOWS, SHOUTING THAT HE MUST GO BACK AND BUILD UP HIS RAY"

Under-powered craft, we are told, can ascend to the limit of their lift, mail-packets to look out for them accordingly; the lanes westward are pitting very badly, with frequent blow-outs, vortices, and laterals.

Still the clear dark holds up unblemished. The only warning is the electric skin-tension (I feel as though I were a lace-maker's pillow) and an irritability which the gibbering of the General Communicator increases almost to hysteria.

We have made eight thousand feet since we pithed the tramp and our turbines are giving us an honest two hundred and ten an hour.

Very far to the west an elongated blur of red, low down, shows us the Banks Mark Boat. There are specks of fire round her rising and falling — bewildered planets about an unstable sun — helpless shipping hanging on to her light for company's sake. No wonder she could not quit station.

She warns us to look out for the back-wash of the bad vortex in which (her beam shows it) she is even now reeling.

The pits of gloom about us begin to fill with very faintly luminous films — wreathing and uneasy shapes. One forms itself into a globe of pale flame that waits shivering with eagerness as we sweep by. It leaps monstrously across the blackness, alights on the precise tip of our nose, pirouettes there an instant, and swings off. Our roaring bow sinks as though that light were lead — sinks and recovers to lurch and stumble again beneath the next blow-out. Tim's fingers on the lift-shunt strike chords of numbers—1 : 4 : 7 :—2 : 4 : 6 :—7 : 5 : 3; and so on; for he is running by his tanks only, lifting or lowering her against the uneasy air. All three engines are at work; the sooner we have skated over this thin ice the better. Higher we dare not go. The whole upper vault is charged with pale krypton vapors, which our skin friction may excite to unholy manifestations. Between the upper and the lower levels — 5,000 and 7,000, hints the Mark Boat — we may perhaps bolt through if . . . Our bow clothes itself in blue flame and falls like a sword. No human skill can keep pace with the changing tensions. A vortex has us by the beak and we dive down a two-thousand-foot slant at an angle (the dip-dial and my bouncing body record it) of thirty-five. Our turbines scream shrilly; the propellers cannot bite on the thin air; Tim shunts the lift out of five tanks at once and by sheer weight drives her bulletwise through the maelstrom till she cushions with a jar on an up-gust, three thousand feet below.

"*Now* we've done it," says George in my ear. "Our skin-friction that last slide, has played Old Harry with the tensions! Look out for laterals, Tim, she'll want lifting."

"I've got her," is the answer. "Come *up*, old woman."

She comes up nobly, but the laterals buffet her left and right like the pinions of angry angels. She is jolted off her chosen star twenty degrees to port or starboard, and cuffed into place again, only to be swung away and dropped into a new blow-out. We are never without a corposant grinning on our bows or rolling head over heels from nose to midships, and to the crackle of electricity round and within us is added once or twice the rattle of hail — hail that will never fall on any sea. Slow we must or we may break our back, pitch-poling.

"Air's a perfectly elastic fluid," roars George above the tumult. "About as elastic as a head sea off the Fastnet."

He is less than just to the good element. If one intrudes on the heavens when they are balancing their volt-accounts; if one disturbs the High Gods' market-rates by hurling steel hulls at ninety knots across tremblingly adjusted tensions, one must not complain of any rudeness in the reception. Tim met it with an unmoved countenance, one corner of his under lip caught up on a tooth, his eyes fleeting into the blackness twenty miles ahead, and the fierce sparks flying from his knuckles at every play of the hand. Now and again he shook his head to clear the sweat trickling from his eyebrows, and it was then that George, watching his chance, would slide down the life-rail and swab his face quickly with a big red handkerchief. I never imagined that a human being could so continuously labor and so collectedly think as did Tim through that Hell's half hour when the flurry was at its worst. We were dragged hither and yon by warm or frozen suctions, belched up on the tops of wulli-was, spun down by vortices and clubbed aside by laterals under a dizzying rush of stars, in the company of a drunken moon. I heard the rushing click of the midship engine lever sliding in and out, the low growl of the lift-shunts and, louder than the yelling winds without, the scream of the bow-rudder gouging into any lull that promised hold for an instant. At last we began to

claw up on a cant, bow-rudder and port-propeller together; only the nicest balancing of tanks saved us from spinning like the rifle-bullet of the old days.

"We've got to hitch to windward of that Mark Boat somehow," George cried.

"There's no windward," I protested feebly, where I swung shackled to a stanchion. "How can there be?"

He laughed — as we pitched into a thousand foot blow-out — that red man laughed under his inflated hood.

"Look!" he said. "We must clear those refugees with a high lift."

The Mark Boat was below and a little to the sou'west of us, fluctuating in the center of her distraught galaxy. The air was thick with moving lights at every level. I take it most of them were lying head to wind but, not being hydras, they failed. An under-tanked Moghrabi boat had risen to the limit of her lift and, finding no improvement, had dropped a couple of thousand. There she met a superb wulli-wa and was blown up spinning like a dead leaf. Instead of shutting off she braked hard and, naturally, rebounded as from a wall almost into the Mark Boat, whose language (our G. C. took it in) was humanly simple.

"If they'd only ride it out quietly it 'ud be better," said George in a calm, as we climbed like a bat above them all. "But some skippers *will* navigate without lift. What does that Tad-boat think she is doing, Tim?"

"Playin' kiss in the ring," was Tim's unmoved reply. A Trans-Asiatic Direct liner had found a smooth and butted into it full power. But there was a vortex at the tail of that smooth, and the T. A. D. was flipped out like a pea from off a fingernail braking madly as she fled down and all but overending.

"Now I hope she's satisfied," said Tim. I'm glad I'm not a Mark Boat . . . Do I want help?" The G. C. dial had caught his ear. "George, you may tell that gentleman with my love — love, remember, George — that I do not want help. Who *is* the officious sardine-tin?"

"Rimouski drogher on the lookout for a tow."

"Very kind of the Rimouski drogher. This postal packet is n't being towed at present."

"These droghers will go anywhere on a chance of salvage," George explained. "We call 'em kittiwakes."

A long-beaked, bright steel ninety-footer floated at ease for one instant within hail of us, her slings coiled ready for rescues, and a single hand in her open tower. He was smoking. Surrendered to the insurrection of the airs through which we tore our way, he lay in absolute peace. I saw the smoke of his pipe ascend untroubled ere his boat dropped like a stone in a well.

We had just cleared the Mark Boat and her disorderly refugees when the storm ended as suddenly as it had begun. A shooting-star to northward filled the sky with the green blink of a meteorite dissipating itself in our atmosphere.

Said George: "That may iron out all the tensions." Even as he spoke, the conflicting winds came to rest, the levels filled; the laterals died out in long easy swells; the airways were smoothed before us. In less than three minutes the covey round the Mark Boat had shipped their power-lights and whirred away upon their businesses.

"What's happened?" I gasped. The nerve-storm within and the volt-tingle without had passed · my inflaters weighed like lead.

"God he knows!" said Captain George soberly. "That old shooting-star's skin-friction has discharged the different levels. I've seen it happen before. Phew! What a relief!"

We dropped from twelve to six thousand and got rid of our clammy suits Tim shut off and stepped out of the Frame. The Mark Boat was coming up behind us. He opened the colloid in that heavenly stillness and mopped his face.

"Hello, Williams!" he cried. "A degree or two out o' station, ain't you?"

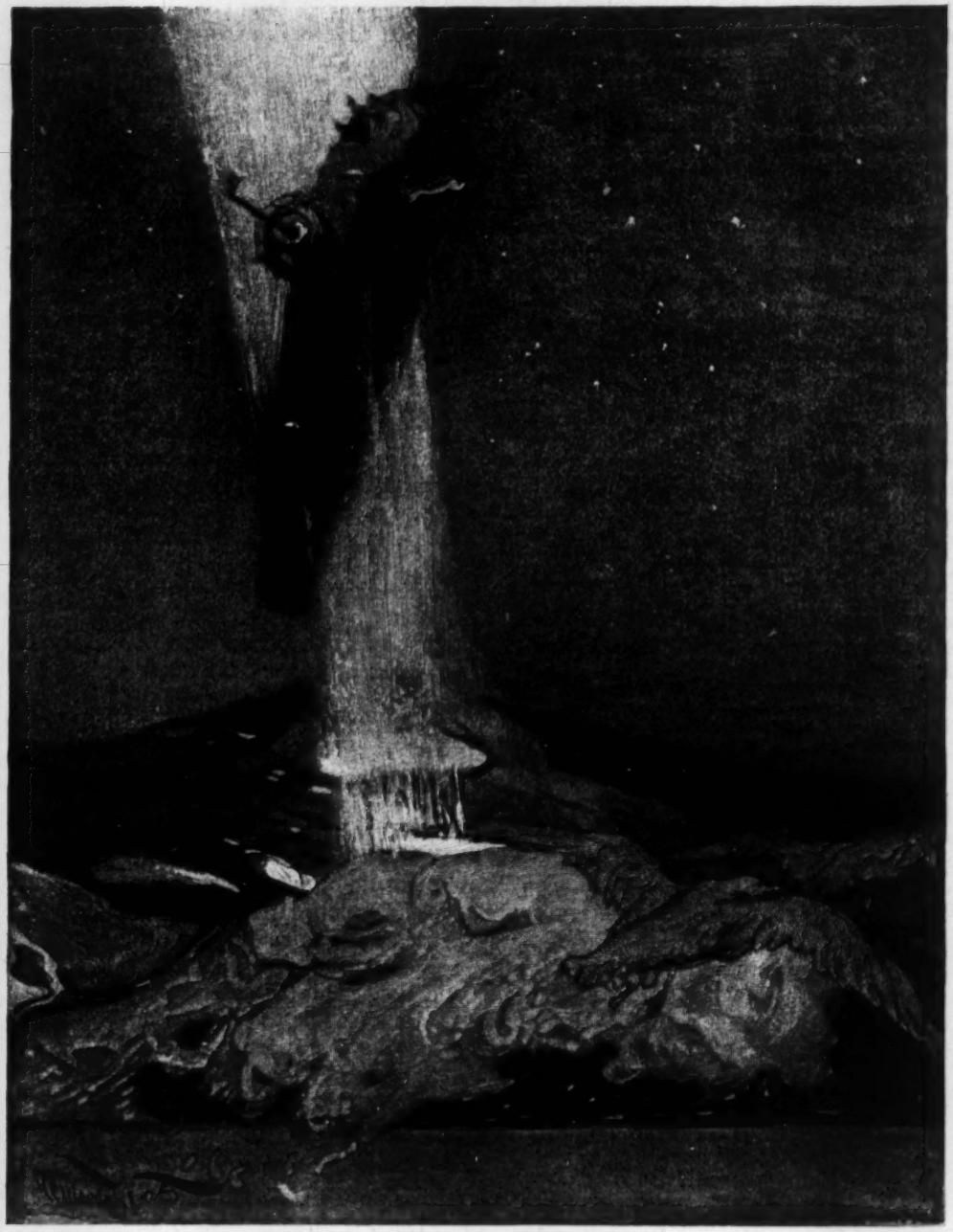
"May be," was the answer. "I've had some company this evening."

"So I noticed. Was n't that quite a little flurry!"

"I warned you. Why did n't you pull out round by Disko? The east-bound packets have."

"Me? Not till I'm running a Polar consumptives Sanatorium boat! I was squinting through a colloid before you were out of your cradle, my son."

"I'd be the last man to deny it," the captain of the Mark Boat replies softly. "The way you handled her just now — I'm a pretty fair judge of traffic in a volt-flurry — it was a thousand revolutions beyond anything even I've ever seen."



"Slides like a lost soul down that pitiless ladder of light, and the Atlantic takes her"

Tim's back supples visibly to this oiling. Captain George on the c. p. winks and points to the portrait of a singularly attractive maiden pinned up on the telescope-bracket above the steering-wheel.

I see. Wholly and entirely do I see!

There is some talk overhead of "coming round to tea on Friday," a brief report of the derelict's fate, and Tim volunteers as he descends: "For an A. B. C. man young Williams is less of a high-tension fool than some . . . Were you thinking of taking her on, George? Then I 'll just have a look round that port thrust — seems to me it 's a trifle warm — and we 'll fan along."

The Mark Boat hums off joyously and

hangs herself up in her appointed eyrie. Here she will stay, a shutterless observatory; a life-boat station; a salvage tug; a court of ultimate appeal-cum-meteorological bureau for one thousand miles in all directions, till Wednesday next when her relief slides across the stars to take her buffeted place. Her black hull, double conning-tower, and ever-ready slings represent all that remains to the planet of that odd word authority. She is responsible only to the Aerial Board of Control — the A. B. C. of which Tim speaks so flippantly. But that semi-elected, semi-nominated body of a few score persons of both sexes, controls this planet. "Transportation is Civilization," our motto runs. Theoretically we do what we please so long as we do not interfere with the traffic *and all it implies*. Practically the A. B. C. confirms or annuls all international arrangements and, to judge from its last report, finds our tolerant, humorous, lazy little planet only too ready to lay the whole burden of private administration on its shoulder.

I discuss this with Tim, sipping maté on the c. p., while George fans her along over the white blur of the Banks in beautiful upward curves of fifty miles each. The dip-dial translates them on the tape in flowing freehand.

Tim gathers up a skein of it and surveys the last few feet, which record "162's" path through the volt-flurry.

"I haven't had a fever-chart like this to show up in five years," he says ruefully.

A postal packet's dip-dial records every yard of every run. The tapes then go to the A. B. C., which collates and makes composite photographs of them for the instruction of captains. Tim studies his irrevocable past, shaking his head.

"Hullo! Here's a fifteen-hundred-foot drop at eighty-five degrees! We must have been standing on our head then, George."

"You don't say so," George answers. "I fancied I noticed it at the time."

George may not have Captain Purnall's catlike swiftness, but he is all an artist to the tips of the broad fingers that play on the shunt-stops. The delicious flight-curves come away on the tape with never a waver. The Mark Boat's vertical spindle of light lies down to eastward, setting in the face of the following stars. Westward, where no planet should rise, the triple verticals of Trinity Bay (we keep still to the Southern route) make a low-lifting haze. We seem the only thing at rest under all the heavens; floating at ease till the earth's revolution shall turn up our landing-towers.

And minute by minute our silent clock gives us a sixteen-second mile.

"Some fine night," says Tim. "We'll be even with that clock's Master."

"He's coming now," says George. "I'm chasing the night already."

The stars ahead dim no more than if a film of mist had been drawn under unobserved, but the deep air-boom on our skin changes to a joyful shout.

"The dawn-gust," says Tim. "It'll go on to meet the Sun. Look! Look! There's the night being crammed back over our bow! Come to the aft colloid. I'll show you something."

The engine-room is hot and stuffy; the clerks in the coach are asleep, and the Slave of the Ray is near to follow them. Tim slides open the aft colloid and reveals the curve of the world — the ocean's deepest purple — edged with fuming and intolerable gold. Then the Sun rises and through the colloid strikes out our lamps. Tim scowls in his face.

"Squirrels in a cage," he mutters. "That's all we are. Squirrels in a cage! He's going twice as fast as us. Just you wait a few years, my shining friend, and we'll take steps that will amaze you. *We'll* Joshua you!"

Yes, that is our dream: to turn all earth into the Vale of Ajalon at our pleasure. So far, we can drag out the dawn to twice its normal length in these latitudes. But some day — even on the Equator — we shall hold the Sun level in his full stride.

Now we look down on a sea thronged with heavy traffic. A big submersible breaks water suddenly. Another and another follow with a swash and a suck and a savage bubbling of relieved pressures. The deep-sea freighters are rising to lung up after the long night, and the leisurely ocean is all patterned with peacock's eyes of foam.

"We'll lung up, too," says Tim, and when we return to the c. p. George shunts off, the colloids are opened, and the fresh air sweeps her out. There is no hurry. The old contracts (they will be revised at the end of the year) allow twelve hours for a run which any packet can put behind her in ten. So we breakfast in the arms of an easterly slant which pushes us along at a languid twenty.

To enjoy life, and tobacco, begin both on a sunny morning half a mile or so above the

dappled Atlantic cloud-belts and after a volt-flurry which has cleared and tempered your nerves. While we discussed the thickening traffic with the superiority that comes of having a high level to ourselves, we heard (and I for the first time) the morning hymn on a Hospital boat.

She was cloaked by a skein of raveled fluff beneath us and we caught the chant before she rose into the sunlight. *"Oh, ye Winds of God,"* sang the unseen voices: *"bless ye the Lord! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever!"*

We slid off our caps and joined in. When our shadow fell across her great open platforms they looked up and stretched out their hands neighborly while they sang. We could see the doctors and the nurses and the white-button-like faces of the cot-patients. She passed slowly beneath us, heading northward, her hull, wet with the dews of the night, all ablaze in the sunshine. So took she the shadow of a cloud and vanished, her song continuing up. *Oh, ye holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever.*

"She's a public lunger or she wouldn't have been singing the *Benedicite*, and she's a Greenlander or she wouldn't have snow-blinds over her colloids," said George at last. "She'll be bound for Frederikshavn or one of the Glacier sanatoriums for a month. If she was an accident ward she'd be hung up at the eight-thousand-foot level. Yes—consumptives."

"Funny how the new things are the old things. I've read in books," Tim answered, "that savages used to haul their sick and wounded up to the tops of hills because microbes were fewer there. We hoist 'em into sterilized air for a while. Same idea."

How much do the doctors say we've added to the average life of a man?"

"Thirty years," says George with a twinkle in his eye. "Are you going to spend 'em all up here?"

"Flap along, then. Flap along. Who's hindering?" the senior captain laughed, as we went in.

We held a good lift to clear the coastwise and Continental shipping and we had need of it. Though our route is in no sense a populated one, there is a steady trickle of traffic this way along. We met Hudson Bay furriers out of the Great Preserve hurrying to make their departures from Bonavista with sable and black fox for the insatiable markets. We over-crossed Keewatin liners, small and cramped, but their captains, who see no land between Trepassy and Blanco, know what gold they bring back from West Africa. Trans-Asiatic Directs, we met, soberly ringing the world round the Fiftieth Meridian at an honest seventy knots; and white-painted Ackroyd & Hunt fruiters out of the south fled beneath us, their ventilated hulls whistling like Chinese kites. Their market is in the North among the northern sanatoria where you can smell their grapefruit and bananas across the cold snows. Argentine beef boats we sighted too, of enormous capacity and unlovely outline. They, too, feed the northern health stations in ice-bound ports where submersibles dare not rise.

Yellow-bellied ore-flats and Ungava petrol-tanks punted down leisurely out of the north like strings of unfrightened wild duck. It does not pay to "fly" minerals and oil a mile further than is necessary; but the risks of transhipping to submersibles in the ice-pack off Nain or Hebron are so great that these heavy freighters fly down to Halifax direct and scent the air as they go. They are the biggest tramps aloft except the Athabasca grain tubs. But these last, now that the wheat is moved, are busy over the world's shoulder, timber-lifting in Siberia.

We held to the St. Lawrence (it is astonishing how the old water-ways still pull us children of the air) and followed his broad line of black between its drifting ice blocks, all down the Park that the wisdom of our fathers—but every one knows the Quebec run.

We dropped to the Heights Receiving Towers twenty minutes ahead of time and there hung at ease till the Yokohama Intermediate Packet could pull out and give us our proper slip. It was curious to watch the action of the holding-down clips all along the frosty river front as the boats cleared or came to rest. A big Hamburger was leaving Pont Levis and the crew, unshipping the platform railings, began to sing "Elsinore" — the oldest of our chanteys. You know it of course:

Mother Rugen's tea-house on the Baltic—
Forty couple waltzing on the floor!
And you can watch my Ray,
For I must go away
And dance with Ella Sweyn at Elsinore!

Then while they sweated home the covering-plate:

Nor-Nor-Nor-Nor-
West from Sourabaya to the Baltic!
Ninety knot an hour to the Skaw!
Mother Rugen's tea-house on the Baltic
And a dance with Ella Sweyn at Elsinore!

The clips parted with a gesture of indignant dismissal, as though Quebec, glittering under her snows, were casting out these light and unworthy lovers. Our signal came from the Heights. Tim turned and floated up, but surely then it was with passionate appeal that the great arms flung open from our tower — or did I think so because on the upper staging a little hooded figure also stretched arms wide towards her father?

In ten seconds the coach with the clerks clashed down to the receiving-caisson; the hostlers displaced the engineers at the idle turbines, and Tim, prouder of this than all, introduced me to the maiden of the photograph on the shelf. "And by the way," said he to her, stepping forth in sunshine under the hat of civil life, "I saw young Williams in the Mark Boat. I've asked him to tea on Friday."

MRS. CARTER AS FATE*

BY

JEAN WEBSTER

AUTHOR OF "GERVIE ZAME, GERVIE DOOR," "MISS ETHEL'S DRESS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

THERE had been pretty maids before at Willowbrook, but never one who tied her aprons with such perky bows behind or wore such fetching little caps as Annie. Peter's admiration had been immediate and intense, but his usual daring impudence, which had endeared him to Annie's predecessors, had suddenly deserted him, and he had become blushingly shy and stammering. Annie found that she could do with him as she wished, and she accordingly did it; and poor, badgered Peter discovered what it feels like to be a brook trout when a skilful angler is managing the reel.

The course of affairs between the two became a subject of interested comment among the other servants. Joe, the head coachman, who was planning to resign next year in favor of Peter for the purpose of opening a livery stable of his own, remarked to his wife one day, that he guessed it was a go for sure between Annie and Peter; and that he should n't wonder if, by the time they themselves were ready to move out of the coachman's cottage, the two would be ready to move in.

Peter himself was not so sanguine, however, nor, if the truth were known, was Annie. Neither was quite comfortably sure of how the other felt, and when it came to the point, they were both a little shy. Annie, with laughing eyes, tempted Peter at every turn, and then precipitously fled whenever he showed a disposition to control matters himself. The poor fellow was so bothered that he could scarcely attend to his work, and had he been the one in charge of the stables, the horses would have received far less than their due allotment of meals. Matters had reached this interesting point when they were suddenly brought to an unexpected climax.

The two were standing on the back veranda one moonlight night, and Annie was engaged in pointing out to Peter the lady in the moon. Peter was either stubborn or stupid; he frankly declared that he saw no "loidy," and did n't believe that there was one. In her zeal in the cause of astronomy, Annie unwarily bent her head too near, and while her eyes were turned to the moon, Peter basely kissed her. She slapped him smartly, as a well brought up young woman should, and

* This is the third of a series of four comedies among the servants, all dealing with the same characters

"his usual daring impudence, which had endeared him to Annie's predecessors"

fled into the house before he could catch her. Peter, strong in his new-found courage, waited about in the hope that she would reappear, but she did not, and he finally betook himself off to his room over the carriage-house, where he sat by the window gazing out at the moonlight a good two hours before he remembered to go to bed. The slap had hurt neither him nor his feelings; he liked her the better for it. And Annie was n't really mad, he reflected happily, for she had laughed as she banged the door in his face.

The next morning Peter went about his work with a singing heart and many a glance toward the kitchen windows. He swashed water over the stable floor, and rubbed down the horses with a mind happily intent upon what he would say to Annie when he saw her. About ten o'clock Mrs. Carter ordered the victoria, but as the carriage horses were at the shop being shod, Joe told Peter to go in and ask if Trixy and the phaeton would do as well.

Peter dropped his sponge and started for the house — at exactly the wrong moment for his future peace of mind. He arrived at the kitchen door just in time to see the man from the grocery put his packages on the table and his arms around Annie and kiss her with a smack that resounded through the room, and would, to Peter's outraged senses, resound through all time. Annie turned with a startled cry, and as her gaze fell upon Peter her face paled before the look in his eyes. Without a word he whirled about and strode back to the stables with white lips and clenched fists, and murder in his heart for the grocer's man if he should ever catch him alone in the dark. He did not hear what Annie said to the grocer's man, nor did he know that she locked herself in her room and cried. All he did know, he told himself fiercely, was that she had been making a fool of him, and that she flirted with every man who came along, and that that was n't the kind of a girl he wanted to do with.

Several days before, as Peter was driving Mr. Lane, who was visiting at Willowbrook, and Master Bob to the village, Annie had been shaking rugs on the front veranda as they passed, and had thrown a friendly

"Annie found that she could do with him as she wished"

"THE COURSE OF AFFAIRS BETWEEN THE TWO BECAME A SUBJECT OF INTERESTED COMMENT AMONG THE OTHER SERVANTS"

"Peter basely kissed her"

smile in the direction of the cart. The smile was intended for Peter, but Mr. Lane had caught it, and had remarked to Bobbie:

"That 's a deuced pretty maid you 've got there."

"Annie's the bulliest maid we ever had," Bobbie had returned appreciatively. "She swipes cake for me when Nora is n't looking."

But Peter had frowned angrily, as he longingly sized up Mr. Lane and wished he were not a gentleman so that he could punch him. It was none of Mr. Lane's business whether Annie were pretty or not.

At that time Annie could do no wrong, and Peter had not thought of blaming her for Mr. Lane's too open admiration, but now he wrathfully accused her of trying to flirt with gentlemen, than which, in Peter's estimation, she could do no worse. As he could take it out of neither of them in blood — which his soul thirsted for — he added it to the grocer's score, and his fingers fairly itched to be at work. The grocer was just the sort of man that he most enjoyed pommeling — big and florid, with curling hair, a black mustache, and a dimple in his chin.

Annie after her *contretemps* with the grocer passed a miserable day. In vain she tried to get a word with Peter; he was not to be seen. Billy, the under-groom, was the man who came to the house on all further errands from the stables. That evening she put on her prettiest gown and sat for two hours on the top step of the back veranda with her eyes turned expectantly toward the carriage-house, and then she went to bed and cried. Had she but known it, Peter was in a vacant lot back of Paddy Callahan's saloon, blissfully remodeling the features of the grocer's man.

Annie passed a sleepless night, and the next morning, being no longer able to stand the suspense, she swallowed her pride and went to the stables in the hope of seeing Peter alone. Peter, too, in spite of his victory of the evening, had kept vigil through the night. He was listlessly currying one of the carriage horses when he saw Annie leave the house and come slowly down the walk toward the barn. His heart suddenly leaped to his mouth, but a moment after he was bending over the horse with his back to the door, and whistling as merrily as if he had not a care in the world. He heard Annie's hesitating step on the threshold, and he smiled grimly to himself and whistled the louder.

"Pete, I 'm wantin' to speak to you if you 're not busy."

Peter glanced up with a well-assumed start of surprise. He looked Annie over slowly and deliberately, and then turned back to the horse.

"Aw, but I am busy," he returned. "Lift up," he added to the horse, and he solicitously examined its nigh hind foot.

Annie waited patiently, struggling between a sense of pride which urged her to go back and never speak to Peter again, and a sense of shame which told her that she owed him an explanation.

"Petie," she began, and there was a little catch in her voice which went to Peter's heart, and in his effort to resist it and mete out due punishment for all the misery she had caused him, he was harder than he otherwise would have been.

"Petie," she faltered, "I wanted to be tellin' you that it was n't my fault. He — he niver kissed me before, an' I did n't know he was goin' to. I could n't help it."

Peter shrugged. "You need n't be apologizin' to me; I ain't interested in your amoors. If you want to be apologizin' to any one, go an' do it to his wife."

"His wife?" asked Annie.

"Aye, his wife an' his two childern."

"I did n't know he was married," said Annie, flushing again, "but it 's no difference, for it were n't me fault. I niver acted a bit nicer to him than to anny other man, an' that 's the truth."

"Oh, you 're a lovely girl, you are. Flirtin' around with other women's husbands, an' lettin' every fool that comes along kiss you if he wants to."

"You need n't talk," cried Annie. "You did it yourself, an' you 're no better than the grocer man."

"An' do you think I'd a-done it if I had n't knowed you was willin'?" Peter sneered.

Annie backed against the wall and with flushed cheeks and blazing eyes, stared at him speechlessly, angry with herself at her powerlessness to say anything that would hurt him enough. As she stood there Master Bob and Mr. Lane came in on their way to visit the kennels. Mr. Lane looked curiously from the angry girl to the nonchalant groom who had resumed his work and was softly whistling under his breath. Master Bob, being intent only upon puppies, passed on without noticing the two, but Mr. Lane glanced back over his shoulder at Annie's pretty, flushed face, and then turned back and asked:

"My dear girl, has that fellow been annoying you?"

"No, no," Annie said, wildly. "Go away, Mr. Lane, please."

Mr. Lane shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Ah, I see. A lover's quarrel!" and he followed Bobbie into the kennels.

Peter laughed softly, and in a tone which would have justified Mr. Lane in knocking him down had he heard. "So you are his dear girl, too, are you? He 's a nice gentleman, he is! You ought to be proud o' him."

Annie straightened herself with her head thrown back. "Peter McGowan," she burst out, "I came out here to apologize to you 'cause, without meanin' any harm, I thought as I 'd hurt you 're feelin's an' was owin' you an explanation. I niver had anything to do with that groc'ry man nor anny other man, an' you know it as true as you are standin' there, and instead of acceptin' me apologies like a gentleman would, you insult me worse than any person iver did in me life, an' I 'll niver speak to you again as long as I live." And Annie choked down a sob, and with head erect turned and walked back to the house.

Peter watched her go with a sickening feeling at his heart, and as he slowly recalled the words they had spoken, his face turned white. He leaned his head against the horse's neck. "Oh, Lord!" he whispered, "what uv I done?"

"clenched fists, and murder in his heart for the grocer's man"

The week which followed was one of outward indifference and inward misery to both. Annie mourned when alone, but under the eyes of the stable she flirted openly and without conscience with the Jasper's gardener, who spent the entire week in clipping the hedge between the two places. Peter watched her with an aching heart, and formed a brave determination never to think of her again, in pursuance whereof he thought of her every minute of the day. He made one awkward attempt at reconciliation but was spurned, whereupon he, too, plunged into a reckless flirtation with Mary, the chambermaid, who was fat and every day of thirty-five. As neither Annie nor Peter had any means of knowing how wretched this treatment was making the other, they got very little comfort from it.

Annie sat at the kitchen-table polishing silver with a sober face. It was six days since the groceryman's historic visit, and the war

clouds showed no sign of lifting. There was a houseful of company at Willowbrook, and the work was mercifully distracting. Mary, this morning, had obligingly volunteered to look after two visiting children, and she had taken them out to play in the sand pile, for the sole purpose of being near the stables, Annie knew. Peter was visible through the open window, greasing harness in the carriage-house doorway, and exchanging jocular remarks with Mary. Annie's eyes were out of doors oftener than upon her work. Nora, who was sitting on the back veranda shelling peas, remarked on Peter's newly awakened interest in Mary, but as Annie did not answer, she very wisely changed the subject.

"I guess that Mr. Lane what 's visitin' here has got a heap o' money," she called in tentatively.

"I guess he has," Annie assented indifferently.

"He seems to be pretty taken up with Miss Ethel. That was an awful becomin' white dress she had on last night. Mrs. Carter would be pleased all right."

Annie received this remark in silence, but Nora was not to be discouraged. She felt that this new freak of taciturnity on Annie's part was defrauding her of her natural rights. A maid whose duties call her to the front part of the house is in a position to supply more accurate gossip than it is given a cook to know; and it is her duty to supply it.

"Mr. Harry would feel awful, havin' growed up with her like," Nora continued. "He 's a sight the best lookin' o' the two, an' I 'm thinkin' Miss Ethel knows it. It ud be convenient, too, havin' the places joined. The Jaspers has got money enough, an' him the only son. I guess they would n't starve if she did marry him. I 've always noticed it 's the people as has the most money as needs the most. I don't think much o' that Mr. Lane," she added.

Annie suddenly woke up. "I don't either. 'T is too fresh he is."

"That 's what I 'm thinkin' meself," said Nora cordially, "an' I guess so does Mr. Harry. I 'm after observin' that he has n't been around much since Mr. Lane's been here."

Annie's mind had wandered again; her own affairs were requiring so much attention lately that Miss Ethel's were no longer a source of interest. Out in the barn Peter was proclaiming, in tones calculated to carry to the kitchen, "There 's only one girl in this world for me." Annie's lip quivered slightly as she heard him; a week before she had

"Pete, I 'm wantin' to speak to you if you 're not busy"

laughed at the same song, but as affairs stood now, it was insulting.

The peas finished, Nora gathered the yellow bowl under her arm and returned to the kitchen, where she concentrated her attention upon Annie and the silver.

"I 'm thinkin' you must be in love!" she finally declared. "You 've cleaned that same spoon three times while I 've been watchin' you, an' you did n't count the plates right last night for dinner, an' you forgot to give 'em any butter for breakfast this mornin'."

Annie blushed guiltily at this damning array of evidence and then she laughed. "If it 's in love I am whiniver I forget things," she retorted, "then I must a been in love iver since I was out o' the cradle."

"An' there 's him as would be in love with you if you 'd give him the chance," pursued Nora, meaningly.

Annie choose to overlook this remark, and further conversation was precluded by the entrance of Mrs. Carter.

"she flirted openly and without conscience with the Jasper's gardener"

"We have decided to have a picnic supper at the beach to-night, Nora," she said, "and you will not have to get dinner for any one but Mr. Carter."

"Very well, ma'am."

"I am sorry that it happens on your afternoon out, Annie," she added, turning to the maid, "but I shall need you at the picnic to help about the supper."

"Certainly, ma'am," said Annie, obligingly, "I don't care about goin' out anyway."

"We shall start early in the afternoon, but I want you to wait and help Nora with the sandwiches, and then Peter can drive you out about six o'clock in the dog-cart."

Annie's face clouded precipitously. "Please, ma'am," she stammered, "I think — that is if you please — " she hesitated and looked about desperately. "I 'm afraid if you 're after wantin' coffee, I can't make it right. I 'm niver sure o' me coffee two times runnin', an' I should hate to be spoilin' it when there 's company. If you could take Nora instead o' me, ma'am, I could just be gettin' the lovely dinner for Mr. Carter when he comes."

Mrs. Carter looked surprised. "Why, Annie," she remonstrated, "you 've always made very good coffee before, and Nora does n't wait on the table. Is it because you want to go out this afternoon? I am sorry, but you will have to wait until after Miss Ethel's guests have gone."

"No, ma'am," said Annie, hastily. "I 'm not wantin' the afternoon, an' it 's willin' I am to help Miss Ethel, only — only — Will you tell Peter, please, ma'am, about the cart," she finished lamely, "'cause if I tell him he 's likely to be late."

Mrs. Carter passed out of the kitchen door and crossed the lawn toward the stables, casting meanwhile a sharp eye about the premises to be sure that all was as it should be. Mary was bending over the sand pile, deeply interested in the construction of a

tunnel. Peter was industriously cleaning the already clean harness, and Joe could be heard inside, officiously telling the horses to stand around there and hold up. Mrs. Carter was a woman who inspired an inordinate amount of work while she was present, and unless she approached very quietly indeed, she always found her servants oblivious to everything but their several duties.

As she drew near the doorway, Peter rose from the grease and respectfully touched his cap with a very dirty hand, and Joe, with a final order over his shoulder to a brow-beaten stable-boy, came hastily forward and stood at attention.

"Joe, we are going to have a picnic at the beach this afternoon, and I want you to have the horses ready at three o'clock. Miss Ethel, Mr. Lane, and Master Bobbie will ride on horseback, and you will drive the rest of us in the wagonette."

"Very well, ma'am," said Joe.

"plunged into a reckless flirtation with Mary, the chambermaid"

"And Peter," she added, turning to the groom, "I want you to bring out the lunch with Trixy and the dog-cart at five o'clock."

"All right, ma'am," said Peter, saluting.

"Be sure to be on time," she warned. "Stop at the kitchen for Annie and the lunch promptly at five."

Peter's face suddenly darkened. He drew his mouth into a straight line, and looked sullenly down at the harness. "Beggin' your pardon, ma'am," he mumbled, "I don't think — that is — " He scowled defiance at Joe who grinned back appreciatively. "If it 's just the same to you, ma'am, I 'd like to drive the wagonette an' let Joe fetch the lunch. I 'm goin' to be coachman, you see, ma'am, an' I 'd sort o' like to get used to me dooties before he goes."

Mrs. Carter was frankly puzzled; she could not imagine what had suddenly got into her servants this morning. A lady who has a grown daughter, of some attractions and many admirers, to chaperone, cannot be expected to keep *au courant* of her servants' love affairs.

"There will be plenty of time for you to learn anything that is necessary before Joe goes," she returned a trifle sharply, "and besides, I wish you to help Tom put up the screen doors this afternoon."

As soon as she was out of hearing, Joe remarked softly, "Now if she 'd said Mary instead o' Annie, I s'pose — "

"Aw, dry up," Peter growled, and he fell to rubbing in the grease with unnecessary vehemence. His recent misunderstanding with Annie was a subject he would not stand any fooling about.

At five o'clock, Peter in a spotless top hat and shining boots, looking as stiff as if he

were clothed in steel armor, drew up before the kitchen door and piled the baskets and pails he found on the back veranda onto the seat beside him. He then climbed up to the box again with an air of finality, and gathering his reins together made a feint of starting.

"Peter," Nora called from the kitchen, "where is it you're goin'? Wait for Annie."

"Annie?" Peter looked as if he had never heard the name before.

"Yes, Annie. Did you think you was to cook the supper yourself?

"I didn't think nothin' about it," said Peter, struggling to preserve his dignity at the cost of truth. "Me orders was to stop for the lunch at five o'clock, an' I done it. If she wants to come along, she can sit on the back seat; I ain't a goin' to change these baskets again."

Annie appeared in the doorway in time to hear this ungracious speech; she clambered up to the somewhat uncomfortable footman's seat in silence, and they drove off back to back, as stiff as two twin ramrods.

The cart bowled along over the smooth roads, past country clubs and summer cottages, and the only sign either of the two gave of being alive was an occasional vicious crack of the whip from Peter when patient little Trixy showed signs of wishing to take a quieter pace. At such times Annie would instinctively stretch out a deterring hand and form her mouth as if to say, "Please, Pete, don't whip her; she's doin' her best;" and then suddenly remembering that formidable vow, would straighten up again and stare ahead with flushed cheeks.

The beach was five miles away, and there is an element of ludicrousness in the spectacle of two people, in one small dog-cart, riding five miles without speaking. Annie's Irish sense of humor was stronger than her sense of wrong, and by the end of the second mile she was struggling hard to preserve her dignity. At the third mile two dimples appeared in her cheeks, and she had to shut her mouth tightly to keep a laugh from escaping. At the fourth mile she spoke.

"I'm thinkin' you must be in love!"

"Say, Peter, why don't you talk to me? Are you mad?"

Peter had been gazing at Trixy's ears with an air of deep preoccupation, and he came back to the present with a start of surprise, apparently amazed to find that he had a companion in the cart.

"Ma'am?" he said.

Annie glanced around at his uncompromising back.

"Why don't you say something?" she repeated more faintly.

Peter shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"I ain't got nothin' to say."

Annie's dimples gave way to an angry flush. Never, never, never again would she say a thing to him as long as she lived.

The remainder of the drive was passed in a tumultuous silence. Peter with grim mouth kept his unseeing eyes on the road in front, and Annie with burning cheeks stared out behind at the cloud of dust and saw it not.

When the cart arrived among the straggling cedar trees which bordered the beach, they found, drawn up beside the Carter horses, Mr. Harry's mustang and a strange drag which betokened impromptu guests. Annie had barely time to wonder if the plates would go around and if there would be salad enough, when the cart was welcomed with joyful shouts by a crowd of hungry picnickers. She caught a glimpse on the edge of the group of Miss Ethel, debonaire and smiling in another new dress, with Mr. Lane scowling on one side of her and Mr. Harry on the other. Ordinarily she would have taken a lively interest in such a situation, and would have had an appreciative fellow feeling for Miss Ethel; but she saw it now with an unhappy sense that the blessings of this world in the shape of dresses and men are unevenly distributed.

Annie usually accepted the pranks of the young ladies and gentlemen in good part, no matter how much extra trouble they caused; but to-day as she caught a plundering hand on one of the hampers, she called out sharply:

"Mr. Bob, let that cake alone! Those olives are for supper."

A general laugh greeted this outburst, and Annie turned away and began unpacking dishes with a bitter feeling in her heart that the world was not so well arranged as the world ought to be.

Mrs. Carter bustled up, and having driven off the marauders, briskly set about the ordering of supper. "Now, Peter," she said, "as soon as you have hitched Trixy, come back and help about the supper. Annie will tell you what to do."

Annie smiled a wicked little smile of triumph, and for the time she waived the letter of her vow. As Peter reluctantly reappeared she ordered, "Get a pile o' driftwood an' fix a place for the fire. Those are too big," she commented, as he returned with an armful of sticks. "Get some little pieces, an' be quick about it; you're too slow."

Peter looked rebellious, but the eyes of Mrs. Carter were upon him and he obeyed.

"Now, take those two pails and go to the farm house for water," Annie ordered.

When he returned with the two heavy pails, cross and splashed, Annie fished out a bug or two with an air of dissatisfaction, and told him to build the fire. Peter built the fire, and at Annie's suggestion held the coffee-pot to keep it steady. He burnt his hands and swore softly under his breath, and Annie laughed. Having started preparations, Mrs. Carter suddenly recalled her duties as chaperone, and hurrying off again, left Annie to superintend the remainder alone.

"Here, Peter," said Annie, "I want you to open these cans of sardines."

Peter looked after the retreating figure of Mrs. Carter. She was well out of hearing distance, and he took out a cigarette and leisurely regarded it.

"I want these cans opened." Annie repeated more sharply.

Peter lit his cigarette.

"He burnt his hands and swore softly under his breath, and Annie laughed"

"I 'll tell Mrs. Carter if you don't."

Peter threw himself down on the grass and blowing a contented ring of smoke, looked dreamily off at the ocean.

Mrs. Carter showed no signs of coming back, and Annie saw that her brief dominion was over. She picked up the can-opener and jabbed it viciously into the tin. It slipped and cut an ugly gash in her finger. She uttered a little cry of pain, and turned pale at the sight of the blood, and Peter laughed. She turned her back to keep him from seeing the tears of anger that filled her eyes, and for the third time she solemnly swore never, never, never to speak to him again.

"for the third time she solemnly swore never, never, never to speak to him again"

The two served the supper with the same grim silence behind the scenes that they exhibited before the guests. When it was over, instead of eating with Joe and Peter, Annie commenced gathering up the dishes and repacking them in the hampers ready for departure. The two men laughed and joked between themselves without taking any notice of her absence, and Annie angrily told herself that she would n't speak to Joe any more, either. Just as she had everything packed and was comforting herself with the thought that she would soon be home again, and that the miserable day would be over, Mrs. Carter reappeared.

"Your coffee was very good, Annie," she said pleasantly, "and you and Peter served very nicely indeed. And now instead of going straight home I should like to have you wait and make some lemonade to be served later in the evening. It will be a beautiful moonlight night, and you and Peter can stay and enjoy yourselves."

"Very well, ma'am," said Annie dully.

Peter at this news lit another cigarette and strolled off with Joe, while Annie, who was growing apathetic under a culmination of troubles, busied herself in making the lemonade, and then sat down by her baskets to wait. She could see through the gathering dusk the merry crowd upon the beach, as they scattered about gathering driftwood for a fire. She heard every now and then above the sound of the waves a gay shout of laughter and, nearer at hand, the restless stamping of the horses. She turned her back to the beach half pettishly, and sat watching Mr. Harry's nervous little mustang as it tossed its head and switched its tail, trying to keep off the sand flies. From that she fell to wondering how Mr. Harry happened to be there, and what Mr. Lane thought about it, and if there would be a fight. There probably would not be, she reflected with some regret, for young gentlemen did not always fight when they should. (She had heard through the butcher's boy the story of Peter's prowess, and the knowledge had given some slight comfort.) Her reflections were suddenly interrupted by the sound of steps crashing toward her through the underbrush, and she looked up with a fast beating heart. Her first thought was that it was Peter coming to make up, and she resolutely stiffened herself to withstand him, but a second glance showed her that it was Mr. Lane.

"Where 's Joe?" he demanded.

"I don't know, Mr. Lane."

"Where 's Peter, then?"

"I don't know. The two o' them has n't been here since supper."

"Well, —— it! I 've got to find some one." Mr. Lane was evidently excited. "See here, Annie," he said, "you 're a good girl. Just give a message to Mrs. Carter from me, will you please? Tell her a boy rode out on a wheel with a telegram calling me back to New York immediately, and I had to ride back to the house without finding her in order to catch the ten o'clock train. Don't say anything to Miss Ethel, and here's something to buy a new dress. Good-by."

"Thank you, sir. Good-by."

He turned away and hastily unfastening the strap of his horse, led it into the lane out of sight of the beach, and mounted and galloped off.

Annie watched him with wide eyes. His bearing was not very jaunty, and his face had worn rather a haggard look. She wondered if Mr. Harry had whipped him. It did not seem very likely, for Mr. Lane was the larger of the two; but for the matter of that, she reflected, so was the grocer's man larger than Peter. She did not understand it, but she slipped the bill into her pocket with a shrug of her shoulders. She could afford to be philosophical over other people's troubles.

It was growing dark in among the trees, and she was beginning to feel very lonely. A big red moon was rising over the water, and a bright fire was crackling on the beach. The sound of singing now was mingled with the beating of the surf. Annie wandered out from the shadow of the trees, and strolled up the beach away from the camp-fire and the singers. Presently she dropped down upon a low sand-dune and sat with her chin in her hands, pensively watching the black silhouettes against the fire. By and by she saw two figures strolling along the beach in her direction. She recognized them as Miss Ethel and Mr. Harry, and she crouched down behind the dune until they passed. She felt lonelier than ever as she watched them disappear, and the first thing she knew, she had buried her head in her arms and was crying to herself — but not very hard, for she was mindful of the ride home, and she did not wish to make her eyes red. Not for the world would she have let Peter know that she felt unhappy.

"'It 's not me finger that 's hurtin'; it 's me feelin's, but they 're not hurtin' any more'"

Suddenly into the midst of her misery came the sound of scrunching sand and the smell of cigarette smoke. Then without looking up she felt that some one was standing over her, and that that some one was Peter. She held her breath and waited like a little ostrich, with her head burrowed further into the sand.

Peter it was, and a mighty struggle was going on within his breast. Pride urged him to laugh and pass on; but his heart, which was Irish and big, urged him to forgive and make up. The second while he hesitated was a crucial moment; then he bent over and laid a light hand on her shoulder.

"Annie," he whispered, "Annie, what 's the matter? Is your finger hurtin' you?"

Annie raised a tear-stained face with a quick smile quivering through at this purely masculine suggestion. And the next moment her arms were around him and her tears were trickling down his neck.

"It 's not me finger that 's hurtin'; it 's me feelin's, but they 're not hurtin' any more," she breathed in his ear.

As they sat watching the rippling path of moonlight on the water, from far down the beach they could hear the voices singing, "It 's the springtime of life and the world is all before us." Annie laughed happily as she listened.

"I was wishin' a while ago that I was Miss Ethel 'cause she has everything she wants, but I don't wish it any more; she has n't got you, Petie."

"An' I 'm thinkin' she 's not wantin' me," said Peter with his eyes on the beach above them, where Miss Ethel and Mr. Harry were coming toward them hand in hand. The two stopped suddenly as they caught sight of Annie and Peter, and hastily dropped each other's hands. Then Miss Ethel ran forward with a conscious little laugh.

"Annie," she said, "you shall be the first to congratulate me — but it 's a secret; you must n't tell a soul."

Annie looked back with shining eyes. "I 'm engaged, too," she whispered.

"You dear!" said Miss Ethel, and she put her arm around her and kissed her.

Peter and Mr. Harry stood a moment eying each other awkwardly. Then they reached out across the gulf that separated them and shook hands — not as gentleman and groom, but as man and man.

THE RAILROAD RATE

A STUDY IN COMMERCIAL AUTOCRACY

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

"Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without." — EDMUND BURKE.

IF we look into the present really amazing agitation of the problem of the railroads in this country, we shall discover, coming slowly to light, two great general causes of complaint.

In the first place, we shall find a numerous class of charges all of which detail some sort of Railroad Favoritism. Here we find rebates, private cars, and other swarming devices of discrimination, true germs of the Trust, out of which have sprung the colossal and dangerous fortunes of the Rockefellers, the Armours and their like. The history of such business organizations as the Standard Oil Company and the beef and coal trusts has driven home one lesson: That Railroad Favoritism is the chief cause of the Trust.

The second group of complaints deals with the rapid growth of Railroad Monopoly: the fact that the railroads of the country are concentrating their stupendous financial, industrial and political power in the hands of a few men.

The first is a complaint against the excesses of Competition, the second is a complaint against the extortions and abuses of Monopoly. These two groups of complaints, though often confused, are diametrically different in their effects, and they must be treated separately. But the basis of each, the foundation stone upon which each rests, is the same: The Railroad Rate.

Any clear treatment, then, of the railroad problem must begin with an understanding of what a railroad rate really is, how it is made, who or what makes it, and how it lends itself to abuses.

Facing a New Conflict in America

We are at this moment facing a new conflict in this country, the importance of which we are only beginning to perceive. It lies between two great new parties, one a progressive party seeking to give the government more power in business affairs, the other a conservative party striving to retain all the power possible in private hands. One looks toward socialism, the other obstinately defends individualism. It is industrialism forcing itself into politics. And the crux of the new conflict in this case, recognized by both sides, is the Railroad Rate.

The Rate is the price at which the Railroad sells its service. Control the Rate and you control the Railroad. A rate is to the Railroad what the price of wheat is to the farmer. Change the price of wheat and instantly you have changed in some measure the destinies not only of the farmer, but of the miller and the bread-eater. Change the Railroad Rate and a similar revolution takes place not only in the affairs of the Railroad Company, but in the prosperity of every town, every producer, and every consumer on the line. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Rate, and the right of changing it, should be the source of fierce contention between the public on the one hand, and the railroad companies on the other.

It would seem to be a simple matter to fix a price for a given service. Grain is to be carried from Omaha to the Atlantic Coast, so many bushels, so many miles. Why is it not possible to name a definite price for the

work performed, a price which will give a fair profit to the railroad and good service to the wheat farmer? And having fixed the price of hauling grain from Omaha to Baltimore, let us say, why should not the rate for half the distance be half as much, and for a quarter of the distance a quarter as much?

And yet, over that apparently simple question of carrying grain from Omaha to the Atlantic, half of the important railroad systems of the country were embroiled last winter in the fiercest sort of a quarrel. For a time they carried grain over this long distance (to Baltimore) for eleven and one-half cents a hundredweight (the regular rate being twenty-two and one-half), a possible loss of money on every car-load carried. At the same time that the rate was eleven and one-half cents from Omaha, it was from fifteen to eighteen cents from parts of Iowa, a hundred miles or more nearer New York.

Now, I happened to be in Iowa during this rate war. The farmers there were asking, naturally enough, "Why should we pay half as much more for shipping our corn as the Nebraska farmers who live 200 or 300 miles farther west are paying? If they pay less than cost and we pay more, do not we help to pay to get their corn to market? What is the justice in that?"

Shipping Corn West to go East

And I found the farmers in Iowa actually shipping their corn and paying freight *west* to Omaha in order to have it shipped east again at the low rates. A farmer who loaded his corn, and started it westward, saw it come back a few days later through the same town, over the same railroad on its way East. It may be asked, and with great pertinence: Why should the railroad do all this extra work? Why should the Iowa farmer be taxed with higher freights that the Nebraska farmer may prosper with low rates? And why, in the name of common sense, should railroad companies, enormously wealthy, with so much power in politics, directed by the ablest men in the land, do the corn business of Nebraska at a loss? And would it not seem that such barefaced discrimination would be the height of folly, stirring up the restless Western voter to the very sort of radical legislation which the Railroad most dreads!

But this Iowa case, amazing as it may seem at first glance, is an example of conditions which prevail in every part of the country. The people of Denver object forcefully to the freight rates on cotton goods from Boston.

"I pay," says the merchant, "two dollars and twenty-four cents per hundred pounds on my shipments of goods from Boston. The same train carries a car-load of goods of the same quality going to San Francisco. The railroad will take that car 1,000 miles further West, over two mountain ranges, and charge only $1.00 per hundred pounds in car-load lots. Now, what is the justice in that? I pay over *twice as much* as the San Francisco merchant for my goods for *two-thirds of the distance*. Is not that a perfect absurdity? Either I am paying too much, or the San Francisco merchant is paying too little. In any event, there is no justice in the present arrangement."

Extraordinary Rates at Spokane

Here comes, also, the merchant of Spokane, Washington. Let us say that he is a dealer in paints and oils, and that he orders a car-load of supplies in Chicago. They are shipped in good order and in due course of time reach Spokane. When the simple-minded paint dealer comes to pay his freight he finds that he is charged, not the rate to Spokane, but to Seattle (on the Pacific Coast, 250 miles west of him) and back again at a high rate to Spokane. He learns he must pay $1.21 a hundred pounds freight at Spokane, whereas if the same car-load had been hauled 250 miles further west to Seattle the freight would have been only ninety cents a hundred pounds. The Spokane merchant, in other words, pays $93 more freight on a car-load than the Seattle merchant, and gets 250 miles less service.

"Why!" he says, "my goods have not been to Seattle and why should I pay 500 miles extra freight going and coming on them? I want them at Spokane, not at Seattle. Moreover, I am a competitor of the Seattle merchant; why should the Railroad be allowed to put me at a disadvantage with my rivals?"

New York Butter versus Iowa Butter

At the same moment that the Spokane merchant is asking such hard questions as these, the dairymen of New Hampshire and New York State are looking up the rates on butter. Shipping to the markets of New York City, the very value of their farms depends on the prices they get for their

products, their butter, eggs and cheese, in the cities. To their astonishment they discover that butter from the State of Iowa, manufactured many times as far from New York City, actually pays no more freight than their butter. The result is, that the Iowa farmer, who can produce his butter more cheaply anyway, owing to plentiful low-priced food for cattle, can undersell the New York farmer in the city market. The New York farmer naturally complains:

"I must either be contented with a very small profit," he says, "or go out of the butter business entirely. In either event the small return decreases the value of my land. I not only lose income, but my capital is impaired."

Thus, indeed, and largely through the influence of railroad rates, have the prices of farm land fallen all over the East, whereas the fortunate farmers of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and other Middle Western states have seen their values rise enormously within a few years. It is said that the farm land values east of Central Ohio have been steadily falling for years to the gain of the West, where lower railroad rates can be obtained. We have heard much of the "development of the West" by the railroads but very little of the consequent decline of the East.

In the same way the merchants of small towns all over the country complain of injustice, inequality and discrimination. A merchant of St. Paul, if he wishes to buy dry-goods in Chicago, pays sixty cents a hundred pounds for his freight. The merchant at Lake City, Minnesota, a town on the Mississippi River, if he wishes to ship the same goods over the same road must pay exactly the same rate that St. Paul pays, although he is seventy miles nearer Chicago. Under such conditions, it would be impossible for a wholesale merchant to do any business at all at Lake City, and the retail merchant would also find himself at a disadvantage compared with the department stores at St. Paul.

Story of a Wire Fence Company

Hutchinson, Minnesota, had a keen ambition to manufacture wire fence. Much of it was used in the neighborhood, and trade promised so well that several prominent local merchants built a factory. But it did not thrive. Why? Hutchinson paid thirteen cents a hundred on stock wire from Minneapolis, fifty-eight miles, while Minneapolis paid only twenty cents from Chicago, 420 miles. In other words, Hutchinson started with an enormous handicap in the cost of its raw material — due to the heavier freight rates. Let us see what happened when the product was finished, ready for shipment. Hutchinson pays seventeen cents a hundred on wire fence to Minneapolis, fifty-eight miles, while Minneapolis pays only twenty-five cents from Chicago, over seven times as far. How could Hutchinson compete with Chicago in the Minneapolis market? I copy a little paragraph from the *Minneapolis Journal*, giving the conclusion of the whole matter:

> The Consolidated Wire Fence Company, of Hutchinson, has moved to Minneapolis. Discriminating freight rates is given as the reason for the change. The machinery has been packed up and the factory shipped bodily.

And these examples from Lake City and Hutchinson, Minnesota, are by no means peculiar; they are instances of a universal condition in this country: the small town pays high rates, the big town low rates. And this is the chief cause of the enormous growth of our cities, the amazing expansion of department stores and city factories, and the great rise in valuation of city property compared with country property. There is a constant suction toward the city, because the low railroad rate makes the conduct of business cheaper there. So the strong boys are drawn off the farms and out of the little towns with irresistible force toward the metropolis. So rents go up, so skyscrapers are built, so the East Sides become crowded and filthy and diseased, and so the West Sides are enervated with luxury, so boss politicians gather strength in city slums, so corruption grows in the city hall, the state house, and the national capital.

The Key to Population

For transportation is the key to population. New York was planted where it is in the first place, because of its splendid harbor where ships could reach its docks easily and cheaply. And when the railroads came they continued to give New York an advantage in service and in rates which tended to carry everything there. In the same way the prosperity of every important city in the country is based almost wholly upon the favor of transportation agencies, either the natural advantages of a water or river front, or the

artificial advantage of low railroad rates. Cities like Pittsburg, Indianapolis and Atlanta are almost absolutely the creatures of the railroads. Inquire why one city grows and another, seemingly with equal advantages, does not grow and the cause will almost invariably be found in a railroad rate. Inquire similarly why one oil-refiner, or one beef-butcher, or one sugar-maker prospers and grows rich, while others, apparently of equal talents and means, slowly dwindle into failure, often without even knowing why, and in a large number of cases the cause will be found in a certain railroad rate. And I am by no means inferring that the success of a town or a man is due only to illegal or secret rates or discriminations: the dishonest successes, like that of Rockefeller, are comparatively rare: the great proportion are the natural outcome of what is at present perfectly open favoritism on the part of the railroads.

Since the beginning of the present wave of popular agitation, stories such as these have been trickling through the newspapers of the country in ever increasing numbers. They were related in great variety last winter before the Congressional Committees. The every-day citizen is now called upon to consider the consequences of such remarkable conditions and to discuss them as a serious political problem which must, directly or indirectly, be voted upon, and it is not surprising that his first impression should be one of amazement and anger. The incongruities seem so utterly absurd, the favoritism so unjust, the inequalities so senseless. And to the merchant or shipper who is being slowly crushed out of existence, like the wire-fence makers of Hutchinson, the offending rate is not merely absurd, but as merciless as death itself.

But it would be a mistake, because the instances of rate-incongruities here given are so amazing, to assume that they are wholly without reason. Railroad managers are not fools, nor are railroad rates the results of mere caprice, or spite, or vindictiveness. No one feature of the Congressional investigation was more marked than the testimony to the immense complexity of rate-making as it is now conducted. Nearly every important witness on both sides had something to say of the difficulty of determining what any one rate really should be, let alone all the rates in the country.

As for a science of rate-making, there is no such thing. A rate to-day is merely a compromise resulting from the operation of a thousand different competitive forces. Scores of railroad managers, hundreds of cities, thousands of merchants and manufacturers, all with selfish personal interests, are operating to influence every railroad rate. For the very life of industry depends on the Rate, and every farmer, miner, lumberman, merchant and manufacturer knows it. A great clamor arises, each man demanding advantages for himself for which he offers any inducement he can command — money, power, political influence, social position — anything, so long as he can get his rate down, no matter what any other citizen has to suffer for it. As a compromise between all these bitterly selfish forces arises the Rate as it now exists with all its absurdities, its injustices, its merciless cruelty. A railroad rate to-day may be defined as a compromise of greed.

An Army of Rate-Makers

To decide between all these varied interests, the railroads of the nation have employed, on a conservative estimate, over 5,000 experts dealing with traffic and rate adjustments. Each railroad usually has one vice-president in charge of rate affairs, a traffic manager, several general freight agents and assistants and all the way from ten to one hundred highly expert rate-clerks — whose brains, through years of training, have become perfect compendiums of rate and traffic statistics. Upon this body of men rests the highly difficult task of building the rate structure of the country.

In the early days of the Railroad the Rate was fixed exactly as it was on a turnpike — a regular toll, for so many miles, so much of a charge. If five miles cost ten cents, then ten miles cost twenty cents, twenty miles forty cents and so on — a simple method of distance tariffs. But the growth of competing railroads and the desire to build up distant business led to the adoption of a wholly new principle, that of "charging what the traffic will bear" — in other words, getting all the money possible out of every kind of goods transported. Supposing under the old system the rate was five cents for carrying a ton one mile. A man who was shipping silk, or shoes, or hats, or other high-priced goods could afford to send them a long distance, because a ton of hats would be so valuable

that the freight-rate would count for next to nothing in the selling price. On the other hand, the man who was making brick, which are both heavy and cheap, could not afford to ship his product at all, because five cents a ton a mile would soon eat up the entire profit. Consequently the brick man went to the railroad owner and said:

"See here, you give me one cent a ton a mile and I can give you a great deal of business. You have got your road-bed and your investment, you have got to run your trains anyway, and one cent a ton a mile will pay you a profit on your actual running expenses."

The railroad man saw that while hats would *bear* a charge of five cents a ton, brick would bear only one cent. And the fundamental principle of all railroading is that "*whatever happens traffic must move.*" Well, the Railroad soon found that coal, wheat, building-stone, and other heavy, cheap commodities would move and move long distances if the rate was low enough. More and more changes were therefore made in the direction of "charging what the traffic will bear."

How Goods Are Classified

Out of this system of discrimination grew the first and chief task of the rate-experts to whom I have referred, the task of classification, which may be called the foundation of the rate structure. The rate experts of all the railroads centering in New York, for example, come together and decide what sorts of goods shall be carried at a high rate and what at a low rate. The schedule they prepare is a Classification, called for the Eastern Roads, the Official Classification. The Western Roads centering at Chicago, have similarly devised a Western Classification, and the Southern Roads, centering at Atlanta, a Southern Classification, each differing from the other in important particulars. Attempts have been made to secure a uniform classification for the entire country, but the jealousies of the railroads have so far prevented, and shippers everywhere are subjected to the inconveniences of this tri-partite division of the national territory.

With so many interests involved, it was a tremendous task to divide all the various articles of commerce into classes — and to keep them divided! In the Official Classification, there are six classes. Class One, paying a high rate, contains high-priced goods like hats, dry-goods and shoes and bulky or fragile articles, like furniture and glassware. Class Two, contains many sorts of groceries. Iron and steel articles of great variety go in Classes Four and Five. In Class Six, may be found ice, cinders, various sorts of brick and grain, in car-load lots. As a general principle, the high-priced goods and articles easily damaged are in the high-classes, and lower-priced goods in the lower classes. The wide difference in rate between the classes is indicated by the tariffs between New York and Chicago, first-class taking seventy-five cents a hundred pounds, second class sixty-five cents and sixth class twenty-five cents. Goods are thus grouped by railroad companies on the same general principle employed by the government in classifying postal matter.

Classification has proved of great use to the railroads as well as to the public. It is generally admitted that under the present system high-priced goods *should* pay more than low-priced goods. High-priced goods are often luxuries, the low-priced, like coal, grain, and lumber are usually necessities. Although the classification of goods involves a true discrimination, yet it would seem to be a discrimination of value to the whole public.

It was found, however, that an iron-clad classification did not please every one. Some commodities like coal, lumber, wheat, cotton, are always shipped in great quantities, by the thousands of car-loads. So there grew up certain "commodity rates." In other words, such goods were removed from the classification and given special rates by themselves. And this policy of one railroad and then another of making exceptions to the classification has grown enormously in recent years, especially in the West and South. It is an easy way to cut rates and a fruitful source of evil favoritism. In the Southern Classification there are now far more exceptions and commodity rates than there are items in the classes. The Western Classification has come to be a formidable volume containing over 8,000 items.

How Rates On Coffee Built Up a Trust

The power of classifying goods is one of great importance, so great indeed that several of the states, notably Iowa, Illinois and Missouri and Texas, have established classifications by law. It often makes all the difference between the success and the failure of a merchant or manufacturer whether an

article of commerce is in the second or third classes, or whether it has a "commodity rate" by itself. For example, where should coffee be classified? And should green and roasted coffee have the same classification, and, therefore, the same rates? This would seem a not difficult question and yet the fate of the coffee industry has been found to hang upon it. In the Southern Classification, formerly, both sorts of coffee were in the same class, but changes were made giving roasted coffee quite another class from green coffee. Why? It was brought out in testimony before the Industrial Commission that roasted coffee was controlled by a trust; and it was to the interest of the trust to have the classification different. For this very difference in rates helped to centralize the coffee-roasting industry, and tended to crush small competitors in parts of the country where the trust had no roasters.

The headquarters of the Official Classification Committee is in Liberty Street, New York, where it has offices with the Trunk Line Association. Once a year, or whenever called together by the permanent chairman, Mr. Gill, the Committee, composed of fifteen men, holds a meeting and passes upon applications for changes in classifications or for grouping wholly new articles of commerce. A manufacturer produces a new article, let us say a nail covered with cement, for use in cement construction. The extent of his sales of such an article depends on the rate at which he can ship. He applies to the Classification Committee, and tries to show that the article should be shipped as cement which takes a low rate, but the Committee, upon consideration classes it with nails, which pay a comparatively high rate. A few men thus gathered secretly in a committee-room have it in their power to make or mar — within limits, of course — the destiny of an industry.

One Way of Raising Railroad Rates

On occasions the Classification Committee forms an excellent instrument for the wholesale boosting of freight rates. Supposing the railroads wish to raise rates as they did five years ago without actually changing the rate of any class — in other words, raising the rates, without seeming to raise them. On January 1, 1900, the Official Classification Committee issued an order raising no fewer than five hundred and seventy-two articles from a lower to a higher class, thus imposing on all these articles a higher freight rate. Two hundred and eighty-nine articles were raised from Class Four to Class Three, one hundred and fifty-five from Three to Two, seventy-one from Six to Five, and so on. At the same time six reductions were made. Similar wholesale advances were made on the Western and Southern Classifications, involving an enormous increase in the total amount paid by the shippers of the country to the railroads. It is as if, without warning, the United States government should change merchandise from fourth-class postal matter to first, thereby doubling the rate. Think what a commotion such a change would cause! And yet the far greater power of changing the classifications of the vast freight business of the country is left wholly in the hands of a few committees of private citizens, sitting in secret and working for their own private interests!

But the classification is only the foundation of rate-making. Members of the Classification Committee have nothing to do with the rate itself. They say that tin teapots shall be in one class, and silk neck-ties in another, but they do not say what rate either class shall pay. The Classification Committee, as I have said, is made up of fifteen men. Another committee of eleven men, general freight agents of the trunk lines centering in New York, most of whom, it is highly significant, are also members of the Classification Committee, now takes charge. It is called the Trunk Line Freight Committee, and meets in the same general offices in Liberty Street. But while the Classification Committee has a session only once a year, this far more important committee gathers every week. The Classification Committee has fixed the rules: the Freight Committee has the far more important task of making the exceptions. The whole rate and freight situation in the East is in the hands of these eleven men, guided, of course, more or less directly by the two great financial interests which dominate the East: the Pennsylvania and the New York Central: Mr. Cassatt and Standard-Oil-Vanderbilt.

Eleven Men Make the Rates and Break the Law

It is, of course, against the law for these eleven men to meet and *agree* on rates.

Traffic officials and rate-men are particular to impress the inquirer with the fact that they do not *agree* upon rates, but that they

discuss the rates, and when they have discussed them for some time, it is found, curiously enough, that every road has come to exactly the same conclusion; and the rate son all the classes and all the commodities over all the supposedly competing lines between New York and Chicago (for instance) are found to be exactly the same. It is a fact to be here noted, a fact of momentous importance not often recognized, that every important railroad rate made in this country to-day *is made in deliberate disregard, if not in open violation, of law by illegal associations and combinations.* The question is not here to be discussed whether the laws are right or wrong, or whether they are so inconsistent that they cannot be obeyed. Suffice it to say that they are disobeyed knowingly by the railroads.

"We are forced," said President Ramsay, of the Wabash, "to violate the law by the very requirements of the law."

Indeed, the existing laws of the country increase instead of solving the sorry complexities of the rate-question. Think of forty-five state systems of taxation, forty-five methods of rate regulation, forty-five methods of chartering, overlaid with the contradictory national laws governing interstate traffic—a chaos beyond the grasp of human intelligence.

And yet, curiously enough, the chief plea of the Railroad witnesses who appeared before congress last winter was: Do not change the present laws: the present laws are all right!

Chief Complaint Against Rates

The chief source of difficulty and of discrimination lies not in the class rates, which are changed very rarely, but in the great mass of exceptions known as commodity rates. Grain, coal, lumber, cotton are all "commodities" to be struggled for. Oil, made a commodity, causes a trust to thrive. A shipper wishes to build a new factory and he comes to the railroad to demand that his product be excepted from the numbered classes, where it pays a high rate, and given a special commodity rate. "See here," he says, "I 'll start my factory if I get an exception in my case. If I don't, I won't start it and you will lose just so much business."

So the road or roads directly interested give a commodity rate, and a new industry comes into being. If this rate concerns any other railroad, of course it must be "discussed" by the Trunk Line Freight Committee. Think what power for good or ill lies in the hands of these few men. A little personal influence from above — say a director of the road, who has a personal interest in a certain factory — might change the whole future of a hundred manufacturers, crushing those who had no influence with the great ones of the earth, and filling the pockets of the director who had. And every exception to the classification, by its very nature, constitutes a discrimination. Some of these discriminations may possibly be desirable: but the point is, that they are made at the will of eleven men, sitting in secret session, who may and usually will, be swayed by personal interest, by influence — not by a sense of even justice as between all citizens.

Few people have any conception of the amazing proportions of this ebb and flow of rates: the instability, uncertainty, complexity of the whole system. Inspired by desire for more traffic, one road will reduce a commodity rate and all the others will follow like sheep. These struggling traffic men are, indeed, bound together whether they will or no, like the famous Kilkenny cats. None of them can stir without injuring the others, and yet each must stir, if he would get more business for his road. For the traffic man is the crank of the wheel which grinds out fortunes for the owners of the road.

"A House of Cards"

Nothing could be more sensitive than this rate structure, well called by Professor Ripley, of Harvard, a "house of cards." One important rate disturbed in one part of the country sets the whole house a trembling. The rate from New York to Atlanta governs the rate from Chicago to Memphis, and the rate from St. Paul to Seattle has a most important influence on the rate from New Orleans to Los Angeles. Every important change must instantly be met by many other changes, else the whole house comes tumbling down into the utter confusion and destruction of a rate war. One of the complaints on the part of shippers is "that the rates are unstable, that they fluctuate constantly, imparting a similar uncertainty to every sort of business."

After having slashed and under-cut one another, the contrite and remorseful traffic men, forced by violent competition into combination — come together and boost the rate

up again. Each traffic man in the conference will promise to be good and not to cut rates any more, and having turned his back on his friends, the competitors of other railroads, he will straightway get all the business he can by hook or crook, cut-rate or promised rate. President Stickney, of the Great Western Railroad, says cynically of the large forces of rate experts, that they are not employed entirely to make rates, "but secretly to avoid such rates." This system, however, of wholesale undercutting is disappearing with the growth of railroad monopoly. In a broad sense, and in so far as the financial control of the railroads is concerned, competition in this country has practically ceased; but it is still noisily evident among the ambitious heads of departments of the various roads, though the amount of business actually subject to real competition is rapidly decreasing in volume.

It will thus be seen that rate-making is in the hands of two sets of men: the classification committees, which lay the foundations and the various rate committees which erect the structure — and patch and rebuild and modify it. These are not the great railroad men of whom the country hears, but men in more or less subordinate positions, who refer only the most important questions to the traffic manager who is their superior.

Where the Government Steps In

Up to this point rate-making is uninfluenced by any force outside of the will of the railroad officials themselves. A mild restriction of the federal law now appears, which requires that if a rate is raised, ten days notice must be given, and if the rate is lowered, three days notice, and that all tariffs must be filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington.

In order to get a visual idea of what the rate-making industry of the country really means, I visited the filing department of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It occupies the entire floor of a large building and overflows into the corridors. Its walls are like library shelves from floor to ceiling: forty clerks are constantly employed receiving new freight tariffs, indexing them, and filing them away. Every day of the year the mail pours over 500 new tariffs upon the desks of the clerks, some printed, some written, some telegraphed from every railroad headquarters of the land. Already there are deposited upon the shelves of the commission over 2,000,000 such separate tariffs, and some single tariffs, published in huge volumes, contain as much printed matter as several unabridged dictionaries put together. One tariff like that of the Pennsylvania Railroad may contain hundreds of thousands of rates — from every point of its system to every other point and covering every sort of commodity. And last year (1904) alone the Pennsylvania Railroad filed no fewer than 4,123 new tariffs — changes, reductions, or advances — the Illinois Central filed 6,344, the Rock Island 3,375, and other railroads in similar numbers. Think of the work of the army of rate-men in the home offices of all these various roads of the country rolling up this vast number of complex tariffs, and think of them being gathered together here in Washington on innumerable dusty shelves! No human mind can begin to grasp the infinite detail of the system, nor hope to keep track of the changes.

What a Small Change in a Rate Really Means

Let us see what all these changes mean, not only to the railroad, but to the producer and consumer. This is a day of very small profits. Flour is ground on a margin of five cents a barrel, a good profit on a ton of coal is fifteen cents, to the wheat dealer half a cent a bushel is an excellent margin.

Think what a very small change in freight rates may mean! A few cents on flour or coal one way or the other determines exactly who shall do the business and where it shall be done. And correspondingly, a very small increase may mean an enormous return to the railroads. Commissioner Prouty tells of a case in which the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered the Railroads to stop charging $2 a car for switching live-stock cars coming into Chicago. The court suggested a doubt as to whether the amount was large enough to be of any consequence — $2 on a whole carload of stock! Yet that charge meant in the aggregate $500,000 a year to the railroads. On a single pair of shoes between Atlanta and Louisville the freight is only 3.27 cents — hardly noticeable. A box of soap containing sixty bars over the same distance pays only twenty-two cents, sugar pays half a cent a pound. To the consumer this is so small as to be of hardly

any consequence at all. Suppose the railroad changes the classification of shoes, soap, and sugar, or raises the rate by ten per cent. The amount is so small — three-tenths of a cent on a pair of shoes — that the consumer never feels it — and yet, in the aggregate, calculated on the enormous numbers of shoes used by 80,000,000 people in the United States, it makes a great difference in the revenue of the railroads. Thus the railroads may overcharge the whole country, add enormously to their income, and the country hardly be aware of it — except, somehow, in the vague impression that "things have gone up." So we have comparatively little complaint from the average consumer or producer in the country, though he really pays the bills; it has come rather from the shippers who send out vast quantities of commodities like lumber, grain, cattle, hay, fruit, and so on, where the freight-rate constitutes a much larger proportion of the value of the article shipped.

How an Agent Digs Out a Rate

The railroads themselves find the present rate system so complex that it is often a difficult task to get at an unfamiliar rate — and that in spite of the employment of highly expert clerks. I went into a district freight agent's office in a Western city to see for myself what the local rate-problem really was — in its bare, clerical aspects. I asked for the rates on a certain shipment from a small town in Texas to a certain town in Iowa. I was referred to the highly expert rate-clerk. He showed me a cabinet of sixty drawers, full of tariffs — and these tariffs applied to only one division of one railroad. My rate-clerk went at the task full of ardor. He surrounded himself first with a small-sized library of books and pamphlets, he turned to indexes, he pounced upon a bulky yellow volume of rates.

"Here it is," he said; "now hold on until I look for the supplements."

It seems that there were forty or fifty supplements. When he found what he wanted in the supplements he had to look among the exceptions, then he cast his eye upon the "general instructions," then upon the special rates and conditions, and having calculated the group rates and referred to certain arbitraries, he at last, at the end of an hour's hard work, gave me the rate, although he assured me at the same time that before I shipped he would like to verify his findings. Expert rate-men themselves often flounder in their own fog of perplexity, a fog which, as I shall show in another article, is often purposely created, that it may cause a profitable perplexity.

Many higher officials of the road themselves, according to their own often repeated testimony, know next to nothing about the intricacies of rate-making. So long as the rates earn dividends, no questions are asked of the rate-man, no matter how cumbersome and complicated the whole system may have become, no matter how trying to the patrons of the road.

The Instinct of Rate-Making

Having fixed a new rate, the tariff officials often cannot give a definite reason why the change has been made — except that he thinks he can get more business and thereby more profits for his road. He wants all the traffic will bear. There is absolutely no rule applied either in raising or lowering rates, there is no attempt at justice to individuals or to communities. The only law is the law of force: the strongest man to win out. In the Texas cattle cases heard last fall (1904), in Denver, an amusing colloquy took place between Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty and J. A. Munroe, freight traffic manager of the Union Pacific Railroad in which Mr. Munroe said that rate-making was "a sort of instinct."

Commissioner Prouty asked:

> Do you sit down and say we ought to earn so much money net this year: we ought to have so much traffic and will distribute the freight rate over this traffic and bring in so much gross and so much net?
>
> Mr. Munroe:—We figure to get all the money we can legitimately out of the business.
>
> Commissioner Prouty:— Just what is the rate on live-stock which you may legitimately impose. Has it any relation to the cost of service?
>
> Mr. Munroe:— Yes, sir; it has a relation. There is a sort of instinct that comes to a man who has been in this business for a number of years. The traffic man is asked for a rate. He first sees the picture of the car in his mind and the run that it makes, the return of empties; and hears what the superintendents and operators have to say about it. It is something you cannot describe, but we find a rate that represents the lowest figure at which we can carry the business. At a certain figure we say "stop there;" we know we have got to the danger line. We scent trouble from afar.
>
> Commissioner Prouty:— Well, I am asked to pass on the reasonableness of your rate, and if I have not that instinct I cannot do it.
>
> Mr. Munroe:— I doubt very much if you can.

In the present system, "instinct" must indeed form no small part in rate-making, and this "instinct" is the familiar instinct of the American to make all the money he can in the shortest space of time. A merchant fixes the price of a pound of sugar by what the sugar costs. But, although the cost of service is considered by the traffic man, it does not fix the Railroad Rate. It costs as much or more to haul a carload of coal from Pittsburg to Chicago as it does a car-load of silk goods, and yet the freight rate on the silk is many times the rate on coal. Neither is the rate fixed according to the distance of haul: We have seen that the freight on goods shipped from New York to Denver is over twice as much as it is on goods sent across the continent to San Francisco. Neither is the rate fixed according to the value of the goods; nor according to their bulk; nor according to the condition of the railroad itself, whether it has many expensive bridges or tunnels, or whether it is the longest way or the shortest way between two points. And yet all these elements are taken into account: they influence the Rate.

Ships Against Railroads

The greatest single element in fixing rates, of course, is competition. At the beginning of this article I mentioned a number of amazing apparent absurdities in rates. The explanation of every one of these absurdities lies in the single word: Competition. Let us see, why it costs more to ship from the East to Denver than to San Francisco. A railroad man will explain it in an instant. Vessels, he will say, carry goods from New York to San Francisco around Cape Horn, or by way of the Isthmus of Panama, at a very low rate. "If we do any business at San Francisco overland," he says, "we must cut the rate to meet water competition. Denver has no such advantage of water competition, so it must pay a much higher rate." The rate at Spokane, of which the merchants of that city have complained so bitterly, is made on the basis of water shipments to Seattle and back to Spokane: that is the reason, right or wrong, that the railroads give for charging Spokane 500 miles of extra railroad freight. I cited, also, the instance of grain shipped from Omaha to New York at an actual loss to the railroads. Why? Because the railroads running south from Omaha were trying to get the grain for shipment by way of New Orleans and Galveston. So the roads that wanted to ship the corn by way of New York had to make a very low rate to get the shipments at all. Similarly a great city like New York, Chicago, St. Paul, with many rival railroads, all working to get the same business, will secure a low rate, whereas, the poor little town with only one railroad or two combined railroads, will have to pay high freights. So Lake City, Minnesota, to which I have referred, though seventy miles nearer Chicago than St. Paul, pays the same rates as St. Paul. So the wire factory in Hutchinson is snuffed out of existence. In short, there is always some reason for the absurdities of discrimination, and the railroad manager is often as much bound to the evil wheel of competition as the shipper or the consumer.

The substance of the whole matter is that the little towns are taxed for the success of the big towns; and the little men are taxed for the success of the big ones. Of course, with the increasing monopolization of the railroads, direct competition between railroads becomes less intense and we have a new source of complaint. Competition produces all of these absurdities of discrimination; but monopoly, doing away with discriminations, introduces a new element of danger — that of extortion. As a matter of fact, the railroads desire discrimination no more than the shippers; to escape it they devise combinations and monopolies. And the result of monopoly is extortion. Competition between Southwestern railroads, as a single instance, has disappeared, and we have complaints from Texas cattle-raisers and Southern lumbermen that rates have been unjustly raised, and that the railroads are taking the greedy profits of monopoly.

How the Trusts Force Rates Down

The next most important element in rate-making, itself a manifestation of competition, is the influence of the Trust. A trust is only an overgrown individual, which, instead of shipping one or ten or twenty cars a year, ships by the thousand. Now, a hundred cars, let alone thousands, if they can be counted on every year, is a veritable prize to a railroad. Every one of them means more profits — for here is the road-bed which cannot be moved, here are bridges and tunnels and terminals to be maintained — an enormous fixed charge which rolls up steadily whether the road does any business or not.

A railroad is not like other property. It cannot be moved. It is there to stay, to the point of bankruptcy and beyond. Unlike other industries it produces nothing; it rather performs a service, and this service must be sold regularly. Therefore it can even afford to carry a part of its goods at an actual loss if in that way it can keep its rolling stock in operation, its trains loaded both ways and enough high-priced business to make the average freight yield a profit. When J. J. Hill first built his Great Northern Railroad he found plenty of freight going West, but his cars came back empty. In order to fill them and thus secure a little more income, he brought back lumber from the forests of Washington at absurdly low rates, so low that, calculated on any pro rata basis, every car-load was a loss. In order, therefore, to assure themselves regularly of any large volume of business, the railroads are willing to make very low rates. And this fact the trust organizers, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Armour, Havemeyer and others, to their profit, soon discovered. They used their immense shipments as a bludgeon to drive the railroad men to terms.

Methods of Armour and Rockefeller

"Here are 1,000 cars of beef," says Armour in Chicago, to the representatives, let us say, of the lines running to the Eastern ports — "I will give it to the road that makes me the best rates."

What a scramble there is! They have secret conferences, promises made and broken, conspiracies legal and illegal — all the features of intense competition. No one gives a thought to justice or to equal rights as between Armour and other beef butchers. The only purpose of each railroad is to get the 1,000 car-load shipment. So eager was this competition in an earlier day that Rockefeller not only used his thousands of carloads of oil to force rebates from the published freight-rates, *but he made the railroads return to him part of the rate that all his competitors paid.* Thus he built up his trust, and upon similar rebates and favoritisms have the other trusts of the country found nourishing food for growth.

The fundamental purpose of all law is to do justice between strong and weak, between large and small. But the effect of these devices of the Trust and the Railroad is to build up and enforce the old favoritism to the strong. And we have to-day, superseding the crude cash rebate which has been forbidden by law, the Private Car Monopoly, the Terminal Road, the Elevator Charge, the Midnight Tariff — all trust-building devices of rebate of which I shall hope to say much more in future articles. We have seen the same process in political corruption — from the crude cash bribe, to the thousand and one cunning methods of political favoritism which are as truly bribery as though they were cash payments.

Who Pays to Build Up the Trust?

When the big shipper gets a low rate on oil or steel or beef, the small shippers and consumers who pay the small freights have to make it up. If oil is carried at cost, or below, by the railroads, as it often has been, then other patrons of the road must pay enough more to yield the great profits which the railroads earn. Therefore, you and I who buy food, shoes, hats, houses — against every item of which there stands a freight charge — have paid part toward the enormous fortunes of the trust promoters.

I have gone thus into the subject of the trusts to show that the blame for present conditions of utter injustice and immorality, is not due wholly to the railroad men. The big shipper, the Trust, has forced, and is to-day forcing all sorts of changes in rates. He also is to blame. It was significant — and amusing — to see the Railroad bring in one shipper after another to the recent Congressional investigation, to prove by them that the Railroad was without fault, that everything was all right, that there was no complaint as to rebates. Of course, the larger shippers stand with the railroads and will stand with them as long as they can by cajolery or force get favors from the traffic officials, or as long as they fear the enmity of the traffic officials.

Still other factors enter into the problems of rate-making. Under present conditions the railroad president is a sort of over-lord of his territory. If his road is to succeed, he knows that the country through which it operates must be prosperous. Consequently we find James J. Hill doing wonders to develop the far Northwest, not because he loves the Northwest, — which he does with undoubted sincerity — but because a developed Northwest will make his road pay better dividends. For a time, he carried lumber at a loss (on operation) to help build up his business — but,

be it remembered, that loss came not out of Mr. Hill and his associates, but *out of the other patrons of the road*, who paid higher rates that lumber might be shipped at lower rates.

New England's Prosperity Sustained by Railroad Rates

In a similar way the railroad over-lord may save a country from deteriorating by his methods of rate-making. The prosperity of New England to-day is propped up by a scaffolding of favoring rates. For years there has been a tremendous tide of manufacturing and business away from New England toward the West and South. The Southern States are seizing its cotton industry, Chicago and the West have made great inroads on its shoe business, Pittsburg long ago took most of its iron manufactures. Now, all the business that leaves New England directly affects the prosperity of such railroads as the Boston & Maine, and it is to its interest to resist with all its strength the natural Westward tide, exactly as it is to Mr. Hill's interest to encourage that Westward flow. I can do no better in illustration of this principle than to quote from President Tuttle, of the Boston & Maine Railroad in his testimony before the Senate Committee :

"Worcester, Massachusetts," he said "has always been a center for making wire. The Washburn & Moen Company have had a monopoly of making barb wire and other kinds for many years. The business was introduced at Pittsburg, and Pittsburg being a center of trade and cheap manufacture in all metal trades, the rates from Pittsburg to Chicago and the West made it impossible for the Worcester manufacturers to do business unless the railroads could help them out. Immediately the railroads did help out by reducing the rates. The roads leading from Pittsburg to the West brought up the matter before the Trunk Line Association and complained that the rate from Worcester ought to be higher than the rate from Pittsburg because the distance was greater. What was the answer? The Boston & Albany leading west from Worcester, and the Fitchburg road said :

"'Gentlemen, we shall be very glad to adjust these rates if you can show us how our wire manufacturers can continue to do business. If you cannot authorize a greater change from Worcester than from Pittsburg, 5,000 men will go out of employment in Worcester. We cannot stand all the collateral damage that will ensue.'"

So Mr. Tuttle, by rate-making, restricted by so much the growth of Pittsburg, propped up New England, and saved business for himself. Thus each railroad looks after and guards the industries of its own territory, making new rates every day to keep or develop business.

Sources of Rate Complexity

There are almost innumerable other elements besides competition that share in the complexity of rate-making. A whole book could be written giving a bare list of the thousands of things that enter into the problem. Take, for example the fact that cattle shrink during shipment. Load a car of cattle in Iowa and upon its arrival in the stock-yards in Chicago every steer will be found to have lost twenty to forty pounds in weight — often amounting to nearly half a ton of beef to a single car-load — a very important matter to the cattle-man who sells to the beef packers. The cattle men have calculated that shrinkage amounts to $3 for every car every hour that it is on the road, so that if a train is delayed or a schedule is slow it means so much money out of the pockets of the farmers, and so much into the pockets of the so-called "beef trust." That, then, is an exceedingly important factor in rate-making.

Flour shipped by way of New Orleans is likely to spoil, all fruit in summer must be refrigerated, whereas in winter it must be kept warm and ventilated, coal requires a special sort of car, beef must be shipped in fast trains, milk requires a peculiar service. All these things are elements in rate-making. Upon a single one of them — the refrigeration of fruit — has rested all the recent agitation in regard to "private cars."

In this brief way I have tried to show the complexities and chaos of rate-making, the various elements which enter into it, and the utter confusion of laws now applying to it. It is a maze of fierce competition, not only for business among the railroads themselves, but affecting every other sort of business rivalry.

Communities like Worcester and Pittsburg struggle for existence through the instrumentality of the Railroad. Rockefeller competes with and crushes the independent refiners through the Railroad. Armour uses private cars to shut up scores of little packing-houses all over the West. Chicago fights New York in the jobbing trade, and Minneapolis fights Chicago through the Railroad. Flour struggles with wheat, beef

fights live cattle for the markets of Europe — all through the Railroad.

The Railroad the Tool of Industry

The Railroad is, indeed, the essential tool of industry throughout the world. It is the regulator of business. It holds the scales of destiny. It decides where cities shall be located, and how fast they shall grow, it marks out in no small degree the wheat and corn areas, it sets boundaries for the business of the coal miners of Illinois as against those of Pennsylvania, it marks definitely how far the lumber of Washington shall go, it decides whether flour shall be manufactured in Minneapolis or Buffalo, and whether the chief export business in grain shall be done at the port of New York or at the port of New Orleans.

Final Great Facts

And the great fact arising out of these conditions, the overwhelming fact, is that these enormous powers, the control of the very instrument of business destiny, is in the hands of a comparatively few private citizens who are handling the tool *not to build up the nation properly*, not to do real justice as between Chicago and New York, or between Rockefeller and the independent refiner, or between wheat and flour, not to make the rate-system simple and time-saving, *but to fill their own pockets* in as short a time as possible. Hill says that the State of Washington shall grow, Tuttle says that Pittsburg shall not grow, the Western railroads say that Chicago and Kansas City shall butcher the beef, the Eastern roads allow Rockefeller to dominate the oil industry and become dangerously rich. It is terrible power to place in the hands of a few men — fewer every year — about ten men, now, sitting in Wall Street. "Railroad property is the one kind of property which determines what tribute every other kind of property shall pay to it."

When a shipper or a citizen who thinks he is wronged attempts to get relief, he must submit his case, not to an impartial tribunal, *but to his adversary in the case.* What justice can be hoped for? He is poor, he does not understand railroad conditions, he does not dare, single-handed, to make a fight for the whole community and take the chance of earning the further enmity of the Railroad: his adversary is rich, employs the best legal talent, is entrenched in power. Out of hopelessness of justice has arisen the present widespread demand, voiced by President Roosevelt, for some tribunal which is at once impartial and powerful enough to do justice as between the Railroad and the Citizen. The people have asked that the government through the Interstate Commerce Commission, be made such a tribunal, in other words, that in case of dispute over a rate, the government of the United States shall say, once for all, what is right and reasonable. They believe that such great power is better in the hands of the government than in the hands of individuals. This demand the railroad owners are opposing with all the ability, legal acumen, money power, and political influence that they can command.

Plea of the Railroad Men

The plea of the men who control the railroads is that everything now is as good as it can possibly be, that there are no rules governing rate-making, and that there cannot be; that the present laws are amply sufficient. But I take it as fundamental in rate-making as in every other human activity, that there are orderly principles to be discovered and justice-making laws to be laid down. No sensible person, surely, who beholds the utter chaos, the injustice and immorality of the present system, will assert that this is the best we can do for ourselves! And the magnitude of the task — for it comprehends the whole industrial problem — should pique our enthusiasm and inspire our energy, rather than crush us to weak submission. No greater, no more fundamental work than this now lies ready to our hands. It is not only weak but absurd to assert that the American can not rise to it. And in solving his own problems, he will establish new principles for the World.

[In his next article Mr. Baker will treat, in a notable series of true stories, of the system of rebates and personal discriminations by which the railroads deal unjustly between citizens — resulting in the upbuilding of trusts and monopolies.]

THE SUBSTITUTE

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS LOEB

AT the station the woman peered about her, wistfully, timidly. She was all alone, and the heavy veil she wore against the driving mist hardly seemed to shut her off from a world hostile by its very strangeness. It was all so different from her own conception of a military encampment. Within her mind she had pictured the ordered regularity of shining tents. Instead, her blue, brooding eyes peered across a scene of tumult and stark confusion. Men in the rag-tag and bobtail of fusty uniforms bawled out orders which no one seemed to heed. Distracted railroad officials toiled fruitlessly at a mass of unidentifiable freight, growing momentarily by the outpourings of fresh cars. A pair of glaring pine shacks rose from a wallow of mud in the foreground. Back of them a dingy huddle of tents barely held its own against the gale that swept across the Sound, while on the other side of the crowded tracks, the verdured, treeless Montauk hillocks undulated nakedly to the Atlantic.

A voice behind the woman yelled, importuning some distant source of information:

"Hey! Where 'll we put this thing?"

The woman turned, and shuddered back from a coarse, deal coffin, heavy with its dead. Her swift revulsion brought her roughly in contact with a man who had jumped aside to escape a truck, cursing the clumsiness of its handlers while still, as it were, in mid air. Fiercely he turned upon her, eyes that were red from sleeplessness and strain.

"What are you doing here?" he growled. "This is no place for women."

"I want to find the hospital," she answered in a sweet, deep-toned voice, with just a slight accent of German. "Could you tell me where —— "

"Everywhere!" he interrupted, broadly sweeping a gesture with his thin, browned hand. "All hospital!"

"Ah-h-h," she breathed quiveringly. "All hospital."

"For miles and miles around," he said, with stern gravity.

Pushing aside her veil she looked abroad over that dismal scene. The man glanced into her face, and took from his unkempt head the wreckage of a hat. It was not a beautiful face; but never, the man thought, had he seen one more sweet and loving and sorrowful. She might have sat for a model of the Madonna at forty. Eternal motherhood yearned in her brooding gaze. For an instant she turned it upon him — and he understood.

"You are looking for your son?" he said.

"Yes," said the woman. "For my boy; my Karl." Her eyes widened. "*Wunderbar!* How have you known?"

He shook his head, musingly. "Never mind," said he. "But I am sorry I was rough with you at first."

She made a little gesture signifying that it mattered nothing, and passed to that which lay deepest in her heart.

"My Karl," she besought. "You will help me to find him?"

A hurrying express official — an executive of some importance who had contributed his own "personal supervision" to the increase of confusion — bumped into them, head over shoulder. The man caught at his sleeve.

"Get me a sheet of paper and a pencil, will you?"

"Who d' you think you 're talking to?" was the angry response. "Get out of my way."

The other whirled him around with a swing. "Do as you 're ordered," he snapped. "You 're not in your office now."

The express official muttered some apology about not having understood. "Paper 's a scarce article just now," he said. "Here 's a bit of pencil. I 'll try to find some."

He stepped back and a bright, new shingle crackled under his heel.

"Never mind. Get off that shingle," said the other and picked it up.

Resting it on his knee he hastily scrawled upon its smooth side:

Dear Major Brown:
Please do what you can for the bearer. She needs it. And oblige,
Yours,
CHASE, Prov. Mar.

"Take that to Major Brown at the General Hospital," he said, handing it to the woman.

She caught it to her bosom. Her face was radiant.

"You are so kind," she said simply. "Where shall I find him?"

"Wait a minute. Hey! You!"

In response to the peremptory hail a ramshackle turn-out came clattering up, the driver touching his cap as he drew rein.

"Take her to the General Hospital. See that she reaches Major Brown's orderly. Understand? Don't charge her three prices, either. D' you hear?"

"All right, sir. She 's as good as there."

"If he tries to stick you more than half a dollar, you let me know," added the man turning to her. "That 's all right about the thanks. Hope you find your boy. Maybe I 'll run across you at the hospital to-morrow if you 're — Blast your eyes, you idiot! Did n't I tell you not to come back without having seen General Young?" And the man whirled, with furious words upon a stupid-looking underling who was stammering excuses.

Half-stunned with the savage swiftness of it all, the woman was driven away from her new-found friend. The shaky vehicle toiled up long hills, drawing aside now and again for the downward passage of rushing, thundering, six-mule teams making speed to the music of the drivers' shrill whistles of guidance; down into sloughs of mud where loud-cursing and loud-cursed privates of the engineer corps toiled to unbog stalled provision wagons; along the shores of a gloomy lake lined with the shivering sick who had crawled thither to sun themselves and been caught in the swift onslaught of the gale; and so, at last, up the long ascent to the great hospital. Here, for the first time, the driver was able to withdraw attention from his motive power.

"Friend o' Capt'in Chase's, be ye?" he asked.

"I do not know him," said the woman.

"Gentleman that put ye in my rig."

"Ah! He is a soldier, then?"

"No, ma'am. He 's an officer. Provost Marshal o' this camp. He 's a terror, *he* is! Don't think of nothin' but work an' makin' other folks work."

"He thought of a stranger's need," she said softly.

The driver looked at her with shrewd, Long Island surmise. "Searchin' fer a boy o' yours, *I* bet."

"Yes. You know it, too. As he did. How?"

With a somewhat sheepish grin, the driver replied: "Oh, I dunno. Just kinder guessed it from your looks. Wounded?"

"No. He is ill of typhoid fever. As soon as I got the news I started. That was four days ago. Four days ago," she repeated to herself, and shivered.

"I swanny! Must 'a' come quite some distance."

"From Montana," said the woman. "The distance is nothing, if only I come in time."

"Likely to have quite some difficulty, I should suppose. Reg'lar flummuxed up, them hospitals. General Hospital up here; First Division over yonder; Detention Hospital back a ways. Chuck the sick soldiers in wherever it comes handiest. No labels to 'em or nothin'."

"Labels?" queried the woman.

"Sure," said the driver cheerfully. "To tell who they are. Lots of 'em don't know, no more 'n a lump o' mud. Plumb looney. Or senseless."

The woman's calm features contracted with pain.

"Was he a private?" continued the loquacious Jehu.

"A private of the Sixth Cavalry. Perhaps some of his officers ——"

"Oh, shucks! *They* would n't know. Don't nobody know about privates. They don't count. Pile 'em up any place. May not even have got up here from Cuby at all. Why, they 's officers been missin' here for more 'n a week and no trace of 'em. If they can't look out for officers, what chance d' you s'pose a private 's got?"

"*Gott mich erbarme!*" murmured the woman.

"Oh, say, ma'am," cried the Long Islander in quick contrition. "I did n't go for to pester your feelin's. Like as not you 'll find him, slick an' easy. Anyhow, Major Brown 'll git him if he 's here. This is the Major's quarters. No, ma'am ; I don't want no pay. I-I-I did n't go for to discourage you. I hope — I-I guess you 'll find your boy all right."

Ushered by an orderly in flannel pajamas — there was a shortage of clothing as of most else in the hospital — the woman was brought before a powerfully built, heavy-bearded man who was giving out rapid directions to half a dozen subordinates. He read the shingle, and his eyes, sore with want of rest and worry, twinkled.

"Swell stationery, Chase uses," he began. "Well, anything that can be done for a friend of his —— "

"No ; Major Brown," said the woman. "I must n't let you think that. He has been very kind ; but I never saw him before."

"Oh, well ; he 's a friend of yours anyway, or he would n't have done this bit of wood-engraving. What is the trouble ?"

Standing before him she told her story. Few words there were to it, for she was mistress of contained emotions. Her only boy — the sudden contagion of patriotic fervor in their little village — his enlistment while still in college — the one or two glowing letters from the front — Cuba — the brief word that told her of the fever and — could the Major give her back her son ? That was all. But each syllable throbbed with the mother's passion that compels every son of woman upon whom the spell is laid.

"Well, well, well !" said the Major when the brief, pregnant recital was over. "We must see what we can do. We must certainly see — Well, well ! I don't wonder that Chase — It 's a haystack search, ma'am, but we 'll find him if he 's here. Where 's that shingle ?"

Picking it up from the packing-box which served as his desk, he scribbled on it :

Pass bearer, all lines. BROWN.

"Now, the best thing you can do is to start right in and look through the tents. If you — I mean, when you find him, send me word. I 'll get quarters for you with the nurses, somehow — though the Lord knows where, for they 're sleeping in trunks now," he added to himself. "Wish I had some one to send with you but — wait a moment."

A young man, shabby and worn as were all in that weary camp, entered the tent and gave the Major good day. In return the Major furnished him with a name and some details. "Know anything 'about such a man ?" he asked, in conclusion.

The young man shook his head. "Not by that description," he said.

"This is one of our newspaper correspondents," the Major explained to the woman. "He knows more about the sick men than any of us, because he 's making a daily list. You tell him about your boy."

The woman told. Hardened as was the newspaper man by his service in that tragic camp, he yet saw the face of the speaker, worn and loving and sorrowful, grow dim before his eyes as the narrative drew its swift close.

"No ;" he said gently. "I 'm afraid I have n't seen him. But let me go with you. I can guide you to the tents he 's most likely to be in."

"That 'll be first rate," said the Major heartily. "I was afraid you could n't spare the time —— "

"I can't," said the other in a half whisper as the woman eagerly turned to go. "But I 'll do it. Did you ever see such — such a mesmeric face ! When she said, 'He is all the child I shall ever have,' I felt as if — well, as if I were a little boy once more. And," he added, with apparent irrelevance, "she does n't look any more like *my* mother than you do."

"Nor mine," said the Surgeon-Major, "but she hit me the same way. Hypnotized old Hard-shell Chase, too," he chuckled.

Together, the woman and the correspondent began the long routine of the hospital tents. Upon face after face fell her questing gaze, only to turn away in infinite pity and infinite disappointment. Once after she had risen from moistening the forehead of a wan convalescent who had begged her for a word, she turned to her companion.

"How do they bear it ! How do they bear it !" she half groaned.

"Who, these ?" said he.

"The doctors. And you have to be among all this suffering day after day ! My heart is like to burst out of me !" She pressed her hands to her breast and looked at him with something like terror.

All that day and far into the evening lasted the futile search. Continually her quest was interrupted by the appeals of those to whom the very sight of the woman was a blessing and an assuagement of suffering. And though her own errand tugged at her heart-strings, she turned a deaf ear to no appeal. Once the reporter thought she had found her lost one. That was when a tall, black-bearded man shot out a swift hand from his huddle of blankets and caught her wrist. The man's eyelids were pressed tight together and he was muttering rapidly.

"Is it your son?" cried the reporter.

"No," was the sorrowful reply. "My Karl is broad and fair, and only a boy. What does this man say?"

A convalescent who was acting as attendant hobbled up. "Don't be scared, mum," he said. "He 's looney but he ain't 'armful. Too weak."

"I am not afraid," she said quietly. "Who is he?"

"Wisht we knew. Off'cer, I think. He can't tell nothin'. Only sputters out foolish figgers. Been that way for a week. Listen, now."

"Six-hundred-and-fifty," issued in a thin edge of speech from the fevered mouth. "Six-hundred-and-fifty. Six-hundred-fifty. Tell them. Tell them. Tell them. Six-hundred-and-fifty."

Bending above him the woman quieted the tossing head with a cool hand, and spoke softly in his ear. The wrinkled forehead relaxed a trifle. "Six-hundred-and-fifty," he repeated, and now there was a note of appeal in his voice.

"That is where she lives?" asked the woman in a matter-of-fact tone. "You want us to tell her to come?"

"Of course," he said petulantly. "Tell Agnes to come."

"We will send word to 650 — what street?"

"Fourth Avenue, of course," came the ready answer.

"And the name?" she asked softly.

But the wearied brain would work no further. The man moaned, thrust his withered arms outward and was convulsed by a chill.

"Well, what do you think of that!" cried the attendant in dire amazement. "We 've been tryin' to get somethin' out of him for a week. Nobody thought nothin' of them figgers."

"We must do the best we can," said the woman. "How can I get a telegram sent to Agnes, 650 Fourth Avenue, New York? It would be New York, I think."

"I 'll attend to that," said the correspondent. "But how in Heaven's name did you know? It 's like magic."

She flushed a little. "Something — I cannot explain — I knew. I knew there was some one who longed for him as my Karl is longing for me. Only, it was a wife, I think."

And she was right. Two days later a bride of a year was searching the camp over to thank on her knees the woman who had summoned her — just in time.

On the day after the woman's arrival, the correspondent, dismounting in front of medical headquarters, saw her coming from far down the line. Bravely she tried to smile a greeting to him. There was no need of question; the search had not ended. Together they finished the round of the remaining tents.

"He is not here — anywhere," said the woman, in still despair.

The correspondent cleared his throat and started to tell her something. It concerned the burial ground where lay the unknown dead. Among them, he knew, were two privates of cavalry; so much the surgeon had determined, but no more was known of them. With the best of intentions, the correspondent did n't get beyond the start. There he switched off to the last faint hope that her missing boy might be in a detachment to be brought over from the Detention Hospital that afternoon. It was a very faint hope, for all the convalescents of that lot were supposably listed. It was quite insufficient to justify his silence about the nameless graves. But he was a bit of a coward, that correspondent. I ought to know, for I was the man.

Something about medical supplies gone wrong called Captain Chase from his thousand and one other duties, to the General Hospital that afternoon. Outside of the latest erected tent he met Major Brown.

"Ought to be court-martialed for unloading that woman on you," said the Provost Marshal. "Could n't help it. She wanted her son and she had to have him, and I had to help. That 's all there was to it."

"No diagram needed," returned the surgeon. "She had me going, from the first. And that newspaper chap has been playing

messenger boy for her. Queer, ain't it? But she has n't found her young hopeful."

"Umph!" grunted the soldier. Then he swore mildly. "Reckon your mammy might have been lookin' for you that 'a-way, Major?" he quizzed casually. "With just about such a look around the eyes? Oh, well! Where is she?"

"Just went inside to look over this new batch."

Half way down the tent they came upon her. She was bending over an improvised box-cot that suggested grimly an original intent to be a coffin. Its occupant was delirious and muttering, his face half buried in the bunch of cloth that served for a pillow. Suddenly he whirled over and opened his dark eyes full upon the face bending above him. A wondering smile curved and hovered in the corners of his mouth. A sigh of intense longing, satisfied at last, burst from the fallen chest. The eyes, half-glazed, seemed to look through and beyond her; there was a great joy in their gaze.

"Mother!" he whispered.

The woman caught in her throat a little cry of dismay.

"Mother!" whispered the boy again — he was no more than a boy. "It 's you! I knew you 'd come."

The woman's breath struggled forth in gasps. Like the hands of one groping in darkness, her hands spread and fluttered. As the figure on the cot thrust out wasted arms toward her, the Major's grasp fell firmly on her wrist.

"Don't be alarmed," said his low-dropped voice behind her. "He is semi-delirious. You are the first woman he has seen. A common hallucination; that 's all."

With a sob she straightened up.

"Mother! Mother!" The thin voice rose to a wail, poignant with terror and grief. "You 're not going to leave me!"

At the cry, all the imperative maternity of the woman rose within her. She dropped on her knees, took the burning head to her bosom and cradled it there, the bright tears falling on the boy's face.

"Don't cry," he said. "It 's all right *now*. You won't go away again, will you?"

"No."

The tone was serene. But Major Brown, leaning to his fellow-officer whispered in his ear; "I 've seen 'em take the knife without a whimper. But this — with her own boy maybe dying in reach of her — well, it beats me!"

The sick man cradled his cheek on the woman's hand, and dozed. She moved painfully nearer, to ease herself a little, if it might be, from the strain. Captain Chase caught up one of the few and priceless chairs of the camp, tore the legs out, and thrust it under her for a support. Presently the patient's lips moved; he was muttering incoherently. The woman bent her head and spoke gently.

"Yes," he said. "I know. I 'll go to sleep in a minute. I was thinking of the scrap. Oh, I must show you where they got me."

Feebly and proudly he clawed the shirt from his shoulder to show the bullet mark. "The Sixth was doing business that day."

"What Sixth? Not — not the Sixth Cavalry!" It had broken from her lips before she thought.

"Of course! You knew that," he said aggrievedly.

"Yes, yes, dear," she said patiently, and loosed her hand to smooth the hair back from his forehead.

"I 'll tell you how I got it. There was a fellow we called Dutchy in our troop. Big, white-headed chap from out West somewhere. What *was* his real name? My head 's all wrong. Anyway, when we got in under the earthwork he was next to me. He was a queer mutt. Fussy as a girl about bugs and worms, and always scared blue that one of those big tarantula spiders would get in his shoe."

He stopped short, for the hand on his forehead was quivering like a creature stricken. Dutchy! And that dread of crawling things that had been born in her boy, the heritage of her own shuddering horror!

"Go on," she said hoarsely, and wavered.

"Look out! She 's going to faint," said Captain Chase, sharply.

She motioned him back.

"Why, mother!" said the sick soldier "What is it? You 're shaking."

"It is nothing," she said sweetly. "Go on — my boy."

"Keep your hand on my forehead. It feels so cold; it helps me to think. When we got to the trenches one of the biggest, hairiest tarantulas in all Cuba popped out of a hole right in front of Dutchy. He began to shiver all over. Just like you did, then. Don't you like spiders, mother?"

"He 's piling it on," whispered Major Brown. "She can't stand much more.

"'DON'T CRY,' HE SAID. 'IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW. YOU WON'T GO AWAY AGAIN, WILL YOU?'"

Well, it can't last much longer. He 's almost gone. This is the last flicker."

"Yes, sir; I thought Dutchy was going to make a sneak from that bug," continued the boy. "Instead he pulled his gun and spattered the spider all over the place. Laugh! I laughed so I had to stand up to get the kinks out of me, and when I stood up some Spanish son-of-a-gun got me. After it was over Dutchy came back and gave me all his water and carried me half a mile on his back. Water was worth money, then, I tell you, too."

"And what became of — of — Dutchy after?"

"I don't know," said the boy gropingly. "I think he 's here—somewhere. Mother!"

The leap of the woman's heart had all but lifted her to her feet. At the cry she relaxed.

"There, there," she murmured. "Be at peace."

"You — you — I thought you started to go, then."

"Don't be afraid, dear. Tell me why you think Dutchy is here."

"Well, while we were being taken off the ship I thought I heard him yelling to some one to take that bug away. Maybe it was my head, though. Most everybody was crazy and yelling, anyway."

Again the eyes closed.

"I 'll raise his head while you get away," whispered Major Brown. "Chase, be ready to lift her out."

As if warned, the boy's hand wavered up and closed on the fingers caressing his forehead. A sublime despair settled on the woman's face. Something like a spasm shook her and passed. She looked up at the men behind her, eagerly ready for her rescue, and with such an aspect as angels must bend from the heavens, she shook her head.

"Well, I am — never mind what!" said Major Brown. "Talk about sheer nerve!"

An hour later the boy died; died happily with eyes fixed in blessed ignorance on the mothering face to the last. She kissed the dead lips and murmured: "Pray God for me that I may see my son — if only as I saw you."

Then, utterly foredone she tried to get to her feet, lurched forward, and would have fallen but for the two officers. Between them they supported her toward the opening, as, racked and gasping, she staggered down the long, grassy aisle. Half way, a gaunt apparition rose in their path. It was the skeleton of a blonde, blue-eyed young giant, the emaciated face bristling palely with a scrub of beard.

"No, my friend," muttered the Captain, blocking off the obstructor. "Not any more imaginary sons for her to-day. Flesh and blood could n't stand it."

The woman took no heed. Her tear-blinded eyes saw nothing. The gaunt apparition leaped forward and clawed at her breast. From its bearded lips quavered a hoarse, harsh voice.

"Don't you know me? Oh, *Mutterchen!* Don't you know me? It 's Karl."

There was a ringing cry, a great sob of joy, and the substitute mother had come to her own.

THE LAST LOVE-FEAST

BY

BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

WE had spoken of it for a few days previously as "the last love-feast", for it was to be the end of our long series of daily reunions around the table of Désiré Beaurain, in the rue Notre Dame des Victoires. Our work was done. Louis Philippe had fallen. He and his crew had stolen away, like Sennacherib in the night, leaving France as spoil in our hands. We, who only ten days before had been but a band of conspirators were now not merely ruling France, but treating on equal terms with the Queen of England and the Czar. Though our heads were not turned, we were new to the art of ruling; and it is not strange that Louis Bonaparte should have come and snatched the badge of liberty from our grasp. But up to the present, all was well. Marc Cassaudiére, the ribbon designer, was Prefect of Police; Albert, the mechanician, was installed in splendor in the Luxembourg; Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc were in the ministry; the rest of us had posts according to our merits, or were to have them within the next few days.

For Léonce Raymond and myself, nothing, as yet, had been found. It was agreed among the younger men that Raymond should have one of the most splendid positions the government had to give. With his distinguished presence, his tact, his charm, he would grace one of the great embassies — say, London, or St. Petersburg. That I, his friend, should go with him, as attaché or secretary, was the limit of my hopes. I had known him ever since his first arrival in Paris from somewhere in the south. He was a writer of the clever political songs and satires, for which, in the forties, there was a marked popular taste. In the first years of our acquaintance he had been poor. Then he inherited money and lived with some little display. It was understood that he had married a widow with children, but, as our political friendships r..rely passed into the domain of domestic affairs, I had never met his wife.

For the last ten years Raymond had been not only the poet of our party, but its soul. Without the ability of a Lamartine or a Louis Blanc, he had that sympathy which is as the very oil of human intercourse. It was he who had held together those who, through divergent interests would have fallen apart. It was he who gained us new recruits and converted them to our aims. It was he who brought in handsome Victor Pilhes, who died as Governor of the Elysée. It was he who won over big-hearted Ferdinand Flocon, afterwards Minister of Commerce. It was he who introduced to our midst Charles Lagrange, the Don Quixote of our group. Duthiel the Egyptologist, Augier the bibliophile, Auguste Luchet, Pierre Joigneaux, Charles Mala, twenty or thirty others whose names meant something in their day but are now forgotten — they were all Léonce Raymond's converts. Republicans by their own convictions, Raymond made them work and march together. His songs inspired them, his wit amused them, while the something winning in his nature and noble in his bearing put mere pettiness to shame. We were often lacking in sympathy with each other, but in Raymond all our hearts seemed to find a common, neutral ground.

So, when three or four years before, he had organized the daily dining-club at Désiré Beaurain's, he drew us more closely about him. A more genial element entered into our political ardor under the influence of the pipe and the mug of beer together. Most of us were young, and few of us had homes. We were journalists, painters, actors, authors or business men in subordinate situations. We

were all poor, and Beaurain's offered us a refuge from the somewhat sordid shifts to which we were put to live. With Raymond at the head of our table we maintained a kind of dignity, which in no wise dampened the flow of anecdote, the sparkle of repartee, the outburst of political tirade, or the general atmosphere of jollity. The fact that at any minute we might be betrayed by some of Louis Philippe's herd of spies into the hands of the police only added zest to our enjoyment. Most of us had been in prison for our views already, and were not afraid to go there again. In those last years before the monarchy fell, we developed, thus, a spirit of friendship which had not hitherto been an element in our campaign; and, though no man entered into his neighbor's private life, we were conscious of tightened ties between us.

But now that France had fallen into our hands, and we were all in high positions, or on the way to them, the daily love-feast had no further reason for existing. With a certain sadness we resolved to eat our last, just ten days after Louis Philippe had fled. We were all there — over thirty of us. In addition, Louis Blanc, Proudhon and Lamartine, who rarely joined us, had been induced to come. We were not gay. It was as if we were weighted by a sense of responsibility and success. Moreover, Marc Cassaudiére, the new Prefect of Police, had made an announcement, at the very beginning of dinner, which had awed us into silent expectation.

"My friends," he said, rising in his place — a big, jovial figure, imposing in size and manliness — "my friends, I have just a word to say. For the first time since we have held our gatherings around this table, we have no fear of leaving it for prison. For the first time in the life of any of us, France is free. For the first time, there are no paid spies in the land and no political victims in the galleys. It has been my privilege to sign the decree that has opened the iron doors and given back to life those whose only crime was love of country. And to-night," he went on, with some emotion, "to-night there will join us one who has suffered for the cause more than any man in France. Five years ago he was a worker among us. Since then he has been nothing but a great memory. We have only known that he was bearing all the hardship tyranny could mete out to him. When there was mercy for others there was none for him. When others were chastised with whips, he was scourged with scorpions. And the tyrants were right. He was their ablest enemy. If he had not been delivered up to them by some unknown treachery he would long ago have dragged them down. I have no need to name him. You have already recognized our old friend, our brave and brilliant comrade — Jules Cartier."

He ceased and sat down. There was an attempt at applause, but it died away feebly in a kind of sigh. Many of us had been concerned in the plot of which Jules Cartier was the leader and the one victim. We had gone free while he had been the scapegoat. We did not reproach ourselves for that. Vicarious suffering is a principle accepted by all conspirators, and each of us was ready to take his turn. But on this night of the last love-feast the reappearance of Jules Cartier seemed to bring home to us the strain under which we had lived and the risks we had run. We could not have been more deeply moved if he had been coming back from the dead, instead of from his dungeon in La Roquette.

Glancing up at Raymond I was not surprised to notice that he was pale and that he moved uneasily. No man among us seemed just what he had been ten minutes before. Presently, we were all listening to Cassaudiére's account of Cartier's release from prison. It had taken place a week before, but he had not presented himself at once among us. He had waited to make a few elementary preparations before reappearing in the ordinary life of men. Now he had taken a position Cassaudiére had given him in the Prefecture of Police. He was working there to-night, but would join us before we parted.

We were sipping the coffee and puffing at our cigars when the door was pushed open and a man, apparently old and feeble, shuffled in. We had seen too often the effects of prison on the young and strong to be quite surprised to know that this was the Cartier of old, and yet none of us could be free from a sense of horror at the change. The distorted frame, the brutalized features, the knotted hands with the finger-nails worn down to the quick, the shambling gait made more marked by the brand-new, ill-fitting clothes, were signs that something was stamped out of the man that would never come back. He carried under his arm a black portfolio bulging with papers, and stood for a second gazing at us as if stupefied. It was only a second, for as soon as we had recovered from our surprise we were

"YOU HAD BOUGHT YOUR IMMUNITY—FOR THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER"

on our feet with cries of welcome. Chairs were pushed back, hands were outstretched, glasses were raised, every one spoke at once. But Cartier shrank back towards the door, looking from one to another with a blank stare that reduced us to a wondering silence. It was Raymond who mastered the situation first. Stepping forward he took Cartier's hand to lead him to the place that had been made for him between Cassaudiére and Louis Blanc.

"Come, Cartier, come," he said gently. "Come and drink with us to France and Liberty."

Raymond spoke with his usual grace, but the released prisoner sprang back from his touch, wrenching his hand away. For the first time an expression of life came into his features and his dull eyes blazed.

"Not with traitors!" he cried. "Not with spies!"

There was a startled movement among the men standing around the table.

"He 's mad!" shouted Victor Pilhes.

"There are no spies here," came angrily from Charles Lagrange.

"La Roquette has turned his wits," Auguste Luchet exclaimed, with a pitying shrug of the shoulders.

"Come, come, Cartier," Cassaudiére said coaxingly. "You 're among friends here — your old friends and comrades. Come and drink with us. Here, take this seat beside me."

In response to this gesture Cartier came slowly forward, his portfolio under his arm. Raymond, at the same time slipped back to his place at the head of the table. No one but myself observed that he was anxious and trembling, for all eyes were fixed on the newcomer. Lamartine drew the portfolio from beneath Cartier's arm, placing it on a chair behind him.

"Fill all glasses, friends," Cassaudiére cried jovially, "and drink to the Republic and Jules Cartier!"

"The Republic and Jules Cartier!" The Republic and Jules Cartier!"

The toast went round enthusiastically, to the sound of glasses clinked together.

Raymond himself filled a glass for Cartier, holding it out towards him.

"Drink, old comrade, drink," he exclaimed. "Drink to the new reign of liberty which your own sufferings have helped to usher in."

Cartier took the glass into his stubbed, work-worn fingers, and with a quick movement dashed the contents into Raymond's face. The next second the glass itself fell with a silvery crash to the floor. Raymond staggered back into his seat, with a smothered "My God!" and, seizing his napkin wiped the drops of champagne from his eyes and beard. Around the aggressor there was a general rush of alarm. "He 's mad! He 's mad!" was the cry on all sides. Mala and Joigneaux pinioned him by the arms, while Duthiel felt his pockets in search of hidden weapons. Cartier wrenched himself from their grasp, and backed against the wall.

"I 'm not mad!" he shouted, above the din. "Stand away from me. Sit down. Let me explain."

"Stand back, friends," Cassaudiére ordered. "Let us hear him. There is something behind all this. Every man to his place and sit down."

There was a new movement, with a pushing of chairs and a rattling of plates and glasses. Those whose backs were turned to Cartier, wheeled their seats round so as to face him. He had seized his portfolio again and stood erect. As if by some magic change his lost youth flashed back into his features, and the man we used to know reappeared beneath the havoc of the prison years.

"I 'm not mad," he repeated. "I 'm not mad. But what I have to tell you might well make senses reel, if we had not all fathomed the depths of human turpitude."

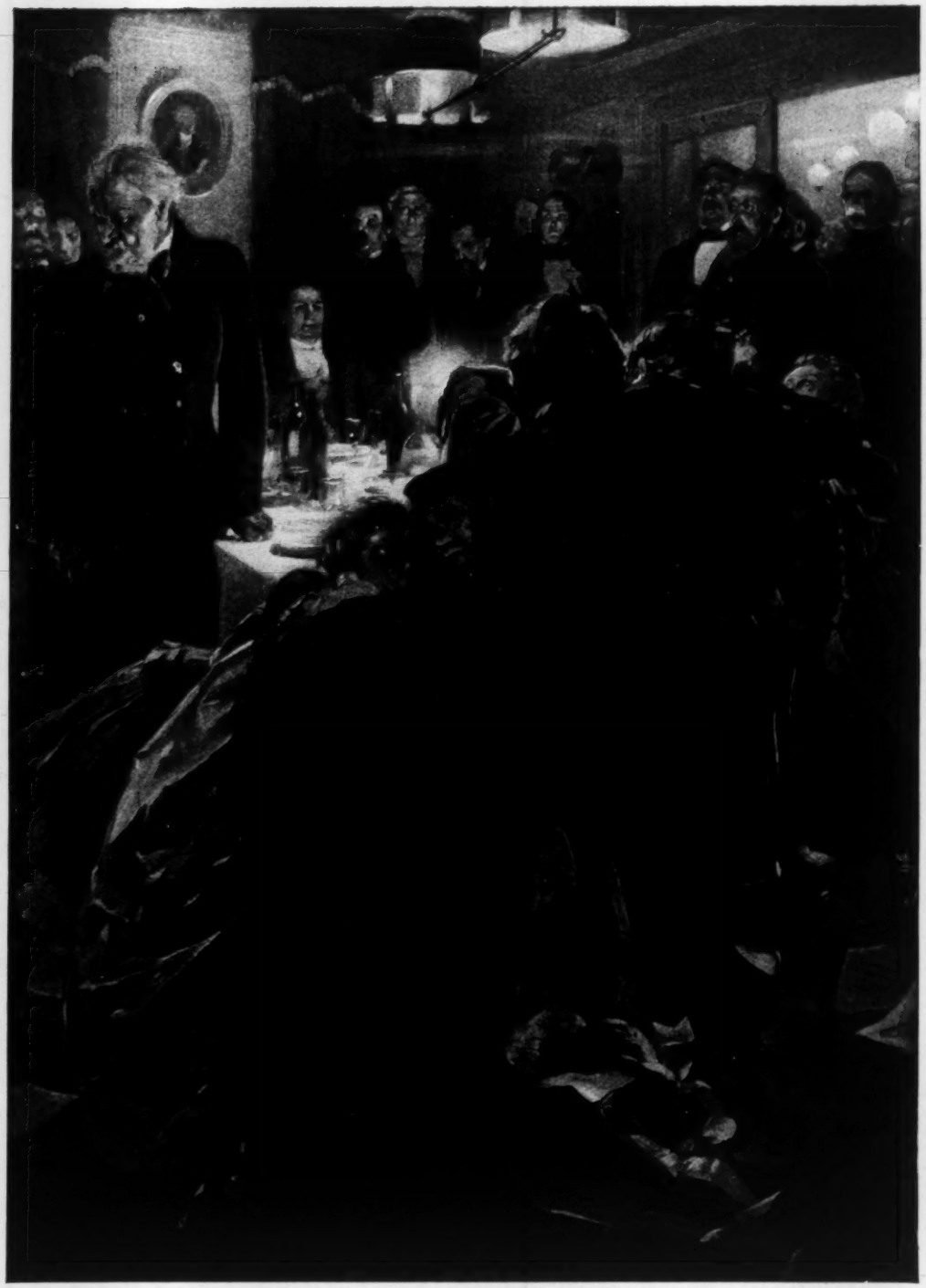
We listened breathlessly. His voice, low at first, regained its old volume as he went on.

"Come back with me," he continued, "to six years ago — when we met in the little Café de Sainte Agnes. We were fewer and younger and poorer than you whom I see before me now. I miss some of the old faces. I miss Rigaud and Autard and Magnier and Latouche. Some are dead, some are in exile, some are renegades, and some, like myself, have been broken in the galleys. Most of you to whom I speak are strangers to me; but you were there, Duthiel, and you, Mala, and you, Luchet, and you, Lagrange. And you, too, were there, Raymond," he added, with a sudden turn towards the head of the table.

Raymond was bent forward, his lips parted, his eyes staring, but when attention was directed towards him he made a supreme effort after self-control.

"We were young and enthusiastic," Cartier went on, "but we were not without the prophetic instinct. We saw the moment

"FOR A LONG MINUTE SHE EXAMINED HIS FEATURES SILENTLY"



"SHE THREW HER ARM ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS, LIKE A PROTECTING GODDESS"

coming when France could be free. We saw the stupid Orleans trembling, and we knew that with an effort on our part he would fall. It was necessary that some one should brave everything — prison, death, or whatever else might be the issue — in order to make the attempt. I was the one chosen to do it. I was free. I had made myself free on purpose. I had had ties, sacred ties — but I broke them. I had cut myself off from everything, in order to consecrate myself to France and the Cause. You remember the nights of counsel spent in the Café de Sainte Agnes. You remember the care with which we laid our plans and the secrecy with which we met. For once we believed ourselves safe from betrayal; and yet night by night the reports of all we did or said or intended went in to the Prefect of Police."

There was a quick start among the hearers, with a succession of half-muttered oaths.

"When I was arrested," Cartier continued, "that much was plain to me. I knew we had been sold by some one among ourselves. But by whom? There is the question that has tortured me for the past five years. Who among those who seemed so trusty could have been an Iscariot? It was as easy to suspect one as another. I thought of you, Cassaudiére, and I acquitted you. I thought of you, Duthiel, and I acquitted you. I thought of you, Mala, and I acquitted you. I thought of you, Raymond," he added, with another abrupt turn towards the head of the table, "and I acquitted you. I thought of you the last and I acquitted you the first. 'Whoever it was,' I said, 'it is not he.' But I took an oath with myself that if ever I came up alive from the hell into which they had sent me down I should know who the traitor was. And I do know. The secret has been well kept, but the God of Justice has torn its flimsy veil apart and flung it at my feet. Cassaudiére sent me yesterday to work in the Archives of the Prefecture of Police, and I have found this."

He held up the black portfolio, bulging with papers.

"All our names are in it," he hurried on. "Yours is there, Proudhon, and yours Louis Blanc, and yours, Cassaudiére, and yours Lamartine, and yours, Ledru-Rollin, and yours, Pilhes. The powers against which you fought could have sent you all to the galleys when they pleased. Your name, too, is there, Raymond; only you were safe. You were safe because you had bought your immunity — for thirty pieces of silver."

"It 's a lie!" Raymond shouted, with a spring from his seat like that of an animal writhing from a shot. Then he fell back, panting, the blood rushing into his face, which, up to this instant, had been pale.

"A lie, is it?" Cartier echoed, with a laugh. "Then look at these."

With one gesture of his hand, like that of a sower casting grain, he scattered the contents of the portfolio up and down the long table among the plates and candlesticks. The papers fluttered out with a swish and a crackle and fell before us in hundreds. We had only to put out our hands and take them by the score. As we glanced at them it was clear that most of them were brief and of slight importance, except for the fact that, day by day and step by step they gave the story of our little band for the past six or seven years. They were too numerous to collate or compare, but it was easy to see that under the seal of intimacy our blood had been systematically sold. Not one of us was spared. Even I, who would have given Raymond all that friendship has to give — I was delivered up with the rest.

For a few minutes we were too heavily stunned for speech, or exclamation, or active thought. The very sense of the outrage upon us was slow to come. We could only bend over the hastily scribbled papers, and pass them along from one to the other. It was impossible to identify the Raymond who had written them with the Raymond we had known and loved. It was not until, by a common impulse, we pushed them from us into a heap in the center of the table and raised our heads, that the sense of the situation came over us. Cartier was standing motionless and upright, his eyes looking from one to another in his eagerness to read the verdict. Raymond was sitting with his hands limply clasped and his head sunk forward on his breast, like one who has died in his place.

There was a long minute of silence in which all human emotions struggled confusedly in our hearts together. It was Cassaudiére who broke the silence first. He spoke with the gentleness and self-control of strong and sympathetic manliness.

"Raymond," he said quietly, "is this your handwriting?"

There was a tremor in the limp frame, and the head was lifted just enough to show the terrified eyes.

"Yes," came the barely audible answer.

"You betrayed us?"

"Yes."

"For six years and more. Ever since the days of the Café de Sainte Agnes."

"Yes."

"And afterwards you brought us together in the daily love-feast, to watch over us more closely."

"Yes."

"Why?"

The question fell on the stillness with a certain solemnity. Raymond lifted his head still more, and looked at Cassaudiére with the awful frankness of a soul that has no more secrets to hide.

"Because I was poor," he stammered.

"But we were all poor."

"I was starving."

"But we would have fed you."

"And I loved a woman who was starving, too — a woman who had been betrayed and abandoned by some enthusiast in this same cause. He was the father of her children. I 've never known his name. She would never tell me. For aught I know, he may have been one of you."

The haggard eyes shot out one last, desperate glance of mingled defiance and appeal. Cries and oaths broke out around the table and three or four men sprang up together. Cassaudiére stilled the tumult with a calm word or two and turned again towards Raymond.

"We 're not here to judge you," he said, in the same quiet voice. "I suppose we have no right to judge you — certainly none such as the law allows. But there 's a justice above that of law. There 's a sentence more binding than any that was ever delivered by a tribunal of men. And," he continued significantly, "I think it has been passed already. Has n't it?"

The last two words came out with a nervous jerk. Raymond looked up again, more firmly than before.

"Yes," he answered simply.

"Then, here!" said Cassaudiére, drawing a pistol from his pocket. "Here! Go into the next room. You know what you have to do."

Raymond took the pistol mechanically, pushed back his chair and rose. For an instant his eyes wandered slowly round the table.

"I want to say," he began in a dead voice, "that I 'm sorry. It is n't much to say, but it 's all that 's left to me — before I go. I did believe in the Cause. I did give myself to it in sincerity. I sacrificed everything to it, at first, and I was in prison for a year. After that my friends forsook me and I could find no work to do. You thought me successful because the journals published my political jibes and my songs were sung all over France. But my wife and I were starving. I bore it, hoping for the great dream to come true, but it was so slow of realization that my courage failed. Then I sold myself — myself first and you afterwards."

"That was the inheritance you came into," some one cried.

"Yes; but it 's spent now. I 'm only another disappointed Judas, who has n't had the patience to wait till the Kingdom of Heaven came in its own way. Now that it 's here, I 've forfeited my place in it and so I have to go. But if it be possible I should be glad to have my wife and children kept from knowing just how and why — I went."

Before any one could speak there was a sound of voices and hurrying footsteps in the hall outside.

"Quick!" Cassaudiére cried. "Quick! Do it. Some one 's coming."

But on the instant the door was flung open and, in spite of the waiter's efforts to keep them out, a woman and two children threw themselves into the room. The children were crying. The boy was about seven and the girl slightly older. The woman was tall and dark, with traces of great beauty. Her wild eyes, her disheveled hair, and her torn clothing gave her an air of tragic desperation.

"Where is he?" she demanded haughtily. "Where is my husband? What have you done to him?"

"Is that he?" Cassaudiére asked, pointing to Raymond.

"Papa! Papa!" burst from the children, who ran to him, clinging to his waist and arms.

"Take care," he muttered, impatiently. "The pistol is loaded. Madelon, take them away."

"Oh, Léonce," she cried, springing to his side, "what are you doing? What does it mean? Are you going to kill yourself? Have you condemned him to that?" she added, turning fiercely towards Cassaudiére, but including us all in her glance.

"We have not condemned him, madame," Cassaudiére began to explain. "He has condemned himself."

"But he has no right to condemn me," she exclaimed, wrenching the pistol from Raymond's grasp and handing it back to Cassaudiére. "He has no right to condemn his children. The shot that strikes his heart strikes mine and theirs."

"But, madame," Cassaudiére tried to say calmly, "there are circumstances of which you know nothing —— "

"I do know them," she broke in. "All Paris is ringing with the story. That is what has brought me here. I knew he had come among you and that you would n't spare him. There 's no sympathy now but for Jules Cartier's wrongs and the treachery that betrayed him. There 's no one to say a word of my wrongs and Jules Cartier's treachery that betrayed *me*."

Cassaudiére started, looking about among us, as if silently taking counsel.

"Jules Cartier is there," he said to the woman, after a second's pause. "He can speak for himself."

"There? Where?" she questioned, with a sudden change of tone.

"There," Cassaudiére said, again. "Over there against the wall."

She peered across the table at the man who glared silently back at her.

"That?" she asked, at last, pointing at him. "That broken, brutalized old man! Is that Jules Cartier who, seven years ago, deceived me, and then turned me out with my two children — his two children — *these* two children — to starve in the street? Is that Jules Cartier? If so, the galleys and La Roquette have done their work well, and there 's more justice in heaven than I 've believed in since the day he deserted me."

Seizing a candle from the table she strode forward and held it up to his face. For a long minute she examined his features silently. When she had finished, she turned away with a sigh, putting the candle back in its place again.

"It 's he," she said, more quietly than she had spoken yet, as she returned to Raymond's side. "It 's he. It 's he Oh, gentlemen," she burst out, with a noble gesture of the hands, "I have nothing to say against him. I have nothing to charge him with. I 've tried to forgive him long ago. Life is so hard and complicated, and there 's so much good ever mingled with the evil, that I 've tried to keep myself from judging even him I 've been silent about him — silent to the very man who has loved and protected both me and Jules Cartier's children. I 've borne my burden with mute lips, and if I open them now it 's only in the hope of convincing you that no man is wholly bad — that even in the blackest case there is often room for a little mercy. Jules Cartier betrayed me and cast me out. Well; I say no more about him. But Léonce Raymond found me and took me in. He took me in honor and made me his wife. He took my disowned and nameless children and made them his. He had nothing but a crust, but he denied himself of it that I and my babies might eat it. He had nothing but a pallet of straw, but he lay on the floor that we might be warm. When he could not support himself, he took another man's load upon his shoulders and tried to carry it. It was foolish and Quixotic, if you like, but he did it and he did it bravely. It was not until he staggered and fell and lay nearly dying — it was not until he saw us nearly dying beside him, that his courage failed. He had looked forward, we had both looked forward, to the day when human society could be so organized that it would suffer us to live. We were working for that and dreaming of it and toiling towards it as a goal — and the further we dragged ourselves along, the more the vision receded. It was like a light that leads you on, and then dwindles and goes out and leaves you in the dark. The day came when, instead of high dreams for the future of the human race, we had no dreams of any kind. There was nothing left to us, but the bitter reality of starvation. Half the theaters in Paris were singing my husband's songs while we were going cold and hungry. You yourselves were making use of all he had to give, and offering him nothing but Utopian promises in return. Is it any wonder that we sold you? What were you to us? Nothing — nothing; and we were heaven and earth to each other."

"You say we," Cassaudiére broke in coldly. "Had you, too, a part in this betrayal?"

"Not at first," she answered simply. "I believed the story of the inheritance. When the money came I was too grateful for it to ask many questions. It was only little by little, as the years passed, that the truth came to me."

"You knew, Madelon?" Raymond cried in a tone of blank astonishment.

"Certainly, I knew, Léonce," she returned proudly. "Do you think any woman could live with a man as I 've lived with you

and not fathom his secrets? But I was your wife. I was part and parcel of your lot. When you became a spy I, too, became a spy. You had done so much for my children and me that I was glad to share even your dishonor. And I 'm still glad. Whatever they do to you, whatever they make you do, no one shall ever take away from me the joy and the pride I have in declaring myself Léonce Raymond's wife. I 've known what it is already. Look at my clothing. It was torn by the mob in the streets as I hurried here. They struck me and they struck the children — Jules Cartier's children; but the more furious they grew the more loudly we proclaimed that we belonged to you. None of your wives," she continued, turning, with another of her passionate gestures, towards the men seated about the table, "none of your wives stands more proudly by her husband's side, in this your hour of success, than I stand here beside mine, in this the moment of his downfall."

She threw her arm across his shoulders, like a protecting goddess. Her torn draperies covered him, and he seemed to cower under them.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she went on vehemently? "Does it surprise you? It would n't if you knew what your own wives would do for you. I know you 're good men as men go. But you 're all probably hiding something for which you could be pilloried, as my husband is being pilloried now. It may not be so base, but it 's base enough to make you eager to conceal it. Whoever you are — Cassaudiére, Lamartine, Proudhon, Louis Blanc — whoever you are, excellent men and rulers of France as you 've become, you 're keeping your secrets and keeping them close, but you 're not keeping them from the women who love you and who lie by your sides. They see through you — through and through. And if your turn should come, as his has come, they 'd be with you as I 'm with him. I knew you would n't spare him; I don't ask that he should be spared. For what we 've done — he and I — we merit the reprobation of mankind. We 're spies, and we must end like spies. I only beg you to remember, as he goes in there, to carry out your sentence, that, just as heroes like Jules Cartier, over there, are not noble to the core, even so traitors like Léonce Raymond, here, may have had in them something with which justice must deal tenderly. Now, if you will, give him back the pistol, and my children and I will bid him good-by."

When she ceased there was a confusion of voices, the older men advocating mercy, the younger demanding the traitor's death. Again Cassaudiére hushed the din by rising, keeping the pistol in his own hand.

"Comrades," he said, "I hoped to have saved you from the necessity of passing anything like a sentence. The man who has betrayed us stands before us self-condemned. A few minutes ago he would have executed judgment on himself. That might have been better, but now this thing" — he held the pistol up — "is in my hands again. Shall I give it back to him? or shall I not? The woman has thrust on us the responsibility I hoped to evade. That he deserves death is without question. The fact that he has some good in him is no argument at all. There is some good in all of us. He 's no exception in that, whatever. It does n't absolve him from the penalty. Under the old Hebrew law there was for ignominious crimes an ignominious punishment — it was death by stoning; and I can think of nothing more just than that for the man who sold the love and confidence we gave him. If he dies to-night it will be under the pelting of our contempt and fury."

From the younger men there was an outburst of approval with renewed calls that the pistol should be given back.

"I 'm ready now," Raymond cried, springing from beneath his wife's protecting draperies. "Give it to me. I 'd rather do it."

"Wait," Cassaudiére commanded sternly. "After all it may be too easy a death for one like you. Each man among us shall have his chance for a fling at you. Each man among us," he continued, addressing those about the table, "shall speak in turn and say his say. It will be a reversion to the ancient, popular Biblical method of avenging treason; and he that is without sin among us shall cast the first stone."

There was a curious movement about the table. Lamartine's handsome eyes glistened. Louis Blanc's babe-like face twitched with a curious, cynical smile.

"What do you mean?" two or three voices asked at once.

"I mean only," Cassaudiére explained, "that it will be easier for those of us who, as the woman says, are hiding something for which we could be pilloried as Raymond is

being pilloried now — it will be easier for us to condemn, when he speaks who is concealing nothing — no meanness, no cowardice, no treachery, nothing of which he would be ashamed were the rest of us to know it. Let him be the first to disown all fellowship with Raymond and say: Give the pistol back."

When he sat down we looked at each other wonderingly. There were whispered counsels: "You speak, Mala;" "You speak Joigneaux;" "You speak, Duthiel." Presently all eyes turned towards Lamartine as the natural exponent of purity of life; but the poet shook his head. Louis Blanc's cynical smile never left his face, and Proudhon turned himself heavily towards the wall, as if wishing to have nothing to do with the affair. The woman gazed eagerly up and down the table; the two children stopped crying and clung to their mother's skirts; Raymond stood, with bowed head, as Aachan might have waited for the Israelitish missiles, when condemned by Joshua.

The whispering ceased at last and there was a long, painful silence. Two or three men smoked, affecting indifference, but most of us sat with eyes fixed on Cassaudiére. When he rose again there was a perceptible stir of expectation.

"Does no man condemn him?" he asked.

There was no answer, and he repeated the question. Still there was no answer.

"Then, I suppose," he went on, "I may put this back?"

He slipped the pistol into the pocket from which he had taken it, and with the action, a sigh of relief went up from us all — even from those who had been, a few minutes ago, most bitter against the traitor.

"Raymond," Cassaudiére continued quietly, "your life is given back to you. It is given back not because you deserve it, nor because a woman has worked upon our sympathies; it is given back because the Republic has set in, and the Republic means more than a form of government. It means a state of brotherhood, a state of sympathy, a state of mind in which men try to understand each other, in both the good and the evil that is in them, not for mutual indulgence, but for mutual help. The Republic means in this life that universal compassion and comprehension which, we are told, the Kingdom of Heaven means in the life to come; and just as we are given to understand there is a place in the Kingdom of Heaven for the repentant sinner, so, in the Republic, there must be a place even for the repentant spy. We realize that more fully than we did before this lady came and told us what is in you. A half-hour ago you would have blown your brains out and we should have let you do it. She has saved not only you, but all of us from that. She has helped us to see the mutual patience and forbearance which, under the Republic, men ought to show towards each other, even at the worst of times. We thank you, madame," he added, with a slight bow towards Raymond's wife. "Now," he continued, looking round about among us, "I suppose they may go?"

There was a general nodding of assent, but no word was spoken. Again the woman threw her torn draperies over her husband's shoulder and, as he tottered under them, they began to shuffle towards the door.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

When the sound of their footsteps had died away, Cassaudiére rose again.

"My friends," he said, "it has been a principle among us from the first to enter into no man's private life. For that, he stands or falls to his own conscience. We know nothing here of wives or children, of faithfulness or desertion. We know only what a man has done or suffered for the Cause. We have been saved from judging Raymond; let us show the same reserve towards — others. Therefore, I give you again the toast: The Republic and Jules Cartier."

We drank it standing, but in silence, while Cartier himself shrank further away from the light and became again the broken old man he had been on entering.

PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND OF MINE

BY

EMPEIGH MERWYN

HE was slender and of a perfect grace; his nose was slim and finely pointed, and his coat was a soft and beautiful gray. He was the soul of candor, absolutely reliable, and his dignity was perfect. He was a greyhound and his name was Pilot.

He had grown up from puppyhood with the two children of the family, and many of his most charming traits were displayed in his relations with them. When the boy was but a dot of humanity in kilt skirts, his shrieks of enraptured laughter one day summoned the household into the yard. There Pilot, his teeth set firmly into the band of the kilts, care evidently having been taken not to touch the baby's flesh, was running swiftly backward, dragging the delighted child about the yard by a new and exhilarating method of "rapid transit." When the boy wished to stop, Pilot would pause and stand gravely beside him, until the signal was given to start again—his head in an attitude plainly revealing that amusement was mingling in his canine thought with sense of responsibility for this tiny human specimen committed to his charge.

As the children grew up and began to go to school, a new sense of his responsibilities toward these humans with whom fate had placed him, developed in Pilot's mind. Regularly, morning and afternoon, he roused himself from the nap that became so important a feature of his life as he advanced in years, and, by some instinct that made the clock a superfluity, he always hit upon the right moment to enable him to reach the village school-house just as the children were being dismissed, and there he would constitute himself the escort of the daughter of the house. He appeared to know, by some means that I cannot fathom, that his chivalrous attentions were due to her rather than to his more boisterous playfellow, the boy. Perhaps, also, his preference had some relation to his appreciation of the characteristics of the two children—the girl never teased him; she was more liable to remember when Pilot was hungry, and she never forced upon him obnoxious rôles unsuited to his education and dignity.

He distinctly resented being taught new tricks, when an old dog; and I remember well the harrowing scene that I witnessed one winter's day from the window, when the boy harnessed the bewildered and offended Pilot to his sled, and insisted, in ruthless boy fashion, upon his performing the duties of a horse. The dog was intensely loyal to the boy, his companion and charge from their respective puppyhood and babyhood, but he had not been trained in youth to perform such service—he would drag the sled a little way, then stop and turn piteous and imploring eyes backward, as though he could bear the terrible humiliation no longer. It was as though some dignified bishop or distinguished judge had suddenly found himself compelled to shovel coal.

His recollection of friends was faultless. Whenever I visited the household after an absence of months, or even of a year, Pilot would hasten to greet me affectionately on my arrival. Once when I was a guest there, he gave remarkable evidence of his thoughtful sympathy and of that strange faculty that enables some dogs to know directly many things that the humans require to have expressed in words or other tangible signs. I had received some bad news, of which I not only said nothing, but which I made every effort to keep from the knowledge of the family by carefully maintaining my ordinary demeanor. In this I succeeded, and no one suspected the state of my mind—except one! I chanced to be sitting

alone for a few moments one morning, and I must have lost myself temporarily in the contemplation of my unhappiness — when I was suddenly aroused by feeling Pilot's cold nose rubbed affectionately against my hand.

He had risen from his place beside the fire and had come across the room to give me this token of his intelligent sympathy—a thing the more remarkable because he was not demonstrative and seldom gave caresses to his friends after the first cordial greeting on their arrival. Sympathy and friends have not been lacking in my life—but never was token of appreciative insight more grateful to me than this one, from the one friend who divined my sorrow!

Pilot had his aversions, too, although not for persons, as he was too much a gentleman to meddle with the affairs of humans who did not molest him—and not one ever molested him. The tones of a violin seemed utterly to unnerve him; they played upon his sensitive nature so potently as to undermine his self-control. All the melancholy hinted in his pensive eyes seemed to overwhelm his very soul, even at the first sounds, when the children tuned their instruments; and we were obliged to take him by the collar and drag him moaning out-of-doors. Strange to say, he had no objection to the piano—unless upon it was played the prelude to some composition that he knew included a violin.

But it was his relations to other animals that brought out his character most fully and involved him in the crowning action of his life.

He was decidedly a personage among the dogs of the town, although he never seemed to need to demonstrate his prowess, but held his position by pure force of character. As the daughter of the house once said, Pilot was not "dogmatic" in his bearing to his fellows, but he knew his own position and other dogs felt it. He was universally respected, and no small cur snapped a second time at his heels.

He had a keen sense of his standing as oldest and most privileged dog of the family, and he allowed no liberties on the part of the three younger dogs. These learned to stand at respectful distance until Pilot had satisfied the cravings of the inner dog. There was no greediness involved in this; it was simply his sense of propriety—his purpose to teach the young ones good manners.

But his chivalry, his tender consideration for what was weak and delicate, also came out at meal-time. The white kittens, gentle-faced and mild of disposition, ate freely and happily from Pilot's plate. This is a true story, and I must not permit imagination to bear me away, even though I am the biographer of this knight, this flower of chivalry among dogs—but I used to fancy, to feel sure, in fact, that he saved up the dainty titbits on his plate for the white kitty!

The most gracious of all his deeds, however, was the one that we, his friends, must ever recall with sorrow as well as pride. Whenever Pilot came upon a group of dogs snapping and quarreling together—a common phenomenon in a village street—he appeared to feel keenly the folly of such conduct, and he would make this the one occasion on which he interfered in others' affairs. Many a time we saw him dash into the midst of such a group, pushing his long, slender nose this way and that among the combatants, and by some mysterious, canine diplomacy settle the quarrel and cause the disputants to disperse. Little did we know that this fine respect for law and order, this noble scorn for petty squabbling, this unselfish leaving for the moment of his dignified pursuit of the even tenor of his way, to straighten out the muddles of his neighbors, would cost us so dearly!

One summer morning I was awakened from a doze by the sound of barking and snapping on the lawn outside my window. As I awoke to full consciousness, I heard Pilot's peculiar cry, and I knew, without seeing, that he, too, had heard the noise and was hurrying out from the barn, where he slept, to settle the dispute. As I glanced out to confirm my impression, I was idly wondering whether I should have such disinterested public spirit, if some men had been bickering on the lawn.

I was correct—several small dogs were snapping and snarling together in a heap, and the peacemaker was putting an end to the affair. As the heap disintegrated and resolved itself into various dogs, I noticed one small brown fellow going away in a straight line across the lawn to the street. As I dressed, the matter dropped from my mind.

We were just sitting down to breakfast, when the shouting in the street called us to the door. Two men with guns were hurrying on and a growing crowd followed at a distance. The direful cry of "Mad dog" was abroad and consternation reigned.

Why pause over the end now? I would tell it otherwise, if I might! The small brown dog was mad; he had bitten a man, a boy, and several dogs. The small brown unfortunate was soon despatched, the man and boy were hurried to a neighboring city for treatment, and then came the edict—*all dogs that had been bitten must die!*

Several small and useless specimens were sacrificed, and, alas, across Pilot's nose was a long telltale scratch, and there were other witnesses than myself to the scene upon the lawn.

We would not believe that the scratch came from the mad dog, and we said that we might as well shoot any other member of the family as Pilot. At first the matter was compromised by putting Pilot in confinement: after keeping him a suitable time, if he should show no signs of madness, all would be well. But why linger in the telling? Pilot began after a time to act strangely, the lives of human beings are considered precious things, and Pilot was shot. I have always held that he did not go mad, that his nature was too refined for such frenzy, that his strange behavior was but the expression of his grief and amazement at being isolated from family and friends and treated with distrust—but they would not listen to me!

As I close this feeble sketch of the noble dog-friend that I loved, and ponder on the disinterested act that caused his death, I am reminded of the words of a statesman eloquent, speaking on Memorial Day over the graves of those slain in war. He said that progress was not always builded upon "the survival of the fittest," but that often, alas, it presented the look of the sacrifice of the best!

And—inevitably it comes to mind—*Blessed are the peacemakers.* Nor is it written that they must be of the human species. And you may take this statement for whatever theological weight it may seem to you to have—the daughter of the house has said plainly that she will not stir one step into heaven unless Pilot is there.

THE FUGITIVES

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

WE are they that go, that go
Plunging before the hidden blow.
We run the byways of the earth
For we are fugitive from birth,
Blindfolded, with wide hands abroad
That sow, that sow the sullen sod.

We cannot wait, we cannot stop
For flushing field or quickened crop;
The orange bow of dusky dawn
Glimmers our smoking swathe upon:
Blindfolded still, we hurry on.

How do we know the ways we run
That are blindfolded from the sun?
We stagger swiftly to the Call,
Our wide hands feeling for the wall.

Oh ye who climb to some clear heaven
By grace of day and leisure given,
Pity us, fugitive and driven,
The lithe whip curling on our track,
The headlong haste that looks not back!

PIONEER TRANSPORTATION IN AMERICA*

ITS CURIOSITIES AND ITS ROMANCE

BY

CHARLES F. LUMMIS

ILLUSTRATED BY FERNAND LUNGREN

PART TWO

THE man who introduced wheels to the New World deserved to be canonized — and so indeed he was, though not exactly for this reason. The Conquerors were too much cavaliers to require cushions; while for transportation, in a roadless, mountainous country, the pack-train was a good enough Morgan. It is not remarkably stupid that for a long time no serious attention was paid to vehicles. The first teamster who ever turned a wheel in America — and in fact introduced not only wheels but the driving of oxen — was that remarkable character Sebastian de Aparicio, a *Gallego* of Spain, who came to the New World soon after the Conquest, and busied himself in driving ox-carts from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico; later from the capital to Zacatecas. He became a lay brother of the Franciscan minorites, settled in Puebla, was for a generation collector of alms for the Convent there, and there died in the year 1600, aged ninety-eight. He was greatly beloved by even the wildest Indians, wrought many miracles, was canonized by the Pope, May 2, 1768, and later was adopted as patron saint of Puebla, where his bones rest.

It is not yet determined who first brought a carriage into the New World. In the first half of the sixteenth century there appear to have been none — the early settlers were men enough to "hold down a horse." The lazier fashion came in about 1560. Already by 1577, Philip II felt obliged to issue a royal *cedula* forbidding his American subjects to ride in coaches, or even to own them, under penalty of confiscation of coach and animals, and a fine of $500 gold.

In his "Grandeza Mexicana" (1604), Balbuena tells tunefully of the luxuries of the capital; and among other things, that there were "*coches, carrozas, sillas y literas.*" But in a country where money was "easier" than it has ever been in any other land, and where luxuries multiplied as fast as millionaires have done in our own country since the Civil War, it did not take long for the fashion to spread. In 1621, the municipal authorities already found it necessary to rebuke extravagance by forbidding any one to drive more than two mules to a carriage — saving only the archbishop, bishop, and noblemen — with the exception of those who were going out on a long journey. In 1625, the English traveler, Thomas Gage, declares that there were over 15,000 carriages in the City of Mexico; and while this was doubtless a tenderfoot exaggeration, there were evidently many. A century ago, Humboldt found 5,000 mules employed in drawing coaches in that capital — where the first vehicles for hire were introduced in 1793. At the same time there were in the city of Havana no less than 2,500 *volantes*.

The first wheeled vehicles that ever trundled within the limits of what is now the United States were the wagons which Juan de Oñate brought up from Zacatecas in 1596 with his half-million-dollar expedition to

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colonize New Mexico. We have no description of them; but they were Zacatecas-made carts, drawn by oxen. At any rate, they were the forerunners of a slow, semi-occasional "schedule" line which was in operation for more than two centuries, over more than twice the length of our Santa Fé Trail, and through a far more difficult and dangerous country. The *Carros del Rey* (King's wagons) ran from Mexico to Santa Fé, New Mexico, via Chihuahua and the upper Rio Grande, carrying mail and supplies; only about once every three years, in the early days, as Benavides pathetically notes. In 1629 we have an interesting record of them as far (200 miles) off the main highway as Zuñi — in a beautiful entry on "The Stone Autograph Album," or "Inscription Rock," in western New Mexico. The then Governor and Captain-general, Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto, recorded on the fair page of that noble cliff that he had "effected the impossible, with the Wagons of our Lord the King, passing to Zuñi and carrying the Faith" — "the Faith" being the heroic Franciscan missionaries who made spiritual conquest of all the Southwest long before any English-speaking person had driven a wagon or built a church fifty miles inland on the face of the New World.

By the year Harvard College was founded, there were *carrozas* even in New Mexico, 2,000 miles from tidewater.

The first overland commerce in *our* United States was that of the Santa Fé Trail, 1822 to 1843. Though a small thing compared to many of the Spanish-American freighting routes, it was at least five times as long a commercial journey as our people had anywhere undertaken; and in danger and hardship was without earlier comparison in our history. This traffic across 800 miles of wilderness, to the capital of what was, until 1846, a province of Mexico, was at first exclusively by pack-train. The first wagons — twenty-five of them, drawn by horses, and accompanied by a long array of pack-mules — made the journey in 1824. Oxen were first used in 1829, and so well acquitted themselves that thereafter they hauled about one-half the total traffic. The Trail was a mere form of words at first; upon the springy sod of the prairie the infrequent caravan left no trace persistent; and successive trains merely pulled trigger for the loose horizon. But in 1834 the permanent ruts were cut, the caravan crossing in a particularly wet season. Thenceforward the Trail was really marked. Gregg, whose "Commerce of the Prairies" (1834) is the classic of the Trail, made the trip in 1830 and seven times more, living nine years in New Mexico and Chihuahua. Few books have been written upon the Southwest, so interesting and so reliable. The hostility of the Mexican government and its New Mexican administration — which was a jewel of high protection (and, under Armijo, charged a duty of $500 per wagon, large or small, no matter what the load) — the constant attacks of the Indians, who had been deviled into retaliation; brutal piracies by Texas adventurers, and other handicaps, economic and political, brought to an end in 1843 the remarkable episode of the Sante Fé Trail. A very few years later, California and Oregon became the goal; and though the Trail was still much used in the traffic, it was a mere reach on the great overland routes. At its own height it was an important commercial adventure, without precedent in our annals. From about $15,000 on pack animals in 1822, and $35,000 in twenty-six wagons in 1824, the trade grew to nearly half a million in its last year, and employed 230 wagons. A large proportion of the merchandise, after the first few years, went on from Santa Fé to Chihuahua, often under the same "conduct;" and the trade was shared by many adventurous Mexican and New Mexican *hacendados*, who ran their caravans to St. Louis. Commissioner Bartlett, of the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey of 1850–53, gives in his ponderous "Personal Narrative" a very accurate note on the freighting industry between Chihuahua and St. Louis, as he found it. The Chihuahua merchant went in the fall to New York, via New Orleans. This journey took forty to fifty days. He sent his goods either to Indianola, Texas (to come by pack-train from the Gulf to San Antonio), or by water from St. Louis to Independence, Missouri. Then he had to "outfit" wagons with animals and men for the long, dangerous journey. The large Missouri wagons cost then $200 each; mules, $100 each; harness, $100 per wagon; water-kegs and extras, $25 per wagon. These wagons required ten mules each. So the initial cost was something like $1,300 per wagon; or, for a train of twenty wagons — which was about as small as the insecurity of the country permitted — $26,000. Add twenty extra mules "for in case of accident", a wagon-master

at $100 per month, and a driver for each wagon at $25, besides herders, etc. So a Chihuahua "train" stood for some $29,000 at the end of the first month. What with the vast distances, the unbridged and treacherous rivers, and the quenchless Apache, the merchant was deemed lucky if he got home to Chihuáhua undespoiled within ten months. This seems a bit expensive; but it is child's play to what came true on the Trail within a decade. Still, Bartlett is justified in remarking: "It cannot be expected that a merchant will be content with small profits after such an expedition." Nor was he. Even since railroads had mostly spanned the Desert, I remember the purchase of a paper of needles by a Spanish lady from one of the old post-traders.

"A dollar for so few needles? Señor, it seems to me much."

"But, Madam, *the freight!*"

The ox caravans of the Trail made twelve to fifteen miles a day, outbound and laden; and an average of twenty miles returning "light." The men were paid $1 per day and feed. With fit care, the oxen made 2,000 miles between April and November. There was red toll on the Santa Fé Trail after it became "commercial"; for it was peaceful until it began to be traversed by the sort of Americans that shot at an Indian as at a jackrabbit, for fun; the genial Galahads who had vowed if they ever saw a "redskin" to skin him alive — and kept their word. This is no metaphor. It is history. It is also history that until this sort of Tenderfeet began Indian-baiting, a sole, unarmed man was as safe to walk from Boston to the Pacific as Lewis and Clark were in 1804–6.

The scattering overland migration — to Oregon and California — beginning so early as 1846, became a never-paralleled tide by the spring of 1849 when the Gold Rush was really on. In all the chronicles of mankind there is nothing else like this translation of humanity across an unconquered wilderness.

In its pathless distances, its inevitable hardships, and its frequent savage perils, reckoned with the character of the men, women, and children concerned, it stands alone. The era was one of national hard times; and not only the professional failure, but ministers, doctors, lawyers, merchants and farmers, with their families, caught the new yellow fever, and betook themselves to a journey fifty times as long and hard as the average of them had ever taken before. Powder, lead, food-stuffs, household goods, wives, sisters, mothers, and babies rode in the Osnaburg-sheeted prairie schooners, or whatsoever wheeled conveyance the emigrant could secure, up from ancient top-buggies to new Conestogas; while the men rode their horses or mules, or trudged beside the caravans. A historic party of five Frenchmen pushed a hand-wagon from the Missouri to the Coast; and one man trundled his possessions in a wheelbarrow. At its best, it was an itinerary untranslatable to the present generation; at its worst, with Indian massacres, thirst, snows, "tenderfootedness" and disease, it was one of the ghastliest highways in history. The worst chapter of cannibalism in our national record was that of the Donner Party, snowed in from November to March, 1849–50 in the Sierra Nevada. In the 'Fifties the Asiatic cholera crawled in upon the Plains, and like a gray wolf followed the wagon-trains from the "River" to the Rockies. In the height of the migration, from 4,000 to 5,000 immigrants died of this pestilence; and if there was a half-mile which the Indians had failed to punctuate with a grave, the cholera took care to remedy the omission. The 2,000-mile trip was a matter of four months when least, and of six with bad luck. Children were born, and people died; worried greenhorns quarreled and killed one another — and the train straggled on. Up on the head waters of the Platte one probably could find, even now, the crumbling remnants of a little cottonwood scaffold, and of "her rocking chair," which was left upon it to mark the grave of a mother who gave up life there to the birth of a child later not unknown in the history of California. On the Southern route — through New Mexico and Arizona — Commissioner Bartlett took cognizance of 100 deserted wagons. Already in the summer of 1849, 1,500 wagons, bound for "Californy," crossed the Missouri at St. Joe alone in six weeks. In 1850, Kirkpatrick counted 459 west-bound teams in nine miles.

As type of a large caravan of immigrants, we may take that whose chairman was Edwin Bryant, later Alcalde of San Francisco, and author of the standard book "What I Saw in California" (New York, 1848): They left Independence, Missouri, April 18, 1846, and reached Sutter's Fort, California,

September 1st, having made 2,091 miles overland. The outfit at the start included:

Wagons	63
Oxen, about	700
Horses, about	150
Men	119
Women	59
Children	110
Guns	144
Pistols	94
Powder, lbs.	1,065
Lead, lbs.	2,557
Breadstuffs, lbs.	58,484
Bacon, lbs.	38,080

Our "through" traffic across the Plains was first organized by reason of the mails. There was already a population of thousands of Americans in California — and not the ordinary flotsam of a frontier, but people of education and of family, who "had to" hear from home. The first mail route west of the Missouri was a monthly stage line from Independence to Salt Lake, 1,200 miles. Its first trip began July 1, 1850, and its continuance was four years. In 1854 the Government paid $80,000 per annum for a monthly mail-stage from Missouri, via Albuquerque, to Stockton, California. It was one of the miscues of the Border — during the nine months it ran, its receipts were $1,255. Thus early, as well as later, there were many serious interruptions in the service. The eastern mails for November, 1850, reached California in March, 1851; and the news of the creation of Utah territory by Congress in September, 1850, arrived at Salt Lake the following January — having gone via Panama by steamer to San Francisco, and thence east by private messenger.

In 1756 it took our great-great-grandfathers three days to "stage it" from New York to Philadelphia; and under Washington's administration, two six-horse coaches carried all the passenger traffic between New York and Boston — six days each way. It was a long step from this to the Overland travel of half a century later. The first great transcontinental stage-line — and probably the longest "continuous run" ever operated — was the Butterfield "Southern Overland Mail." Its route was 2,759 miles, from St. Louis to San Francisco — bending far south, via El Paso, Yuma, and Los Angeles, to avoid the snows of the Rockies. For this tremendous distance, its schedule time was at first twenty-five, and then twenty-three days; its record run twenty-one days. Its first coaches started simultaneously from St. Louis and San Francisco, September 15, 1858; and each was greeted by a mighty ovation at the end. Through fare, $100 gold; letters, ten cents per half ounce. The equipment consisted of more than 100 Concord coaches, 1,000 horses, 500 mules, and 750 men, including 150 drivers. It began as a semi-weekly stage, but was soon promoted to six times a week. The deadly deserts through which nearly half its route lay, the sand-storm, the mirage, the hell of thirst, the dangerous Indian tribes, and its vast length — forty per cent greater than that of any other stage-line in our national story — made it a monumental undertaking; and the name of John Butterfield deserves to be remembered among those Americans who helped to win the West. This "Southern Overland Mail," was operated till the Civil War "impossibilitated" mail-carrying so far south, and the Overland had to be transferred to a shorter northern route, where it took its chances with the snows. The first daily Overland stage on the "Central" line left St. Joe and Placerville simultaneously July 1, 1861; and each finished its 2,000-mile trip on the 18th.

There have never been compiled even approximate statistics of the overland travel and freighting from 1846 to 1869; nor would it be possible to list the vast throng of emigrants that crossed the Plains. Roughly speaking, 42,000 people did it in 1849 alone. There is no tally of the freighting enterprises which sprang up on the heels of this vast migration, and grew to proportions nowadays incredible. By the 'Sixties, 500 heavily-laden wagons sometimes passed Fort Kearny in a day. In six weeks, in 1865, 6,000 wagons, each with from one to four tons of freight, passed that point. At about this time, also, express messenger Frank A. Root — whose book "The Overland Stage to California" deserves to be better known — counted, in one day's ride, 888 west-bound wagons, drawn by 10,650 oxen, horses and mules, between Fort Kearny and old Julesburg. A curious connotation as to the relative speed of the Overland stage and the Overland freighting is the fact that Root, starting from Atchison one day, spoke to a bull-whacker just "pulling his freight" in the same direction; got to Denver; doubled back — meeting his friend somewhat advanced — and so on; finally bespeaking him as he trundled into Denver. Root had made the single trip five times (3,265 miles) with eighteen days' lay-over,

while the freighter was covering the 653-mile road once.

The height of this freighting was the decade, 1859 to 1869; its climax from 1863 to 1866. The floating population then on the Western Plains was nearly 250,000. In 1865, over 21,000,000 pounds of freight were shipped from Atchison alone, requiring 4,917 wagons and 6,164 mules, 27,685 oxen, and 1,256 men. That is more oxen than there are to-day in the states of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont; and more mules than the census of 1900 gives all New England, New York State, Utah, and the District of Columbia. And this was but a drop in the bucket. The firms engaged were many; their men an army; their "cattle" a host. One firm alone — the greatest, but only one of a multitude — Russell, Majors & Waddell, at top-notch employed 6,250 big wagons and 75,000 oxen. The twelfth census fails to give statistics of working oxen — perhaps this mode of transport has so fallen off in the decade since 1890 (when it was itemized) as no longer to be reckoned important — but probably there are not to-day so many oxen working in the United States as this one firm used half a century ago. This may give some faint idea of the mighty traffic whose wheels wrinkled the face of the Far West, and the smoke of whose dusty torments "ascended up forever," and reddened the prairie sunsets for a generation.

The standard organization of such a train was twenty-five of the huge, long-geared "prairie schooners" flaring from the bottom upward, and sometimes seventeen feet long, with six feet depth of hold and a capacity of from 5,000 to 16,000 pounds each; and each with six to twelve yoke of oxen. The men of the outfit were thirty-one — a captain or wagon-master, his assistant, a night-herder, and the "cavvyard driver" (who had charge of the spare riding horses; a Plains corruption of the Spanish *caballada*), and a driver to each wagon. The ox-drivers were universally known as "bull-whackers," and their beasts as "bull teams." The Jehus who had long-eared "critters" instead of horned ones were "mule-skinners." "Trailers" did not come in until after 1859.

At high-tide, the investment reached a figure beside which the earlier Chihuahua trains seem tuppenny. The huge "Conestoga", or "Pittsburgh", or "Pennsylvania" wagons cost $800 to $1,500 each; first-class mules (and no other sort would do), $500 to $1,000 a pair; harness $300 to $600 to the ten-mule team — a total of $2,600 to $7,100 per wagon, besides salaries, provisions, and incidentals. In other words, a first-class freighting outfit on the Plains, half a century ago, cost as much as an up-to-date vestibuled passenger train of to-day.

The largest train ever organized on the Plains was that of General Custer, in his 1868 campaign. He had over 800 six-mule wagons — a single file four miles long.

The establishment of regular freight caravans from the Missouri River westward greatly reduced the cost of transportation, and vastly developed business and immigration. In the days of pack-trains it was — and still is, where that institution survives in the remotenesses of the West — no uncommon thing to pay one dollar per pound per 100 miles, or $20 per ton per mile. There have been irregular tariffs much in excess of this; but this was common. Nowadays it costs a railroad, even on the mountainous grades of the Far West, only about seven-eighths of a cent per ton per mile to haul its freights. The tariff of the Overland freighters, between Atchison and Denver (620 miles), averaged about as follows:

Flour	9	cents per lb.
Sugar	13½	" " "
Bacon and Dry Goods	15	" " "
Whisky	18	" " "
Glass	19½	" " "
Trunks	25	" " "
Furniture	31	" " "

and so on. Everything went by the pound. The above trip took twenty-one days for wagons drawn by horses or mules; five weeks for ox-teams.

The world's record for organized and "schedule" riding was made by the Pony Express. Never before nor since has mail been carried so fast, so far and so long, merely by horse-power; and if I am not in error, never elsewhere have horses been so steadfastly spurred in any regular service. The Pony Express carried mail between the East and California (at $5 per half ounce) for about two years. It ran from Independence to San Francisco, 1,950 miles. Its time was ten days, and it never needed eleven. It employed 500 of the fastest horses that could be found, of course all western horses, 200 station-keepers and eighty riders. It had 190 "stations" — crowded down the throat of the wilderness, sixty-five to 100 miles (or even more) apart, according as water chanced.

The rider was allowed two minutes to change horses and mails at a station. The first starter from the California end was Harry Roff, who left Sacramento April 23, 1860. He made the first twenty miles, with one change, in fifty-nine minutes. "Boston" relieved him at the foot of the Sierra Nevada; and was in turn spelled at Friday Station by Sam Hamilton. The first "section," 185 miles (including the crossing of the Sierra, with thirty-five feet of snow) was done in fifteen hours and twenty minutes — the summit drifts being trampled by a big train of mules. Thence the relays were "Pony Bob," Jay Kelley, H. Richardson, and George Thacher. On the same day and hour that Roff left Sacramento, Johnnie Frey started from St. Joe with the westbound mail; and it went through in the same time.

William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," was the most famous of the Pony Express riders — and as a fourteen-year-old "kid" got his first "job" from the man that invented the Pony Express. Cody made the record here — a round-trip ride (necessitated by the killing of his relief) of 384 miles without stops, except to change horses and to swallow one hasty meal.

Quite as heroic a rider, if less famous, was "Pony Bob" (Robert H. Haslam), now, I believe, in Manila. His score was a 380-mile ride on-end — through a region of Indians on the warpath, who had killed the next man. Haslam, after the telegraph gave quietus to the Pony Express, was for over a year Wells-Fargo messenger, making a 100-mile round-trip every twenty-four hours (time on the road, ten hours). Then for six months he ran from Reno to Virginia City every day, doing the twenty-three miles in one hour, using fifteen horses. Later, he drove a stage from Denver to Salt Lake (720 miles). After the era passed when there was room for heroes, he became a business man — and a successful one, I understand.

Another of the Pony Express riders, Jack Keetley, made a run of 340 miles in thirty-one hours: and another, Jim Moore, rode 280 miles in fourteen hours and forty-six minutes!

Such men got $100 to $125 per month and "found." Their mail was limited to fifteen pounds. Postage was $5 per half ounce for some time; then the government ordered it cut down to $1 per half ounce, at which figure it staid till the completion of the overland telegraph to San Francisco (October 22, 1861) ended the life of this gallant enterprise. All papers for the Coast were printed on tissue paper, and sent in letter envelopes at letter postage. The Government postage was additional. Messenger Root mentions one letter he handled which had on it twenty-five Pony Express stamps (of $1 each) and twenty-five United States ten-cent stamps. It was the proud record of the Pony Express that in all its dangerous achievement it lost but one mail. Another came near to doubling the list; the rider was waylaid by Indians and scalped — but the frontier-bred pony broke away and came clattering in to the next "home" station wounded, but with the mail-pouch safe at the saddle-horn; and the letters to California went forward on time, while back on the desert a brave carrier stiffened in his blood.

The quickest time ever made across the continent, before the Pony Express, was twenty-one days by the Butterfield stage-line, its schedule for mail from New York to San Francisco being twenty-three days.* The Pony Express more than cut this in half. Not only did it never once fail to span the transcontinental desert in ten days; it more than once surpassed any other courier record in history. Buchanan's last message was carried by it from St. Joe to Sacramento, 2,000 miles, in eight days and some hours; † and the news of Lincoln's election to Denver (665 miles) in two days, twenty-one hours. It whisked Lincoln's inaugural across the 2,000-mile gap in the Nation's continuity in seven days and seventeen hours. I believe this latter is still the world's record for dispatch by means of men. As for steam, I myself have known when a railroad train could not reliably cross the continent as swiftly as did the best of the Centaur-Mercuries organized by that typical frontiersman Aleck Majors, who died but a year or so ago — the Kentucky Christian who never drank, never swore, and made his mule-skinners sign a contract not to drink, nor gamble, nor swear, under penalty of being "fired" without the pay that was coming. ‡ Is it strange if one who knew Majors and many of the men he found, and of the boys he made men, upon recurring to a

* Mails came as far West as the Missouri by rail.

† "Pony Bob" made the last 120 miles in eight hours and ten minutes.

‡ See his book, "Seventy Years on the Frontier," Chicago, 1893.

present-day American city with its content-in-littleness, finds that the only thing he can say is — Nothing?

Majors also organized and ran the Merchants' Express; and enormous as was all the transcontinental traffic by "bull-team" in the decades from 1846 to 1869, this was the largest commercial transportation ever organized under one administration, for a comparable period, for such distances, and over such country.

In his young manhood Majors made the Broad-horn record on the Santa Fé Trail — a round-trip with oxen in ninety-two days. Later, he took up Government contracts, and in 1858, aside from other activities, was using over 3,500 large wagons merely to transport Government supplies into Utah; employing there 4,000 men, 1,000 mules, and more than 40,000 oxen.

Majors was also one of the two stage-line kings. For debt, folly of his partners, or other reasons alien to his choice, in his own despite he became responsible head of more miles, and harder miles; more animals, and less "gentled" ones; more Concord coaches and more "king whips," than any man before or since, save only Ben Holladay. Between Leavenworth and Denver, Majors had 1,000 mules and fifty coaches. The first of these "Hoss-power Pullmans" reached Denver May 17, 1859 — six days for the 665-mile journey. Horace Greeley, Henry Villard, and Albert D. Richardson were passengers. The Hockaday and Liggett stage-line from St. Joe to Salt Lake had (in 1858) frittered twenty-two days in its semi-monthly trips. Majors cut the 1,200-mile run to ten days, with a coach each way daily. The stage from Denver to Salt Lake had a run of over 600 miles without a single town, hamlet, or house on the way.

By 1859 there were no less than six mail-routes to California (counting the Panama steamer) — but Ben Holladay was king. No other one man, anywhere, has owned and managed a transportation system at once so vast and so difficult. He had sixteen first-class passenger steamers, plying the Pacific from San Francisco to Oregon, Panama, Japan, and China. At the height of his Overland business he operated nearly 5,000 miles of daily mail-stages, with about 500 coaches and express wagons, 500 freight wagons, 5,000 horses and mules, and a host of oxen.

On the main line he used 2,750 horses and mules, and 100 Concord coaches. It cost $55,000 for the harness; the feed bill was a million a year. To equip and run this line for the first twelve months cost $2,425,000. The Government paid Holladay a million a year in mail contracts. In 1864 grain was worth twenty-five cents a pound, along the line, and hay up to $125 a ton. In one day Dave Street contracted, at St. Louis, for seven Missouri river steamers to load with corn for the Overland's army of mules and horses.

Holladay — whose whole career reads like fiction — was the Overland Napoleon for about five years, beginning in December, 1861. The Indian depredations of 1864–66 greatly crippled his stage-line, nearly all the stations for 400 miles being burned, his stock stolen and his men killed. The loss was upward of half a million. In November, 1866, he sold out the Overland stages to Wells, Fargo & Company, in whose hands the romantic enterprise continued till the railroads drove romance off the Plains forever.

Few armies have ever had so high a percentage of personal encounter as the men of "Wells, Fargo" (as it is universally known in the West). It not only covers more ground than any other carrier; it is the inventor of the shot-gun messenger, and the only express company by which wives and babies were ever waybilled 2,000 miles through a country of hostile Indians. No other company has transported so much treasure; and its reports are indispensable to the student of mining statistics as those of the Director of the Mint.

The record trips of the Overland stage were made with Holladay as passenger. They probably surpassed any other recorded staging. In his famous ride from Salt Lake to Atchison (the schedule being eleven days), he covered the 1,200 miles in eight days and six hours. From Placerville, California, to Atchison, 1,913 miles (schedule, seventeen days), Holladay once made it in twelve days and two hours. It cost him over $20,000 in wear-and-tear to animals and rolling-stock; but it electrified the country, and promptly extracted from Congress the desired increase in appropriations for the Overland Mail.

Considering the great cost of supplies, and the far greater cost of hauling them to the lonely stations in a thirsty wilderness, the lack of roads, the dangers and hardships, the rates of overland travel were not high. Certainly the Butterfield fare of $100 for 2,759

miles would be cheap for a railroad to-day. Nor was Holladay's tariff of $225 from Atchison to Placerville excessive in 1863. Before the close of the war, prices went jumping; and fare from Atchison to Denver (620 miles) rose to $175. It once reached $350, or fifty-four cents a mile — meals extra. The regular tariff for express for the same run was $1 per pound.

At one time during the war, the fare from Atchison to Placerville was $600, with a baggage allowance of twenty-five pounds; all excess baggage, $1 per pound. Even this seems mild compared to some of the fares paid in the first rush to Califorina via the Isthmus. In January, 1849, when the steamer "California" made her first trip, $1,000 was paid for one steerage passage from Panama to San Francisco; and, for a time, $600 was a common price for the same trip.

The era of the Overland stage from the "River" to the "Coast" was about eight years, beginning with the fall of 1858. It was an Iliad worthy of its Homer. In difficulties, hardships, dangers, and relative despatch, no other large scheme of passenger transportation in human history has matched it. In 1855, Schuyler Colfax, Samuel Bowles (of the *Springfield Republican*) and Albert D. Richardson made the trip from Atchison to Denver, 653 miles, in four-and-a-half days; from Salt Lake City to Virginia City, 575 miles, in seventy-two hours; and the seventy-two-mile stretch into Placerville, California, in seven hours, including stops. The people who grumble at three days in a Pullman — I wish them well!

It took Men to "run," and Men to journey in, the stages of that generation. The messengers in charge of express and mail on the main line of the Overland had a steady run of six days and nights without taking off their clothes. As for the drivers, there is no question that they were, as a class, the best whips in history. Hank Monk (whom Horace Greeley made famous), "Keno" Armstrong, Jack Gilmer, Billy Opdike, Enoch Cummings, and others — those were the mightiest Jehus that ever "pushed on the reins," or "sent 'em" down the Rockies or the Sierra Nevada. They were generic heroes of the song not yet quite forgotten when I was young, "The High Salary Driver of the Denver City Line." So far as I am aware, the record single run was that made by "Keno" Armstrong — who drove 610 miles in 119 hours without sleep, straight-away.

Structurally, there were no roads for this wonderful staging. The old Concords pounded across the prairie-sward, forded rivers, climbed mountains, and pitched down them again, more by the grace of God than by any favor of a turnpike. It was only in the later staging days that serious attention was paid to the road-bed. But it is a trifle startling to recall that in the flush days of Virginia City the "Pioneer" stage road across the Sierra Nevada — a California institution and one of the best highways ever built anywhere — was rolled and sprinkled every day!

The almost universal rolling-stock of the Plains staging was that workmanlike affair — probably the most famous of vehicles — the "Concord." It is a little curious to remember that the conveyance of the far prairies was built in Concord, New Hampshire — where the industry was established in 1813. If ever there were competent American mechanics, they were the men of the Abbott-Downing Co.; and they were fortunate enough to live before there was any walking delegate to fine them $50 for daring to work better than the lubberliest loafer in the union. The characteristic invention of the Concord coach and stage was that instead of steel springs they were swung on thorough-braces; a simple device which made the easiest-riding overland carriages ever invented.* The ordinary Concord carried nine passengers inside, and one or two with the driver.† The first that were built for the overland traffic were shipped around the Horn to California, 19,000 miles. As long as staging continued of any importance in the West, so long the original Concord maintained its supremacy. In all that tremendous competition nothing was invented — nor has anything yet been invented — to surpass it. Not only on our own prairies, but in Canada, Mexico, Africa, and every other quarter of the globe, it has ranked first. It was the first passenger vehicle that ever crossed from the Missouri to the Rockies; and the last stage of all the Overland line — which ran into Denver, as did the first one — was a Concord.

Everything considered, one of the most remarkable horseback achievements of record was John C. Frémont's 840-mile ride from

* The "thorough-brace" was a stout leather, strap attached to C-springs front and rear, on which the body of the vehicle is suspended.

† Well ahead of that classic British convention, "The Derby Dilly, *carrying three insides.*"

THE "SOUTHERN OVERLAND MAIL"

2,759 MILES IN TWENTY-ONE DAYS. "IT TOOK MEN TO RUN AND MEN TO JOURNEY IN THE STAGES OF THAT GENERATION"

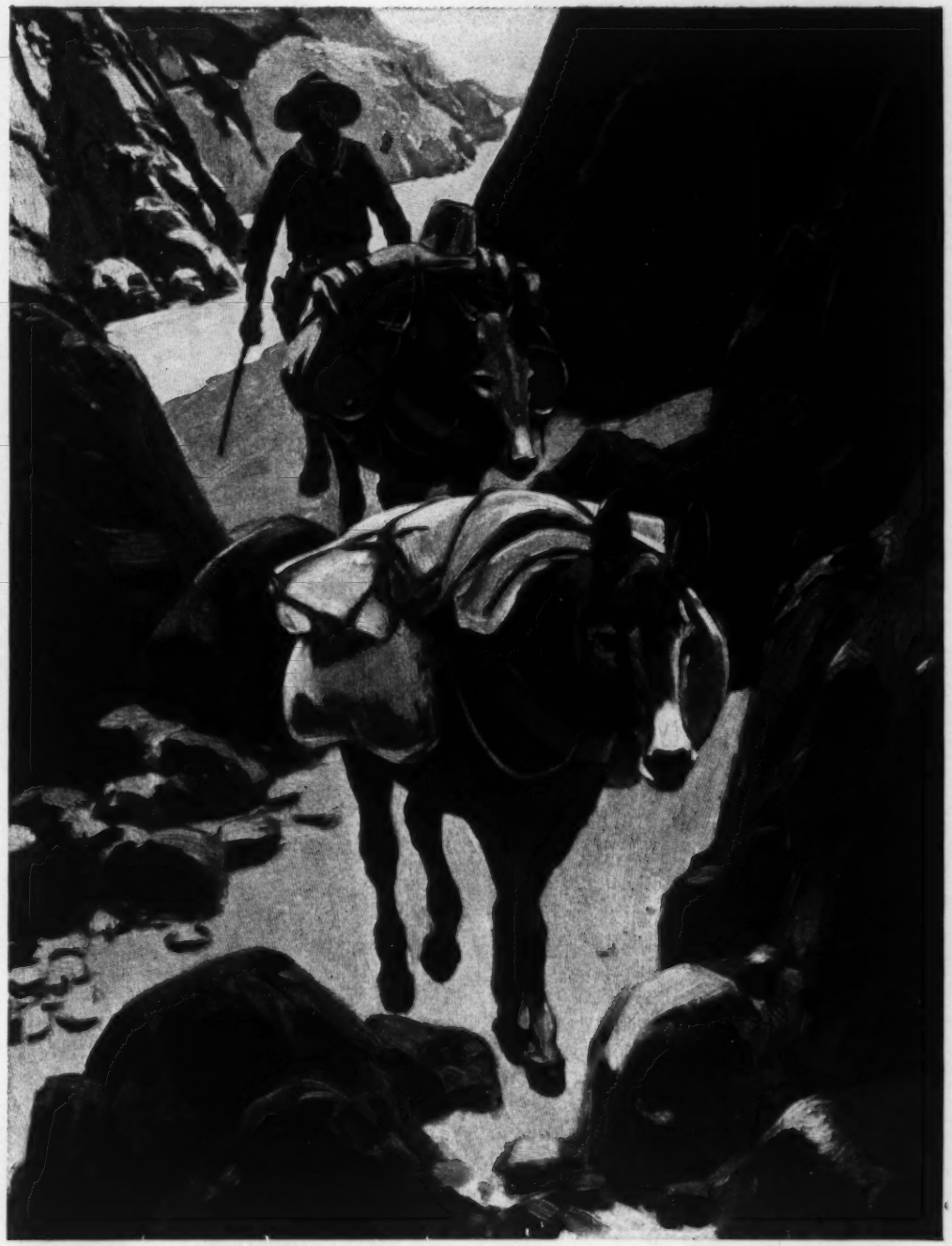
Los Angeles to Monterey and back, March 22–29, 1847. The Pathfinder was no tenderfoot; indeed, his three Overland expeditions (1842, 1843–44, and 1845), in which he fully shared the hardships of his scouts, make a record no "American" explorer before or since has rivaled; and the slender young colonel (who had now saved California to the Union, in despite of the Websters) was wiry and tireless as his "pardners" Kit Carson and Godey.

Summoned by courier the night of the 21st, Colonel Frémont left Los Angeles at daybreak the morning of the 22d, accompanied by Don Jesús Pico (a Californian friend), and Jake Dodson his servant. They had three extra horses each, driving the nine "spares" ahead, and lassoing them when needed. That day they made 125 miles; next day, 135, to San Luis Obispo. Detained here by business next morning, they did not get away till eleven o'clock, taking fresh horses; but it was seventy miles, and dark, before they camped. That night their horses were stampeded by grizzlies — in the same locality where, in 1846, Frémont's party (then thirty-five men) killed twelve grizzly bears in one roundup — again, perhaps the "record." Next day having gathered their horses, they wound up the ninety miles to Monterey, arriving "three hours to set of sun." Twenty-three hours later, Frémont concluded his mission; and he made forty miles homeward before camping. Next day, he rode 120 miles — ninety of them on the same horse that had carried him forty miles the night before; that gallant steed making the last thirty miles of the day riderless but at the front of the procession, and coming into San Luis "head and tail up." Held here half a day by a violent storm, they left San Luis at noon, on their original horses, and covered the 135 and 125 mile stages to Los Angeles in the same time as on the up-trip. Eight hundred and forty miles through a wild and half-pacified country, over mountain ranges where, the Christmas before, over 100 horses of Frémont's Battalion perished in one storm — with only one relay of fresh horses, no feed except a little barley at Monterey and the wild grasses, and only seventy-six hours actually on the road — no one who has not, himself, scored his one hundred horseback miles across the wilderness at a lick can even guess what that means.

In the pastoral days of California there were here the best Caucasian horsemen the world has ever seen. The Spanish-Californians lived in the saddle — and the lasso was their right hand. There are authentic cases in which a solitary horseman has roped a grizzly, "wound it up" around a tree, and killed it with his knife. The recognized etiquette for traveling 100 miles was to take ten horses and a vaquero; twenty miles to the relay, and all at a lope, or what our earlier experts called a hand-gallop.

The most wonderful straight-away ride ever made by man was the gallop of Francis Xavier Aubrey — ci-devant Canadian *voyageur*, and a famous Pony Express rider — from Santa Fé, New Mexico, to Independence, Missouri, in 1853 — 800 miles in five days and thirteen hours. In 1852 he had covered the same distance in a little over eight days; and his record was on the wager of $1,000 that he "could do it in an even eight." In the whole distance he did not stop to rest; and he changed horses only with every 100 or 200 miles. He was a stocky French Canadian, light-hearted, genial, adventurous, and absolutely fearless. For some time he was an overland freighter; and he also made the enormously difficult and dangerous drive of a flock of sheep from New Mexico to California, across the deserts of the Colorado. He was killed in Santa Fé.

It will be news to most people that the Ship of the Desert was ever used by the Government of the United States in the conduct of its business. To Lieutenant (later General) Edward F. Beale seem to belong the earlier honors of the "invention." Beale persuaded Jefferson Davis (then Secretary of War) of the utility of camels for the Southwest. In 1852, Davis asked Congress, in his annual report, for an appropriation to purchase camels for use of the War Department on the desert; in March, 1853, a bill appropriating $30,000 was signed by the President. Major Henry C. Wayne was sent to Arabia and Egypt and bought seventy-three camels at prices ranging from $15 to $1,000. The animals reached Indianola, Texas, by the storeships "Supply" and "Suwanee," in May, 1856, and January, 1857; and were moved inland slowly, carrying loads up to 1,200 pounds each. Some remained in Texas, and about thirty got as far as Fort Bowie, Arizona, and thence to Los Angeles and Fort Tejon. Several Oriental drivers were imported with them; and "Greek George" and "Hijolly" became



A PROSPECTOR'S OUTFIT

characters of the Southwestern frontier. The latter was murdered in New Mexico; but Greek George is living near Los Angeles.

The camels were used in various capacities during the time of the overland stages, but never earned their salt. They were too much tenderfeet for the rocky Southwestern trails, and some of them — God save the proverb — died of *thirst!* They were more trouble in the isolated frontier garrison than a woman. Horses and mules had an uncontrollable terror of them; packers and soldiers detested them; and their cumbrous apparatus made them economically impossible. About 1865 they were turned loose — in Arizona some forty-four of them — and

left to "hump the desert" on their own devices.* Some may still lurk in the fastnesses of the lower Colorado. Within a few years I have known one to be killed in Arizona by an enraged prospector whose burros it had stampeded; and among Indians, Mexicans, prospectors and other myth-makers of the Border, there are many tales of Wandering Jew camels. So late as 1877, a party of Frenchmen gathered up twenty of the vagrants, "broke" them anew, and took them to Nevada; but here again they were a failure, as also in an experiment in Sonora.

The same plan had been tested as vainly in Spanish America three centuries before Jefferson Davis's time. The first importer of camels to the New World was Juan de Reinaga, of Bilbao. He brought six females and a male; for which Pedro Portocarrero, of Truxillo, paid him 8,400 ducats. They were as little a success on the deserts of Peru as later on the deserts of the Gila. Acosta, in 1590, mentions seeing them; and Humboldt, referring their failure in Peru to political "pull," strongly recommended the use of them for freighting on the Mexican and Peruvian Saharas. So, also, did Clavijero, a quarter of a century earlier.

Benavides, in 1630, tells how the *Maesse de Campo* of the little Spanish force in New Mexico "for pomp had his coach drawn by two white-tailed deer, tamed since they were little; and they pulled with such dash that it was necessary to put at their sides two very tame mules to hold them back." One who has seen the Mexican *carroza* of two and a half centuries ago can imagine the worthy soldier dashing down the streets of youthful Santa Fé, in that "tarantula on wheels," his span of bucks, out-rigged each with a stiff-legged and backward mule. Major Wayne, chief hero of the camel experiment, is probably the only man that ever drove a pair of dromedaries to harness in the United States, outside of a circus. He did this in 1856, while bringing his charges up to Texas from the sea-board, and found the team satisfactory. Along in the 'Sixties, an ingenious wight of Kansas broke to harness two buffalo, and was often seen driving them through the streets of Atchison. There were also Western farmers of that day, who used the bison for ploughing and wagoning. But I do not recall in the documents any stranger team than I once saw in Northwestern Chihuahua — a broad-horned cow and a diminutive burro yoked together to a *carreta*.*

A steam-wagon — twenty feet long and eight feet wide — was brought to Atchison in 1860 to ply the prairies and haul a wagon train. It naturally never left Atchison. But this was wise compared with the scheme of another untranslated Easterner for a converted steam canal-boat from Cleveland to Denver, in 1859, to carry the west-bound multitude as far as Denver, and bring back the bullion. Passengers were to pay $100 per head. The humor of this is that the Platte is the stream of which Bill Nye remarked that it had "a wide circulation but little influence;" and Artemus Ward that it "would make a river if set up on edge."

This is not the place to deal with the fascinating, and as yet unwritten, chapter of early transcontinental railroads — when there was romance even in the rail. Some day, no doubt, it will be done justice — and what a story it will be! Here, also, was an epoch which has no parallel. No Eastern man begins to know what railroading is, until — with the precaution to bring his brains and eyesight — he has crossed the continent on the "Limited;" bucking grades on which the iron greyhounds of the New York Central would stall; eating on deserts, where only a horned toad could find provender, finer meals than he could buy in New York City for double the money; reckoning the problems of travel where every tie and bridge-timber has come from 1 000 to 3,000 miles, and every morsel of his food as far — where he rides to-day, at least as luxuriously as he can sit at home, in three and a half days across the distances it used to take five months to cover. Nor do we much better realize, in our vestibuled habit, what railroading *was* — in the days when thirty ship-loads of rails and engines were sailing 19,000 miles around the Horn for the New Overland Route; or when the Union Pacific built 65 miles of track in a month, and the Central Pacific 9 miles in one day; or when 25,000 men and 5,000 teams made the dirt fly on the Utah grade; or when ties cost $2.50 each, laid down; or when it took ten big ox-wagons to haul the weekly pay of the track-laborers below "Franquilin" (El Paso); or when the Sioux took up many a dripping ticket on the work-trains, and there were more soldiers

* A 238-page book, "Camels for Military Purposes." Senate Ex. Doc. No. 62, 34th Congress, 3rd Session, records the experiment.

* Barely escaping the scriptural curse (Deut. xxii, 12).

"MULE-SKINNERS" OF THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL

"THE SMOKE OF WHOSE DUSTY TORMENTS . . . REDDENED THE PRAIRIE SUNSETS FOR A GENERATION"

than passengers; or when cities of 5,000 sprang up almost over-night at the End of Track, and in a few weeks disappeared between two days to mushroom again fifty miles further to the West; or when freight crews "doubled back" three or four times on a 300-mile division without sleep, practically without food, "hitting the high places," over wobbly road-beds down the flanks of New Mexico. Romance and curiosity alike are fled forever from our transit. In its pioneer days, the railroad was still human; but it was the death-knell of Travel (which was *travail* enough to be manful) and of the Journey (which had its day-by-day); and of the Voyage (which had, by etymology and fact, its wayside). There needs now a new word for our going, which is not because we would but because we think we must. It is now mere propulsion. We do not Go — we are Whisked, whither we do not particularly care to go, in a rush God-knows-for-why. From being joy on legs, it has become a stuffy bore. Our passenger transposition is so upholstered with modern inconveniences that it is the least profitable ever known to man —as well as the dirtiest and most fatal. It is only within a generation that human beings would have consented to "travel" under penalty of a palatial sweatbox where the passenger must drink the effluvia of his present fellow-passengers and the cushions of all their predecessors. We kill more railroad passengers than the Indians and the cholera slew on the Oregon and Santa Fé and Overland Trails. When one who still knows the Lost Art of Travel betakes himself bodily away from the bedlam of rails, he finds a certain freshening of heart in loitering back by fancy to the older days of transit and transport in the open, when man had Time to Live.

THE LOTTERY OF DEATH

TWO DEATH PRIZES DRAWN BY MAJOR HENRY W. SAWYER, OF NEW JERSEY AND CAPTAIN JOHN M. FLINN, OF INDIANA

BY

LIEUTENANT JAMES M. STRADLING

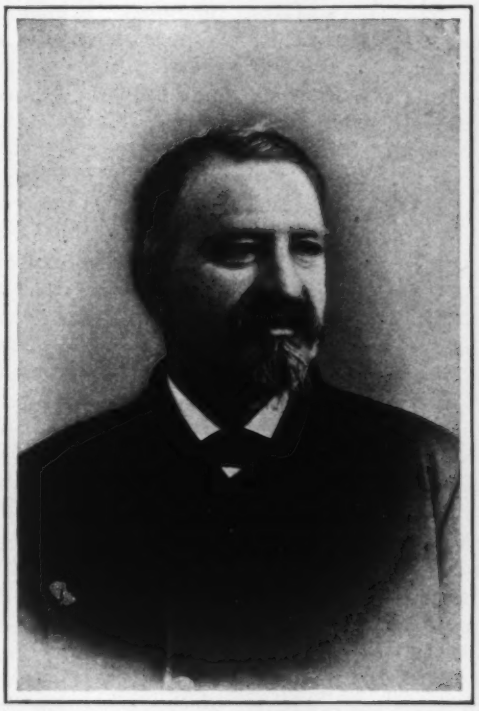
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

MAJOR Henry W. Sawyer was, in 1863, Captain of Company K, First Regiment, New Jersey Cavalry, but previous to his promotion he had been a lieutenant in Company D, of which company the writer was a private. In the first great cavalry action of the war, which occurred on June 9, 1863, at Brandy Station, Virginia, Captain Sawyer, while gallantly leading his company in a charge on Fleetwood Hill, where a Confederate battery was stationed, was badly wounded and thrown from his horse, and in the heat of the conflict was overlooked and left on the field when his regiment retired.

Captain Sawyer fell into the hands of the Confederates, and in due time reached Libby Prison, Virginia, after having been in the hospital at Culpepper Court House for a short time. In this famous "cavalry action," General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, a son of General Robert E. Lee, Commander of the "Army of Northern Virginia," and a cousin of General Fitzhugh Lee, the dashing cavalry leader, was quite seriously wounded and unlike Sawyer, was taken off the field by his friends, and General Fitzhugh Lee states "that he was taken in an ambulance to General Wickham's house, in Hanover County, some eighteen miles from Richmond, where he was captured by a Federal raiding party under Colonel Spear, and

carried to Fortress Monroe, then commanded by General Butler."

Among the many officers confined in Libby Prison, Captain Sawyer made the acquaintance of Captain John M. Flinn, of Indiana, and became very much attached to him. Captain Flinn had been captured in an engagement in which his regiment fared badly, and taken to Libby Prison. Captain Sawyer was a large and well-built man and possessed a good appetite, and the poor fare in Libby Prison soon told fearfully on his fine physical constitution, and in a few months his weight was considerably reduced.



MAJOR HENRY W. SAWYER

One of two Union captains in Libby Prison selected by lot to be hanged in retaliation for the execution of two Confederate officers

Captain Flinn also suffered in like proportion, and they called themselves the "two living skeletons," and frequently joked each other about going into the "show business" when they were exchanged. They were getting thinner and thinner, and their clothes were in rags, but they had great hopes of soon being exchanged; and but for this hope, many of the thin and cadaverous officers would have heard the bugle call for the last time, many weeks before the stirring incident which I am about to relate had occurred.

On the morning of July 6, 1863, the prisoners were thrown into great commotion by the appearance of Captain Turner, a Confederate officer, who summoned all the captains from their quarters to a lower room of the prison. The captains supposed they were to be exchanged, or paroled and sent home;—but no such good fortune awaited them. Instead of receiving an order for their release, they were informed by Captain Turner, that a special order had been issued from the Confederate War Department, directing that two captains should be selected by lot to be executed in retaliation for the execution of two Confederate officers by General Burnside.

Head Quarters, Department Henrico,
Richmond, July 4th, 1863.

Special Orders,
No. 160.

VII. Captain T. P. Turner, commanding Confederate States Prison, is hereby directed to select by lot from among the Federal captains now in his custody two of that number for execution.

JOHN H. WINDER,
Brigadier General.

The captains were amazed and greatly excited, and anxiously inquired why two of them had to be executed? The Confederate officer refused to enlighten them, but desired to know how he should make the selection. Captain Sawyer suggested that a number of white and black beans should be placed in a hat, and that one of the Chaplain prisoners should hold the hat up in the air, and then the captains should step up and draw out a bean, and the first black bean drawn should be the "First Death Prize." The second black bean drawn should be the "Second Death Prize." Escape was impossible, and the drawing must go on; so Captain Sawyer, who had suggested the plan, and who was the only one who had retained his self-possession stepped up and drew the first bean, which was a black one.

Captain Sawyer, therefore, drew the "First Death Prize." Captain Flinn then stepped up and put his hand in the hat, and drew out a bean, which was also black, and which entitled him to the "Second Death Prize."

After the drawing had been completed, Captain Turner reported to his superior officer as follows:

Confederate States Prison.
Richmond, July 6th, 1863.

Brigadier General J. H. Winder,
Commanding Department of Henrico:

General: In accordance with instructions contained in Special Order No. 160, I have selected by lot from the entire number of Federal Captains confined in this prison (not including two in hospital under medical treatment) two for execution, viz, Captain Henry W. Sawyer, of Company K, First Regiment New Jersey Cavalry, and Captain John M. Flinn, of the 51st, Indiana Volunteer Infantry. I have the honor to be, General,

Your obedient servant,
TH. P. TURNER,
Captain Commanding.

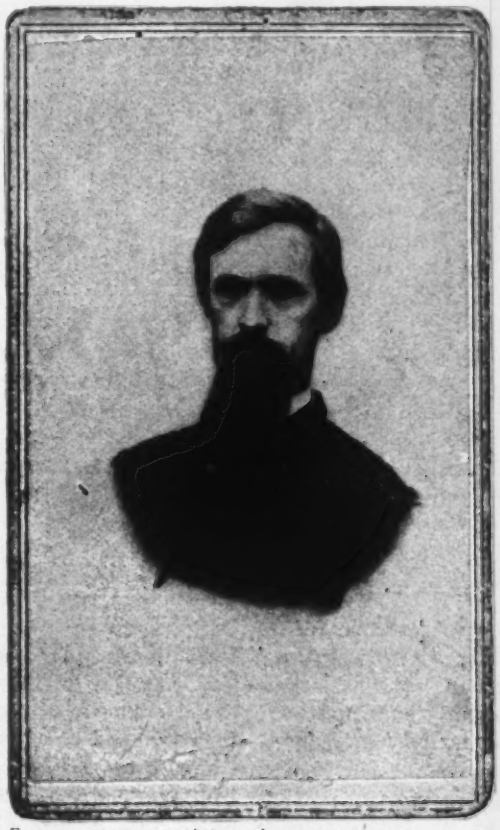
(Indorsed)

July 7th, 1863.

Respectfully referred to the Secretary of War, and ask instructions as to date of execution.

There is no record that the Secretary of War, of the Southern Confederacy, ever took any action upon this report, but the stirring events which followed closely upon the drawing, Major Sawyer related to the writer some twelve years ago, as follows: "Mine Gott! Jim, I never felt so weak in all my life as I did when I found I had drawn a 'death prize.' My kind friend Captain Flinn was very pale and much weaker than I; but we did not have much time to think about it, for a Confederate officer told us that his verbal instructions were to have us executed before noon, and that he would return in an hour, so we asked permission to have a few moments to write letters to our homes, and to our friends before being executed. We were removed to a room by ourselves and furnished with writing material; but we could not compose our nerves or our thoughts sufficiently to write. The Confederate officer was as humane as he could be under the circumstances, and instead of returning in an hour, did not return for two hours. In the meantime we bade our companions farewell, and distributed a few trinkets we had on our persons, and then after confiding to our warmest friends a few messages for our families, we waited as quietly as we could, the coming of the death summons. We did not have very long to wait, for soon a Confederate officer appeared with a guard, and Flinn and I were marched to the street where we found a cart waiting for us. We took our seats in the cart, and the Confederate officer and the guard of cavalry escorted us through the streets of Richmond. The cart, if I remember rightly, was drawn by oxen, and it did not move very fast, but a thousand times too fast for us. We had almost reached the city limits when we met a prominent Roman Catholic bishop, who stopped to enquire the cause of the intended execution. While the bishop was inquiring of the Confederate officer about us, Captain Flinn, who was a Catholic, said he was being executed without the "rites of clergy." The bishop, who was a great friend and admirer of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, exclaimed, "that would never do," and he requested the Confederate officer to move slowly and he would hasten to see President Davis, and if possible get a delay for a short time. The cart moved on and the bishop hurried at a rapid pace to interview President Davis. The bishop was mounted on a full-blooded and a very spirited horse, and he seemed to us to go like the wind when he started for the residence of his friend. We moved on to a small hill on which was a single tree, and to this tree the cart took its way. When the tree was reached, ropes were placed around our necks, and we were doomed to be hanged. This would have been an ignominious death if we had been guilty of any crime punishable by death, but we had committed no crime, and yet we did not want to die in that way. We had a slight ray of hope in the bishop's intercession for us, but it was too slight to allay our fears for the worst. I was very weak. Mine Gott! Jim, I had never felt so badly in all my life before. I was so weak that the tree and the guards seemed to be moving in a circle around me. We stood up in the cart, so when it moved away we would dangle between the earth and sky, and in this way our existence was to end. No courier from the bishop was in sight and mine Gott! Jim, the suspense was terrible for us to bear. The Confederate officer took out his watch, and informed us that while his instructions were to have us executed before noon, he would wait until one minute of twelve, and then if there was no sign of a courier, the cart would be driven away and the arbitrary orders of the War Department of the Southern Confederacy, would be obeyed.

"Half-past eleven arrived and yet no signs of any courier from the bishop. Mine Gott! Jim, our legs became so weak that we could not stand any longer, so we requested that we might be permitted to sit down in the cart until the time for us to be executed arrived. Then we would stand up and the ropes could be adjusted to our necks and the execution concluded. The ropes were then untied and we were permitted to sit down on the side of the cart. Ten minutes more passed in dead silence, and yet no eye could detect any signs of a courier. At the end of another ten minutes we stood up and the ropes were adjusted to our necks, and the Confederate officer was raising his sword as a sign to the driver to move away, when a cloud of dust was observed in the distance, and the Confederate officer hesitated for a few moments, when a horseman covered with dust, and his horse covered with foam, dashed up to the officer, and handed him a dispatch. He opened it quickly and read, Captains Sawyer and Flinn are reprieved for ten days. Mine Gott! Jim, I never felt so happy in my life; and Flinn and I embraced each other and cried like babies. The ropes were untied and the cart started slowly back for Libby Prison. We never learned the name of the officer who was detailed to execute us. Our comrades were greatly rejoiced to see us return alive, and made many inquiries concerning the postponement of the execution.



From a contemporary photograph

CAPTAIN JOHN M. FLINN

The drawer of the second "black bean" in the lottery of death

"On our return we were taken to the headquarters of General Winder, where we were warned not to delude ourselves with any hope of escape, as retaliation must and would be inflicted, and it was added that the execution would positively take place on the 16th, ten days hence. We were then conducted back to Libby Prison, and taken to the second story to our old place on the floor. We were not permitted to remain there very long, when we were taken to the cellar and placed in a dungeon, and isolated from the world and our companions; and the only company we now had were the rats and the vermin, which swarmed over us in great numbers.

"After resting for a short time to compose my thoughts, I asked for writing material, which was furnished me with a candle, and then on an old board for a writing desk I wrote the following letter to my wife, which I started on July 6th, but did not finish until the next day.

'Libby Prison,
Richmond, Virginia,
'July 6th, 1863.

'My dear wife:

'I am under the necessity of informing you that my prospects look dark. This morning, all the Captains now in prison at the Libby military prison, drew lots for two to be executed. It fell to my lot. Myself and Captain Flinn, of the Fifty-First Indiana Infantry, will be executed for two Captains executed by Burnside. The Provost General, J. H. Winder, assures me that the Secretary of War of the Southern Confederacy will permit yourself and my dear children to visit me before I am executed. You will be permitted to bring an attendant. Captain Whilldin, or uncle W. W. Ware, or Dan, had better come with you. My situation is hard to be borne, and I can not think of dying without seeing you and the children. You will be allowed to return without molestation

From a photograph in the collection of Robert Coster

GENERAL W. H. F. LEE

Son of General Robert E. Lee. Lincoln ordered that be be hanged, along with another Confederate officer, immediately upon news of the execution of the two Union captains

to your home. I am resigned to whatever is in store for me, with the consolation that I die without having committed any crime. I have no trial, no jury, nor am I charged with any crime, but it fell to my lot.

'You will proceed to Washington. My Government will give you transportation to Fortress Monroe, and you will get here by flag of truce, and return in the same way.

'Bring with you a shirt for me. It will be necessary for you to preserve this letter, to bring evidence at Washington of my condition. My pay is due from the 1st of March, which you are entitled to. Captain B — owes me fifty dollars, money lent him when he went home on a furlough. You will write him at once, and he will send it to you.

'My dear Wife — the fortunes of war has put me in this position. If I must die, a sacrifice to my country, with God's will I must submit; only let me see you once more, and I will die becoming a man and an officer, but for God's sake do not disappoint me. Write to me as soon as you get this, and go to Captain Whilldin, he will advise you what to do. I have done nothing to deserve this penalty. But you must submit to your fate. It will be no disgrace to myself, you or the children; but you may point with pride and say, "I gave my husband," my children will have the consolation to say, "I was made an orphan for my country." God will provide for you never fear. Oh! it is hard to leave you thus. I wish the ball that passed through my head in the last battle would have done its work; but it was not to be so. My mind is somewhat influenced, for it has come so suddenly on me. Write to me as soon as you get this; leave your letter open and I will get it. Direct my name and rank, by way of Fortress Monroe. Farewell! farewell! and hope it is all for the best. I remain yours until death.

'H. W. SAWYER,
'Captain First New Jersey Cavalry.'

"The Confederate officer read it and then sent it through the lines under a flag of truce, with a lot of other mail from my fellow-officers.

"I calculated that it would require some four or five days for the letter to reach its destination, and then I knew that my wife would make superhuman efforts to save me, and this was the only bright ray of hope that lighted up that dark dungeon cell in which I was placed. The letter reached my wife on the 13th, and she was greatly shocked and almost overcome, and when she read it again and comprehended the full meaning of it she collapsed, but realizing that any delay might prove fatal to me she rallied, and as soon as she could make the necessary preparations she, in company with Captain Whilldin, started for Washington, where they arrived on the night of the 14th of July. After eating a lunch they proceeded to the White House, and secured an interview with President Lincoln, before ten o'clock. The President was greatly startled, as well as shocked and agitated by the recital of the way I, her husband, was treated in the Confederate prison at Richmond, and after encouraging her to be brave he said, 'Mrs. Sawyer, I do not know whether I can save your husband and Captain Flinn, from the gallows, but I will do all in my power to do so. They are two brave men and I will make extraordinary efforts to save them. If you and your friend will call before noon to-morrow, I will be pleased to inform you what action I have taken.'"

President Lincoln was a very tender-hearted man, and the case before him distressed him greatly, but when he arrived at a conclusion he was inflexible and determined, and his orders were promptly obeyed. He sat up late that night conferring with his advisers and his chief of staff, General Halleck. He could hardly credit the report, that the Confederate Government had determined to execute two Union officers without a trial by court martial, or a judge, or a jury, and yet there was the positive evidence clearly stated in Captain Sawyer's letter. It was a new phase of war which startled him, for it was fraught with dire consequences, and was a dangerous precedent to establish.

He revolved over in his mind what course to pursue in order to save the two gallant officers from the gallows, and yet not establish a precedent which could not be justly and honorably defended before the whole civilized world. He felt that the Confederate Government had erred, and that it could not maintain such a position, for the two spies who had been executed by General Burnside, were guilty beyond a question of a doubt, and as all nations in time of war give spies but short shrift, he felt confident that the Confederate Government would recede from such an unfortunate position after having given the matter due reflection; but while it was reflecting, some powerful measure must be conceived and resorted to that the lives of Captains Sawyer and Flinn might be saved.

The next morning when Captain Whilldin and Mrs. Sawyer called, the President informed them, "that he did not make up his mind, and did not arrive at a final decision in the case until three o'clock in the morning, and after that time he had slept peacefully and felt greatly refreshed, for he believed his plan would save the two gallant men who were at that moment fighting the rats and vermin in Libby Prison."

In the same cavalry action, as stated in the early part of this article, General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee was wounded, and shortly after was captured. He was still a prisoner, and subject to the commands of President Lincoln. The decision which President Lincoln arrived at, and which he hesitated for hours to put into execution, is fully explained in the following order, which certainly saved the lives of Captains Sawyer and Flinn:

Washington, July 15th, 1863.

Col. Ludlow, Agent for the Exchange of Prisoners of War:

The President directs that you immediately place General W. H. F. Lee, and another officer selected by you not below the rank of Captain, prisoner of war, in close confinement and under guard, and that you notify Mr. Robert Ould, Confederate Agent for the Exchange of prisoners of war, that if Captain H. W. Sawyer, and Captain John M. Flinn, or any other officers or men in the service of the United States, not guilty of crimes punishable with death by the laws of war, shall be executed by the enemy, the aforementioned persons will be immediately hung in retaliation. It is also ordered that immediately on receiving official or other authoritative information of the execution

of Captain Henry W. Sawyer, and Captain John M. Flinn, you will proceed to hang General W. H. F. Lee, and the other officer designated as hereinabove directed, and that you notify Robert Ould, Esq., of said proceeding, and assure him that the Government of the United States, will proceed to retaliate for every similar barbarous violation of the laws of civilized war.

H. W. HALLECK,
General-In-Chief.

This order was promptly communicated to the Confederate Government by Colonel Ludlow, as follows:

Head Quarters,
Dept. Virginia,
Fortress Monroe,
July 15th, 1863.

Hon. Robert Ould,
Agent for Exchange
of Prisoners.

Sir: I am directed to inform you that Brigadier General W. H. F. Lee, and another officer, not below the rank of Captain, and whose name I will send to you by next flag of truce, have been selected as hostages for Captain Henry W. Sawyer, 1st New Jersey Cavalry, and Captain John M. Flinn, 51st Indiana Volunteers, whom you inform me have been chosen by lot for execution. Upon information being received of the execution, by order of your authorities, of these officers or any other officers or men in the service of the United States, not guilty of crimes punishable with death by the laws of war, the Confederate officers above named will be immediately hung in retaliation, without giving you other or further notice, etc., etc. W. H. LUDLOW,
Lieut. Col. and Agent for Ex. of Prisoners.

The consternation which this communication caused in Richmond, can well be imagined. It would never do to have General Lee, a son of the great commander of the "Army of Northern Virginia" sacrificed in that way. General Lee was at Fortress Monroe, and was immediately placed in close confinement, and was afterwards removed to Fort Lafayette, where he remained until he was sent to Fortress Monroe to be exchanged. Captain Robert H. Tyler, of the 8th Virginia Infantry, was confined as a hostage in "Old Capitol" prison, Washington, though the United States Government believed for some time that Captain Winder, a son of General Winder, was held for Sawyer and Flinn. Mrs. Sawyer and Captain Whilldin, after procuring transportation, proceeded on their way to Richmond, but were stopped at City Point, and not permitted to land as the following communication will show:

From a photograph in the collection of F. H. Meserve

GENERAL NEAL DOW

Captains Sawyer and Flinn with General Dow were finally exchanged for General Lee and Captain R. H. Tyler

Confederate States of
America,
War Department,
Richmond, Va.,
July 22nd, 1863.

Captain J. E. Mulford,

Sir: Mrs. Sawyer and Mr. Whilldin cannot be permitted to land at City Point. I am sorry they have been put to the trouble of coming, etc., etc.

RO. OULD,
Agent of Exchange.

Mrs. Sawyer returned to Washington in a very sad state of mind, for she had been unable to see her husband; but she felt sure his life had been saved, so she returned to her New Jersey home a much happier woman than she was when she started on her trip to Richmond. President Lincoln's prompt action had saved the lives of Captains Sawyer and Flinn.

The following communications are appended to show that Captains Sawyer and Flinn, were held as hostages for the Confederate Captains Corbin and McGraw, executed by General Burnside.

Head Quarters, Department Va.,
Fortress Monroe,
July 12th, 1863.

Col. J. C. Kelton,
Assist. Adjutant General. (Confederate.)

Col.: I am informed that Captains Sawyer and Flinn have been selected by lot and reserved for execution in retaliation for the execution of Captain William F. Corbin and Captain T. G. McGraw, as spies, by order of Major General A. E. Burnside. It now appears that two other officers have been selected. I am very respectfully your obedt. servt.,

WILLIAM H. LUDLOW,
Lieut. Col. and Agt. for Ex. Prisoners.

Confederate States of America,
Richmond, Va., July 12th, 1863.

Lieut. Col. Wm. H. Ludlow,
Agent of Exchange,

Sir: In answer to your communication of the 12th inst., I inform you that Captain H. W. Sawyer and Captain John M. Flinn are the officers who have been selected by lot, in pursuance of notice given you in my letters of the 22nd and 28th of May, 1863. As yet no day has been designated for their execution.

RO. OULD,
Agt. of Exchange.

Sawyer and Flinn were fed on corn-bread and water in the dungeon, which was so damp that their clothes mildewed. The 16th came at last, and with great anxiety they awaited all day for the coming of their executioners, but the long day passed and they were not molested. After remaining twenty days in the dungeon, they were relieved and placed on the same footing as the other officers. They remained in Libby Prison, until March, 1864, when at last the prison doors opened and they were conducted to a wagon and thence to a boat on the James River, and then, and not until then, did it dawn upon them that they were to be exchanged. The boat steamed down the river to City Point, the place for the exchange of prisoners, and as Captain Sawyer and Captain Flinn were being assisted from the boat (for they were greatly emaciated and too weak to walk), they met General W. H. F. Lee and Captain Robert H. Tyler, coming on the boat. General Lee and Captain Sawyer exchanged greetings, and congratulated each other on their escape from being hanged. General Neal Dow and Captains Sawyer and Flinn were exchanged for General W. H. F. Lee and Captain R. H. Tyler.

General Fitzhugh Lee, in a recent communication, states that when "Gen. George Washington Custis Lee, an elder brother of General W. H. F. Lee, heard what was contemplated by the Federal Government, and being a bachelor and his brother a married man with children, he sent a communication to the Federal authorities, stating that if they would release his brother he would come down and be shot in his place. General George Washington Custis Lee, was then an Aid-de-camp on the staff of Mr. Jefferson Davis."

The sad affair had ended. The prophesy of President Lincoln, that he believed his plan would save the lives of the doomed men had proved true. Captain Sawyer returned to his New Jersey home, but he never fully recovered from the privations he suffered in Libby Prison.

Record of Henry W. Sawyer: April 18th, 1861, private in 25th Pennsylvania Infantry; July 21st, a Sergeant in same regiment; August 20th, 1861, a second Lieutenant in Company D, 1st New Jersey Cavalry; April 7th, 1862, first Lieutenant same company, April 7th, 1863, Captain Company K, same regiment; January 29th, 1864, a Major in same regiment; died October 16th, 1893.

Record of Captain John M. Flinn: First Lieutenant, Company C, 7th Indiana Infantry; First Lieutenant, Company F, 51st Indiana Infantry, October 11th, 1861; Captain same company, November 1st, 1862; date of death not known.

THE SPORTIN' BLOOD OF ZENITH

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW MISSIONER," "THE BOTANIST AND THE MACHINE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

THE first Sunday that the Rev. Hugh Carrothers preached in Zenith, every bench in the weather-beaten, unpainted, little frame church was occupied. Not so much for the sake of profiting by his discourse as from a desire to size up, as it were, the man; to photograph upon the mental lenses the least variation of facial expression, and the slightest peculiarity of speech or manner, that one might be able creditably to hold one's own in the inevitable and exhaustive discussion of personal traits and mental equipment.

To the casual observer the congregation might have appeared but a meager gathering; but to the practised village eye, capable of comparing it with the ordinary Sunday assemblage, it was of astonishing proportions, for the inhabitants of Zenith were not wont to take the keen edge off the pleasure of church attendance by a too frequent indulgence in its privileges.

At the conclusion of the service, a little group of women detached themselves from the congregation slowly filing out, and stood at one side of the dusty, mountain road waiting for Carrothers to appear, in order that one of the group, who desired to ask him home to dinner, might have the support of friendship while performing this social obligation.

"My!" lisped Mrs. Thomas, throwing back from her face her most cherished possession — a rusty crêpe veil — "Was n't he great? I do like it when they begin to talk about the serene Emberson, and the weighty Carlyle. Now Missioner, she 's always handin' out our plain duty to us, an' I mus' say I get tired of it. As I says to a gentleman from over to Mt. Tabor that was callin' on me las' night, I says: 'There 's other things in life beside plain duty.' "

"I ain't so crazy about him as some," announced Mrs. Evans, the tiny, bright-eyed, determined creature who had elected to act as hostess, speaking as one from whom a somewhat critical opinion would be expected. "When he kep' shouting, 'Boys, stay on the farm,' I could hardly sit still in my seat. Lord knows we can't even raise potatoes on these rocks! But Jack Turner tells me that he 's deposited at the Mt. Tabor bank, had money left him by his folks, an' he 's a widower, girls. His wife's only been dead a year, an' that 's the best time to ketch 'em. Now, I was thinkin', all through the sermon: there 's my niece, Susie Hazen. She 's a good, steady girl, has kep' house for her paw ever since her maw died. She 's plain and dresses quiet, and would n't stir up no envy in the congregation. Anyway, I don't want that Tom Eagan hangin' round her."

Mrs. Nitschkan, bluff and breezy, her Sunday attire unchanged from its week-day, masculine simplicity, snapped her fingers in sturdy contempt. "My patience! You won't find one of them serious moon-gazers of men that ever run after the plain, steady kind. They 're took in every time by some flighty, sassy bit of uselessness."

"Yes, Mis' Evans," corroborated Mrs. Thomas, with the serpent-like wisdom born of an extensive knowledge of the masculine heart: "You jus' watch. You can dangle Susie before his eyes all you 're a mind to; but all that he 'll see 'll be Myrtie Swanstrom. Times when he was prayin' mos' fervent, this mornin', I noticed he kep' peekin' through his eyelashes at Myrtie. Maybe you saw her sittin' there in her new white dress that she 's been breakin' her fingers to get

"IT WAS MYRTLE WHO WOULD INADVERTENTLY AND INNOCENTLY MEET HIM AS HE CAME WHISTLING DOWN THE HILL AT SUNSET"

"FRANCES BENSON TURNED AWAY DISHEARTENED, YET NOT WHOLLY DISCOURAGED"

done; an' her hat all over pink roses. There she sat, her that had n't darkened the church door for months, lookin' like butter would n't melt in her mouth."

"Myrtle 's entirely too enterprisin'," commented Mrs. Evans shortly. "She 's got a plenty beaux now. Susie 's goin' to have this chance."

Meanwhile, the unconscious object of this discussion, the Rev. Hugh Carrothers, had lingered to assist Miss Benson, the missionary, in gathering up the hymn-books and closing and locking the windows and door of the church. These tasks accomplished, he hastened to join the little group by the roadside and turn with them into the trail through the pines, which, Mrs. Evans explained, was a short cut to her door.

As they walked he looked about him with eyes which had not lost their first delight in the majestic panorama of the mountains. Almost in a night a veil of delicate pink and blue blossoms had covered the bare, rocky hillsides, and at every step one trod upon flowers. With a new and ever increasing enjoyment, the preacher gazed about him, and inhaled the pure, balsamic air with its rich fragrances of the earth and the pines.

He was a tall, thin fellow of about thirty, with a gentle, rather timid face, and mild, wondering eyes. In coming to Zenith, he had had no intention of wresting from the missionary her charge; but had merely taken his physician's advice and had sought the higher altitudes and the occupation of manual labor in an endeavor to recuperate from a severe illness.

Now, as he followed the trail with his hostess, the other women close behind, he voiced his admiration of the beauty of the village site. "Ah, ladies, your lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places. Strength must surely come from these hills."

"Well," replied Mrs. Thomas, not vainglori ously, but as if stating a fact, "we cert'ny done our best by this place. Nobody can say we ain't tried to give it an air of refinement. We four, Mis' Evans, Mis' Nitschkan, Mis' Landvetter, an' myself has always hung together since we come here, an' if folks ain't done what was right we 've usually had the strength to make 'em, one way or another, an' took no back talk either."

Carrothers looked slightly puzzled. "There are some rare spiritual natures here," he continued. "Now, that little Miss Swanstrom shows a touching desire to help in the Sunday-school work."

He was interrupted by a loud burst of coughing from Mrs. Nitschkan, and an audible if rather smothered remonstrance from Mrs. Thomas: "For goodness sake, Mis' Landvetter, will you stop nudgin' me in the ribs, you mos' knocked me off the cliff."

"Have you broke ground for your cabin yet, Mr. Carrothers?" asked Mrs. Evans hastily, mindful of the social amenities.

"I began last week," he answered with pleased interest. "I wish you ladies would help me some with the plan."

"Almighty glad to," responded Mrs. Evans in her most gracious society tones. "Now, preacher," solicitously, "this is something of a climb for a tenderfoot, and we 'd best rest a bit."

As they paused for a moment in the blue shadow of the pines, idly scanning the mountain road beneath the ledge of rock on which they stood, each gaze was caught and held by two figures strolling up the sunshiny expanse of the highway — a straight, sturdy young miner with a dark, handsome face, and a girl whose white dress was carefully lifted from the dust, and whose rose-wreathed hat was hanging half-way down her back from the pink ribbons knotted under her chin. Her attitude expressed unmistakably a coquettish and petulant aloofness and an exaggerated indifference to the evidently impassioned and expostulatory nature of the man's remarks.

"Ah, that is Miss Swanstrom now!" exclaimed Carrothers in tones of interest, "and who is the young man with her?"

"Frank McGuire," said Mrs. Evans briefly, "It 's Jack to-day, Don to-morrow, and Tom the day after."

Even as she spoke, Myrtle glanced upward and smiled and nodded. The smile deepened as she saw Carrothers's body-guard, and acting on a sudden, mischievous impulse, she snatched a flower from her belt and hurled it toward them. It fell a few feet short, halfway up the cliff and Carrothers, his face alight, scrambled down over the rocks, rescued the blossom, and fastened it in his coat, waving his hat as Myrtle stood flushed and laughing beneath. Perhaps for both, an added spice to the situation was the uncon cealed and angry remonstrance of McGuire.

"Gosh a'mighty!" murmured Mrs. Nitschkan at this unseemly and audacious sight. "Ain't she a bold one?"

"You bet if she vas mine she 'd git a touch of de stick," chuckled Mrs. Landvetter deeply. But Mrs. Evans maintained a silence more ominous than speech.

And if the preacher was noticeably absent-minded during the rest of the stroll, surely it were not improbable to conjecture that his thoughts were more fully occupied with the evanescent bloom on Myrtle's cheek, and the fleeting radiance of her youthful eyes, than by the conversation of the ladies in whose company he walked.

But Myrtle had, so to speak, fired the first gun with such heedless daring, such flaunting and reckless disregard of consequences that Mrs. Evans's companions felt themselves justified in expecting an immediate return fire, and were rather aggrieved when none was forthcoming.

Mrs. Thomas, in dilating upon the matter afterward, said: "I mos' expected to see a bolt fall from the blue and hit that girl dead, tryin' to carry on with preacher when Mis' Evans was takin' him home to dinner, and on a Sunday, too. You bet Mis' Evans 'll pay her back."

But if Mrs. Evans had any such intentions she kept them, for the moment at least, to herself. And the Zenith mind continued to focus itself upon Carrothers, and to dwell with keen and undiminished interest upon the romantic possibilities which might eventuate from the presence of a preacher and a widower in the camp.

Public opinion varied: "There bein' only two unmarried girls in Zenith, Susie and Myrtie, an' Marthy Thomas, our only widow, engaged, it makes it some exciting," remarked the village Solon from his chair in the assayer's office. "Of course, it narrers it down to a race between Susie and Myrtie, or, to put things as they is — its Myrtie an' Myrtie's maw against Mis' Evans's will an' grit.

"I would n't say," he continued reminiscently, "I would n't say that as far back as I can recollect Mis' Evans has lost out mor'en two or three times; but there 's plenty of fightin' blood in the Swanstroms, an' I would put it this way, that the odds is even."

Mrs. Evans it was who kindly offered to assist the preacher in planning the arrangement of his cabin, and, as they sat about the kitchen table in the evening studying the drawings, would appeal to the shy and silent Susie for advice. "Mr. Carrothers," explanatorily, "she 's such a housekeeper as never was. When the cabin 's finished we 'll come over, an' Susie shall get up one of her suppers for you. My Lord, they 're simply great! Susie, lift the coffee-pot off the stove, and hand down preacher a piece of pie."

But it was Myrtle who would inadvertently and innocently meet him as he came whistling down the hill at sunset; Myrtle who would at first refuse to turn back, protesting that she had "an errand further along," and would then be reluctantly persuaded to postpone the errand and go for a stroll.

And if the minister was frequently invited to supper at the homes of those Myrtle called "the Evans click," with Susie invariably and ostentatiously seated beside him, a proceeding which caused the retiring girl a more obvious embarrassment on each occasion, why Carrothers, on the other hand, was more and more frequently to be seen sitting on the step of the Swanstrom cabin through the long summer evenings; and Frank McGuire's frown daily grew deeper, his expression more sullen.

"I do' know, Mis' Evans," remarked Mrs. Thomas frankly at the Wednesday afternoon meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, "I do' know if you 're just on the right track. 'Course," sighing, "we got to recognize that bacon and greens is more to a brute of a man than the gentle influence of woman; but you got to remember that he 's young, and ain't made such a god of victuals as they do when they 're older. Now Susie is always showed off to him as bakin' or sewin' or scrubbin'; while Myrtie comes saunterin' along his path in a white dress, an' the sun shinin' on her yellow hair, an' a sprinklin' of musk on her hankercher. If you notice, for the las' three Sundays he 's been rantin' about the lilies of the field. Always watch the straws, I says, an' then, bimeby, you 'll get to know somethin'."

"Zenith ain't neffer had a preacher before dat vas a vidower, und had money in de bank," said Mrs. Landvetter ruminatively.

"Lord pity him!" Mrs. Nitschkan's commiseration was like herself, robust. "As Dan Mayhew says to me yesterday: 'My patience!' he says, 'I do feel sorry for that fellow. Every time he climbs outen that cellar he 's blastin', there 's five or six women sittin' around on the ground ready to feed him pie and cake an' tell him about their souls. If he expects to get any peace in these hills he 'd better move up above timber-line.'"

"There's only one way to stop it," announced Mrs. Evans with impersonal finality, "and that's to get his attention fixed on one girl. And I think that Myrtle had ought to be remonstrated with. Everybody in camp is talkin' about the way she's treatin' Frank McGuire. Yes, she had ought to be remonstrated with, an' Missioner's the one to do it."

"I 'll wait until I know more about the subject," said the missionary coolly. She was not one to submit lightly to dictation.

But, nevertheless, she was pondering if a word in season were not her duty, for Myrtle's mischievous skirmishes with the invincible Mrs. Evans were an absorbing topic of village gossip of which the preacher alone seemed ignorant.

Opportunity, however, arranged the matter without her lifting a finger; for, one afternoon as she sat sewing by her cabin door, occasionally raising her eyes to watch the magpies flutter their black-and-white wings through the pines, or the chipmunks whisk silently up to snatch a bit of food from the pan she always placed for them, Myrtle came panting up the trail, her pink face glowing in the depths of her pinker sunbonnet, and carrying in either hand a tin pail.

"How would you like to go berryin' Miss Benson?" she called blithely. "There's an awful good patch on Corona, and it won't be so warm up there. If you ain't got your jam made, this might be a good chance."

"That's so," replied the missionary, reflecting that it might also be a good chance to speak the word in season, which was weighing upon her mind.

"You see," said Myrtle explanatorily, as they turned off into a narrow trail leading up the mountain side, "Aunt Ella she wants some jam to take back East with her. Company's lots of trouble, Missioner. 'Fore they come it was gettin' the house all cleaned, and tidies and throws and pincushion covers all done up, and between times workin' on paw to let maw cut his hair, an' makin' him promise to wear a collar while they 're here.

"Uncle Hiram, he 's well off, an' Aunt Ella, she always was that airy an' set up, maw says. So maw can't bear for her to think because we live up here in the mountains we don't know what's what, an' don't have things right."

They had reached the raspberry patch by this time, and for a season there was silence as they filled their pails with the fragrant, wild fruit. Then Myrtle's voice was lifted anxiously and, withal, hesitatingly.

"Say, Miss Benson, the worst is about Frank McGuire. You see," pleating the ruffles on her apron, a flush rising on her soft cheek, "Frank an' me was goin' to be married this summer, and paw was tickled to death, an' then maw she put her foot down because she wanted to show off to Aunt Ella and act like I could get preacher. And to please her I told Frank I wanted to put off the weddin' till fall. Well, he would n't believe it was just on account of maw's pride 'fore Aunt Ella. He suspicioned all the time that I was goin' to throw him over for the preacher, an' he took on something awful; and now," two large tears rolled down her cheeks, "we ain't hardly on speakin' terms, an' he says he won't be played with no longer, that I 've got to tell folks at the raspberry sociable on Saturday night that we 're goin' to be married, or he 'll go over the range the next day and won't never come back."

"But, Myrtle," said the missionary gently, "since you really care for Frank, why wait until then? Why not decide now?"

"No," her blue eyes flashing through the drops which still clung to her lashes, "Frank's got to 'pologize first for the way he spoke. I ain't forgot some of the things he said, callin' me 'heartless flirt.' Well, I 've showed him what flirtin' is."

"Ah, Myrtle," remonstrated Miss Benson, "would n't it make you happier to forgive him? It 's easy to forgive those we love."

"No it ain't," said Myrtle sharply. "They 're the ones it 's the hardest to forgive." She shut her lips, and with a toss of the head turned busily to her berry picking.

"Say, Missioner," after an interval of silence, and in a burst of what Miss Benson regarded as reprehensible levity, "the preacher 's awful nice, ain't he?"

"He is very pleasant," replied Frances Benson coldly.

"Frank's terrible jealous of him." Myrtle made the statement with undisguised pride.

The missionary was genuinely shocked. "Myrtle! How can you accept Mr. Carrother's attentions if you really care for Frank?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, that 's nothing," said Myrtle indifferently. "Seems like there 's a plenty reasons for my carryin' on with him — to please maw, an' spite Mis' Evans an' her click, an' help out Susie Hazen. Don't you tell none

of 'em, Mis' Benson; but Susie 's that mortified that she don't know what to do; an' she don't dare speak up, 'cause Mis' Evans is that set. Why, all these tea-parties they 're havin' an' settin' Susie beside preacher makes her so pizen shamed that she don't know what to do. Susie's fellow 's Tom Eagan, over to Black Snake, an' she 's goin' to marry him in September; but she don't want Mis' Evans to know it, 'cause she 'd stick her foot in it sure. That crowd jus' think they can boss everything here in Zenith, an' I 'm a goin' to show 'em they can't boss me."

"But, Myrtle, is it worthy of you to encourage Mr. Carrothers and torment poor Frank just to spite some one?"

"Oh, it don't hurt 'em, really it don't," asserted Myrtle, anxious to retain the missionary's good opinion. "Preacher, he don't care a snap about me. He 's got the picture of a girl from Illinois in his watch an' he jus' wants to talk about her an' take on about how lonely he is; and as for Frank, it won't hurt him none. Why, Missioner, some of the boys have told me they 'd drown themselves in the creek, or jump over the Pass, or go up above timber-line an' live like recluses; but they never did, not one of 'em. And you jus' see," as she parted from Frances Benson at the door of the cabin, "if I don't teach Frank McGuire what flirtin' is."

Miss Benson looked anxiously after the girl as she started down the hill, a brimming pail of berries on either arm. Then placing her own fruit on the ground, she ran down the trail after the younger woman. "Myrtle," she said, in a voice which trembled, "don't try to get even with Frank, remember his provocation. Sometimes whims like that spoil a woman's whole life. Make it up, Myrtle."

Myrtle put her hands affectionately on the missionary's shoulders and laughed. "I 'll teach him," she said emphatically. "Don't you worry none, Missioner, I got to teach him."

Frances Benson turned away disheartened, yet not wholly discouraged; but her hopefulness waned when it became evident to her, even before the night of the raspberry festival, that the seed she had sown had fallen among the rocks, for Myrtle was more audacious than ever in her skirmishes with the enemy.

"There 's one thing that always made me so contented with Zenith," said the Solon of the assayer's office, the night of the social, "an' that 's its sportin' blood. Mis' Evans, as all knows, is no quitter; an' Myrtle has played her hand to a finish. They do say as she stands ready to stake her last chip — Frank McGuire — agin' Mis' Evans to-night, if she wants to continue the game; but Frank's swore he won't stand no more foolin' an' she 's got to give either him or the preacher the go-by this evenin'."

With that sixth sense common in isolated communities, where the interest in the drama before one's eyes is intense and absorbing because at any moment the spectator may be called from the seclusion of the audience to take his place among the actors before the footlights, the participators in the raspberry festival became intuitively aware of the imminent, psychological moment.

The missionary felt it, and was vaguely troubled and perplexed.

It communicated itself to Mrs. Evans and "her click" and for once that close and assured corporation seemed slightly irresolute.

"I know," muttered Mrs. Evans, "that this 'll be the last time I wear myself to skin and bones to get any girl married. I ask you, Mis' Thomas, if Susie Hazen has ever said more than 'yes, sir,' an' 'no, sir,' to preacher, an' if she ain't et like a wolf at every tea-party we given 'em? Now, you know as well as I do that no girl 's goin' to get a house an' home, husband and children actin' that way. I will say for Myrtle, she certainly is enterprisin'."

"How true it is," sighed Mrs. Thomas, "that God helps those that helps theirselves. Well, here we are at the door."

The Town Hall was alight with a dozen lamps in brackets on the walls; the main part of the floor had been cleared for dancing, and polished until it shone, while at the lower end were placed long tables where raspberries and ice-cream were served by the members of the Aid Society. The proceeds of the dancing and refreshment privileges were to go for a new melodeon to be purchased for the church.

Myrtle was dancing indefatigably, the gayest of the gay, when Frances Benson laid an anxious and detaining hand upon her arm. "Myrtle," she begged, "put a stop to all of this nonsense and talk to-night. Decide one way or another. Frank will soon be here now."

Myrtle's soft little face had grown hard, and her eyes glittered. There was even a

worried line or so about her mouth. "I can't help it," she cried. "I can't stand to have Mis' Evans crowin' over me to the end of my days, an' sayin' I took Frank 'cause I could n't get preacher. Look at her grinnin' now 'cause preacher an' Susie 's come in together! She 's a drivin' me to it, Missioner, she 's a drivin' me sure to take him."

"But you told me he did not care for you!"

"They ain't none of 'em so hard to get," said the girl with moody scorn. "I ain't fished for trout all my life in these mountains an' not know how to ketch a man."

A partner claimed her, and she danced away, her white dress fluttering through the moving figures about the hall. When she came to a stop at last, it was in the center of a laughing, gasping group.

But suddenly their laughter, which was ringing to the rafters, faltered and died, silenced by a whisper which had run like lightning through the room. There was a moment's commotion. Men consulted briefly, and started toward the door, while women hastily gathered up babies.

"What is it?" asked Frances Benson of a man who passed her.

"Something wrong at the Gold Dirt. Three of the boys ain't come down."

Myrtle clutched her arm. "Frank!" she gasped. "He 's workin' in the Gold Dirt, an' if it was n 't him he 'd a been here before now. Come on," and pulling the missionary strongly by the hand she ran with her down the steps leading to the road.

Undisturbed by the confusion about her, Mrs. Evans stood by the deserted tables, calmly issuing orders. "You fetch all the ground coffee, Nitschkan, we 'll need it up there. I 'll take a basket of cups, an' you carry the pots, Mis' Thomas. Mis' Landvetter, gather up all the shawls that 's left, and don't forget to bring the matches. Let the kids stay here an' eat up the cream an' berries; no use wastin' 'em. Now, you all ready? Then we 'll start."

The wagon road up the mountain was black with people; men with picks and lanterns in their hands, and women whose faces shone white under the shawls they had hastily thrown over their heads.

"What is it?" again asked Frances Benson of a man they met hurrying down the hill.

"Explosion in the Gold Dirt," he answered. "Three of the boys was down on the fifth level to do some blastin'. They signaled for the cage an' the engineer sent it down, but they never signaled for it to be lifted. I guess they waited too long after they touched off their fuses."

"Who were they?" cried Myrtle.

"I ain't got no time to talk," he called back over his shoulder. "I 'm goin' for the doctor."

"Oh!" wailed the girl, her fingers sinking painfully deep into the missionary's arm; but after that one outcry she made no further demonstration. She was a daughter of the mountains, and knew that no breath must be wasted in lamentation. There was a long climb still before them.

Once the clatter of hoofs behind them caused her to shiver convulsively. "I wonder who it is?" said the missionary, as a man on horseback pushed through the crowd on foot, and on up the slope.

"The surgeon," replied Myrtle in a dull, muffled voice.

When at last they reached the mine, it was a wierd and striking scene which met their eyes, solemn, vivid, almost awe-inspiring. The first arrivals, with a practicality acquired in a life spent in battling with necessity, had built great, flaring bonfires of pitch-pine logs. The red flames, with their dense clouds of pitchy smoke, leaped up against the background of the violet-black mountains with the snow-covered peaks, and illuminated the bare, wooden engine house, the huge, slate-colored ore dumps.

Myrtle stood on the crest of the hill, tense, waiting. All her soft, peachy prettiness had vanished, showing a facial outline hard and stern. As Mrs. Evans panted up beside her, the girl caught that tiny woman by the arms, pinioning them to her sides, and lifted her off her feet.

In an instant Mrs. Nitschkan's man's coat sleeve was rolled up, and her bare, great-muscled arm shot out its clenched fist in Myrtle's face.

"Don't you hurt her, Myrtle," she warned. "If you do, I 'll break your jaw as sure as I 'm standin' here."

"What do I care!" said Myrtle. "But I 'll tell you this: this is a judgment on me, an' I ain't goin' to be punished alone when there 's others deserves it. Her man 's one of the best miners in the camp, an' he 's got to go down and bring out mine."

Mrs. Evans, completely in the power of the younger and larger woman, had merely cocked her bird-like head and gazed at her with cool defiance; but now her expression changed. In the world, so in Zenith. The eternal feminine knows modifications, but no change. There had been warfare between Myrtle and herself; but at the first hint of trouble, the hatchet was buried, the ministrations began.

"You bet he 'll go down, Myrtie, and in the first cage. Put me down on the ground, an' I 'll see to it."

In the interval of waiting the women busied themselves in making coffee for the miners; and the always increasing crowd lingered breathlessly and, for the most part, silently. Myrtle had thrown herself on the ground, and lay with her head in the missionary's lap. Once Carrothers approached her and, with a few words, attempted to console and hearten her; but she threw out her hand with the impatient gesture of one waving away a fly.

"Aw, shut up," she muttered. "I 'd rather hear Mis' Nitschkan swear."

"Gosh a'mighty, child!" said that bluff King Hal in petticoats. "You must n't take on this way. You got to get used to this. We 've all seen our men brung out smashed an' bloody times without number, ain't we, Mis' Evans?"

"Every bone in Sile's body 's been broke in these blasted mines," returned that lady laconically. "Lift up your head, Myrtie, an' drink this nice, hot coffee."

"Yes, take the blessed comfort of it," coaxed Mrs. Thomas. "My patience! Ain't it something beautiful the way we take on when accidents happen to them; an' what do they do for us in pain or grief? I 've seen a man set with his feet up on the kitchen stove, readin' a newspaper, an' never turnin' a hair while his wife was screamin' herself black in the face with the strikes, in the next room. Cheer up, Myrtie, they ain't no man worth it."

"Frank is," sobbed Myrtle. "I don't care if the rest is blown to pieces; one of 'em 's a drunken Polack, an' the other 's a dead-broke son of an English lord, an' it don't make no difference about them."

This exposition of an essentially feminine point of view occasioned no surprise among her sympathizers.

"That 's the way we all feel when it comes to our man, no matter how cranky he may be, or our kids, no matter how devilish they are," murmured Mrs. Thomas, who took an artistic delight in her ability to mourn, thoroughly and completely, with those who mourn.

At last, after what seemed hours of waiting, it was announced that the miners had dug through the débris. Finally, one man, "the drunken Polack," was borne out, unconscious, injured; the surgeon worked over him. Then another, the "dead-broke son of a lord"; and last, exhausted, almost asphyxiated, his arm hanging helpless, Frank McGuire. Like a flash Myrtle burst through the crowd, and threw her arms about him. The smile she lifted to his dazed and doubting glance was full of rapture and relief, of a thousand capitulations and promises, and it fell like sunshine upon him, melting the winter of his discontent.

Dawn was just breaking over the mountains when a little cavalcade wound down the hill. McGuire, on a dusty, gray burro, was supported by Carrothers on one side and by Myrtle on the other. They were environed by Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Nitschkan, Mrs. Landvetter, and the missionary, bearing shawls, coffee utensils, and baskets. In the reaction from the suspense and anxiety of the night, these ladies had become jocular almost to hilarity, and the conversation frequently verged on that form of banter known as rude.

"Preacher an' Missioner had better be gettin' ready to officiate at a weddin' soon, had n't they Frank?" called Mrs. Nitschkan jovially.

"Maybe preacher 'll be thinkin' of a weddin' on his own hook?" Myrtle's glance was still inherently coquettish. "Maybe that girl back in Illinois —— "

The preacher flushed to the roots of his hair. "She writes she thinks she 'll like it here." Then he took his courage in both hands. "It 's — it 's — to be next month."

Of the disconcerted little group behind the burro, now huddling together and gazing at each other with round eyes, Mrs. Thomas alone retained her poise.

"Ain't they the critters for you!" she exclaimed, gazing admiringly at Carrothers's back. "There 's two games they can sure beat us at — poker an' love. Here was Myrtie an' Mis' Evans raisin' each other to the limit, an' preacher had cold-decked 'em from the start."

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP

BY

"A GREAT CREATIVE ARTIST WHOSE REASONS FOR ANONYMITY SEEM SUFFICIENT TO US AS TO HIMSELF"

REPRINTED BY PERMISSION FROM COLLIER'S WEEKLY

IS there such a thing as Christian citizenship? No, but it could be created. The process would be quite simple, and not productive of hardship to any one. It will be conceded that every man's first duty is to God; it will also be conceded, and with strong emphasis, that a Christian's first duty is to God. It then follows, as a matter of course, that it is his duty to carry his Christian code of morals to the polls and vote them. Whenever he shall do that, he will not find himself voting for an unclean man, a dishonest man. Whenever a Christian votes, he votes against God or for Him, and he knows this quite well. God is an issue in every election; He is a candidate in the person of every clean nominee on every ticket; His purity and His approval are there, to be voted for or voted against, and no fealty to party can absolve His servant from his higher and more exacting fealty to Him; He takes precedence of party, duty to Him is above every claim of party.

Christians and the Ballot

If Christians should vote their duty to God at the polls, they would carry every election, and do it with ease. They would elect every clean candidate in the United States, and defeat every soiled one. Their prodigious power would be quickly realized and recognized, and afterward there would be no unclean candidates upon any ticket, and graft would cease. No church organization can be found in the country that would elect men of foul character to be its shepherd, its treasurer, and superintendent of its Sunday-school. It would be revolted at the idea; it would consider such an election an insult to God. Yet every Christian congregation in the country elects foul men to public office, while quite aware that this also is an open and deliberate insult to God who can not approve and does not approve the placing of the liberties and the well-being of His children in the hands of infamous men. It is the Christian congregations that are responsible for the filling of our public offices with criminals, for the reason that they could prevent it if they chose to do it. They could prevent it without organizing a league, without framing a platform, without making any speeches or passing any resolutions — in a word, without concert of any kind. They could accomplish it by each individual resolving to vote for God at the polls — that is to say, vote for the candidate whom God would approve. Can a man imagine such a thing as God being a Republican or a Democrat, and voting for a criminal or a blackguard merely because party loyalty required it? Then can we imagine that a man can improve upon God's attitude in this matter, and by help of professional politicians invent a better policy? God has no politics but cleanliness and honesty, and it is good enough for men.

A man's second duty is to his family. There was a time when a clergyman's duty to his family required him to be his congregation's political slave, and vote his congregation's ticket in order to safeguard the food and shelter of his wife and children. But that time has gone by. We have the secret ballot now, and a clergyman can vote for God. He can also plead with his congregation to do the like.

Perhaps. We can not be sure. The congregation would probably inquire whom *he* was going to vote for; and if he stood upon his manhood and answered that they had no

Christian right (which is the same as saying no moral right, and, of course, no legal right) to ask the question, it is conceivable — not to say certain — that they would dismiss him, and be much offended at his proposing to be a man as well as a clergyman.

Still, there are clergymen who are so situated as to be able to make the experiment. It would be worth while to try it. If the Christians of America could be persuaded to vote God and a clean ticket, it would bring about a moral revolution that would be incalculably beneficent. It would save the country — a country whose Christians have betrayed it and are destroying it.

The Christians of Connecticut sent Bulkeley to the Senate. They sent to the Legislature the men who elected him. These two crimes they could have prevented; they did not do it, and upon them rest the shame and the responsibility. Only one clergyman remembered his Christian morals and his duty to God, and stood bravely by both. Mr. Smythe is probably an outcast now, but such a man as that can endure ostracism; and such a man as that is likely to possess the treasure of a family that can endure it with him, and be proud to do it. I kiss the hem of his garment.

Four years ago Greater New York had two tickets in the field: one clean, the other dirty with a single exception; an unspeakable ticket with that lonely exception. One-half of the Christians voted for that foul ticket and against God and the Christian code of morals, putting loyalty to party above loyalty to God and honorable citizenship, and they came within a fraction of electing it; whereas if they had stood by their professed morals they would have buried it out of sight. Christianity was on trial then, it is on trial now. And nothing important is on trial except Christianity.

Another Test to Come

It was on trial in Philadelphia, and failed; in Pennsylvania, and failed; in Rhode Island, and failed; in Connecticut, and failed; in New York, and failed; in Delaware and failed; in every town and county and State, and was recreant to its trust; it has effusively busied itself with the small matters of charity and benevolence, and has looked on, indifferent while its country was sinking lower and lower in repute and drifting further and further toward moral destruction. It is the one force that can save, and it sits with folded hands. In Greater New York it will presently have an opportunity to elect or defeat some straight, clean, honest men, of the sterling Jerome stamp, and some of the Tammany kind. The Christian vote — and the Christian vote alone — will decide the contest. It, and it alone, is master of the situation, and lord of the result.

Mr. Steffens has told the story of the degradation of Christian Citizenship in his studies in American government. His work during the coming year will be of signal importance. We print herewith comments received recently:

From Ex-Judge ALTON B. PARKER's public comment on campaign funds:

"How great that demoralization (of voters and the public conscience) has already become is fairly presented by Mr. Steffens in his articles in McCLURE's contributed during the last few months. These articles ought to be read and pondered by every good citizen."

From James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth":

"If you have been publishing anything further in McCLURE's MAGAZINE on the momentous subject of money in politics so powerfully treated by Mr. Steffens I should be much obliged if you would let me know of it. Indeed, if Mr. Steffens has written anything further on that or a kindred topic, I must try to see it, for his book, though painful, was impressive."

From Rudolph Blankenburg, who has fought for years for reform in Phiiadelphia:

"Mr. Lincoln Steffens's 'Shame of the Cities, is one of the most important, if not the most important contribution to the political history of our time. His vivid recital and true picture of the enormity of municipal corruption in our country, should awaken the dormant conscience of our citizens and arouse them to aggressive action against the 'Enemies of the Republic.' I would gladly be one of a thousand to contribute $1,000 each for the purpose of disseminating these two publications. They should be read in every household over this broad land as a warning against cowardly submission to degenerate political masters and as a guide to that citizenship which alone can perpetuate the republic."

From a reader in Buffalo:

"'If I were King' not another man should cast a vote anywhere in the United States until he had read Steffens's 'Enemies of the Republic.' To me it is the greatest of all the splendid papers of a more or less similar character so far published in McCLURE S. I would rather have written that article than be president."